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CONTAINS,

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of FRASER'S MAGAZINE *does not undertake to return papers that are sent to him for consideration.*

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SEPTEMBER, 1856.

SCIENCE BY THE SEA-SIDE.

'GIVE a dog a bad name,' says the proverb, 'and hang him.' On similar principles, call your animal by some high-sounding appellation, and though he be the veriest cur that ever yelped, you shall find an admirer and a purchaser for him.

We are the more impressed with the truth of this latter proposition from the fact that, within the last few years, every other friend or acquaintance of ours has taken to his hearth some atrocious cur in the shape of a pet science (Heaven save the mark!), whose abstract value is in inverse ratio to the length of its name. There is, for instance, the cur geological, whose presence is indicated by ungainly chisels, hammers, earth-bespattered baskets, and specimens of every conceivable kind of antediluvian monster and formation, scattered profusely where no such things should be; the cur botanical, known by the token of desiccated flowering plants, whose withered skeletons and barbaric appellations recal no memory of shady valley and sunlit moorland; the cur chemical, which is simply offensive to our olfactories, and leaves its traces on our garments as we take the proffered seat by the fire-side; the cur zoological, which rejoices in brainless skulls and awful skeletons, gaping grimly at us from unexpected lairs; or in (its latest development, whose manifold phases we now intend to illustrate) marine aquaria, unsavoury puddles of chemist-made ocean-water, tenanted by starving actiniæ and misanthropic crustaceans. These, and many another cur metaphorical, snarl at us from every fire-side, yelp in our drawing-rooms, growl at our heels by the rippling waters of our favourite trout-stream, and the sunny shores of our sea-side pleasaunce. O for a Chancellor of the Exchequer who shall be far-sighted enough to lay a price on the useless curs of science —who shall tax know-nothingism when it flaunts in the garb of knowledge, and make the *dilettanti* pay for the luxury of disporting themselves, whilst the sun shines, in the tub of the philosopher!

Having, however, let off this burst of splenetic steam, we are anxious not to be misunderstood. We are not, of course, inveighing against the pursuit of science, or against her pursuers, whether professional or amateur; we simply wage war against those piratical craft who hoist her colours that they may smuggle their own goods for their own profit into the country where science is loved and piracy hated.

An action—pardon our metaphysical turn of mind—is good or evil, with regard, that is, to the actor, as it is done from a good or an evil motive; take as a well-known example the case of two men who throw a half-crown at a beggar, with the intention respectively of relieving his wants and breaking his head. Now similarly a man may pursue, and in these days does pursue, science from one of four motives, two good and two bad.

He may be, in the first place, an affecter of knowledge from a mere *love of novelty*. He has possibly exhausted the usual routine stock of pleasurable emotions; has run through a half-dozen of London seasons; done his Switzerland and his Italy, his seat of war or his grand tour; has blazed away (rather ineffectually) on the moors, or fished, with more toil than sport, the great salmon lochs of Scotland and the fiords of Norway; he has exhibited himself to more or less advantage, in the neatest of pinks, on the best-conditioned of horses in the crack hunting-field of the day. What next, and next? There is nothing new under the sun for him.

Or take the female side of the

question. Sated with the opera, weary of balls and weather picnics, utterly *blasé* with regard to the latest novel, or the last ingenious method of losing time, whether yclept potichomanie, pteridomanie, or any of the numerous manias which are not as yet recognised at Hanwell, or the more aristocratic 'retreat,'—what in such a case can the sufferer do to gain the great object of life, a new sensation?

She—for we shall be ungallant enough to present a feminine example of the disease which is now in our mind's eye—she being located at a fashionable watering-place (name of no consequence, for are they not legion, and as like each other as Cæsar and Pompey?) happens to be shipwrecked one stormy afternoon on the coasts of a marine curiosity shop. She wanders idly in its be-cornered recesses, now disinterring an ill-used Omer or nautilus, tortured with files and acids into prismatic colours and unwonted sinuations; now wondering whether the rain will cease; now admiring a basket of sea-weeds, besmirched with varnish and adorned with a motto, which poetically requests the reader not to call them 'weeds,' because they are neither more nor less than 'flowers of the sea,' a title which we fancy the anemones and polypes would be very well inclined to dispute with them.

'And pray, Mrs. So-and-so, what *have* you got in that rather dirty-looking pudding-basin?'

'Them's zuphites, ma'am, if you please,' responds the sibyl, from the depths of her grotto.

'Zu—what?'

'Phites, ma'am. Sea nemones, ma'am; what Mr. Gosse writes books about. Comes from the beach, ma'am. Tuppence each—'astways the common ones; crassycornys, fourpence; dianthys, one shilling and sixpence.'

'And what's the use of them, Mrs. So-and-so?'

'Lor, ma'am, I can't tell ye—I never could find no use in them myself, but the quality thinks them butifull—Iss, fy! keeps 'em in their drawing-rooms, and never minds their turning their little insides out, nor smelling nasty-like, nor nothing!'

The result of which dialogue is that our lady friend carries home a jar of marine pickles, invests in a Gosse and a Kingsley, and before morning is on the high-road to a state of confirmed 'thalassian' (*v.* Gosse) monomania.

So far of the cause of the disease, now for the symptoms. Next day, Phillis, the sheeny-ringletted lady's-maid, is discovered in hysterics—six nasty pudding-basins, two confectioner's jars, and a foot-tub, on the drawing-room table, her mistress's bonnet on the floor, garnished with a layer of damp sea-weed, and her mistress's dress all over irreparable puddles of salt-water. Her mistress is raving. Her vocabulary is a mixture of young-lady expletives, and a quasi-scientific jargon, which becomes more and more complicated as she penetrates the depths of zoological nomenclature.

'O, Mr. Penaninke, I am so charmed to see you this morning,' was her salutation, as we unwarily did ourselves the honour of a mid-day call; 'this, I think, is quite in your way. I know you delight in the exquisite forms of the natural world' (pointing to the pie-dishes).

'Yes,' we observed, mildly, 'we were very fond of anything which was natural.'

'Now, *do* look at this lovely specimen of Actinia troglodytes, so named, as dear Mr. Gosse tells us, from its inhabiting the caves of the African Shepherds,—how very curious, isn't it?'

We endeavoured to insinuate that the penultimate syllable of the unhappy animal's specific name was not usually lengthened by the professors of the Greek language; and further, that the creature being found on the English coast, *couldn't* live in an African cave; but the torrent had burst its banks, and we were overwhelmed. 'And then, my dear Mr. Penaninke, it's so much better, of course, as Mr. Kingsley says, to be improving one's mind, ('spoilt her best bonnet, I declare—well, I never!'—moaned Phillis, who was rescuing the *débris* of her mistress's outward woman in a retired corner of the room), by studying the works of nature, than to ruin one's constitution, and throw away one's time in crochet-ing purses and embroidering braces for your

ungrateful sex' (we bowed deprecatorily); 'and besides, it's so delightful, as Mr. Gosse says, to be always perceiving the wonderful adaptation of ends to means, and the beautiful lessons of resignation and decorum—no, I don't mean that, quite—but you know what I mean—it's just like, I mean, going to hear that charming Mr. Thumpitwell, when he gives us such beautiful sermons in the season of the Rotunda Chapel—I never knew before what instruction and amusement these lovely little polypuses were able to give us!'

Here the lady paused, apparently for lack of breath, and we seized the opportunity and our hat, and escaped as decorously as our inward convulsions would allow; nor did we recover our philosophic calm till we had ensconced ourselves for the whole afternoon in a favourite nook on the rocky shore, and seen the great sun sink, a ball of rushing fire, through vast belts of purple and golden cloud into the far-off Atlantic waste. The *finale* of our lady-friend's mania was brief and tragical. Having been invited to a half-dozen of picnics given in honour of the officers of the 144th, who had been lately quartered in the town, she entirely forgot her scientific pursuits; and when she relapsed into her former state, and re-sought her ill-fated captives, she found them lying at the bottom of their dry receptacle in a shapeless and undistinguishable mass—stinking, as Phillis tersely remarked; or, as her mistress more elegantly paraphrased it, evolving sulphuretted hydrogen in the most charmingly scientific manner.

There is another class of so-called natural-history students, who affect the dress of the physiologist from a worse motive than that of the novelty hunter which we have just dissected. The mainspring of their proceedings is a perverted love of approbation—*the desire of being thought scientific.* Miserable wretches—swarming on our coasts like blow-flies in summer time—infesting our *soirées* and *conversaziones* in the London season, known by their inaccurate jargon of uncouth barbarisms, their fierce denunciation of humbler-minded nature lovers and seekers, their vain prattle of depths which they have neither the love nor the capacity to penetrate. Let us leave them; they are not worth treading upon; they will die in a few years of intellectual atrophy, and lapse of their own accord into that state of annihilation whither they consign the true naturalist and philosopher.

We will turn to pleasanter subjects, and speak of those kindly spirits, ever flourishing and ever increasing, who pursue nature from a simple, honest, manly *love of nature.* They are convinced that everything which is, is 'very good;' they are always observing, comparing, discriminating, enjoying; they know, that deepest knowledge, that after all they know but little. We never quarrel with any 'pets scientific' which hearts like these may care to cherish. Let us join, for the sake of the relief which the contrast will afford, a party of such nature lovers, who, in the happy summer time, are taking their recreation after their own wise fashion. We are—the number is of little consequence—let us say that 'we are seven.' and that we all agree in a general love of everything created; and have in addition our respective specializations, which add considerably to the happiness of the body corporate. One, for instance, is a botanist, and since our party has been established on the sea-coast, he has devoted himself to the various forms of Fern which luxuriate in the cliff recesses, and wave on the windy inland downs; nor has he neglected the Algæ, delicate of contour, and gorgeous of colour, which the sea has washed up for his inspection from its pathless depths. Another is great in birds; and tells us endless stories of the ways and means of 'life on the ocean wave' which characterize the dippers and the divers, and the rest of the multitudinous Natatores. Another is a physiologist, and enunciates general laws for our general edification. Another is learned in the habits and habitats of the endless lower life which lurks in those seeming deserts of dry rock and shining water. But in the case of each and all science is subservient to the love of Nature. The latter is our great end, the former a means

to it, and thereby it happens that we are all more or less superficial *quâ savans*, but yet none the less enthusiastic and enjoying *quâ* men.

Well, we start in the early morning from the wave-worn pier steps of the little harbour of Ilfracombe—most prolific and picturesque of 'watering-places,' which in spite of its increasing popularity, must always be a favourite haunt of the naturalist and nature-lover. The summer sun shines over the broken crags of Hillsborough, and kindles with a natural fire the beacon on the Lantern Hill—where, as Mr. Gosse remarks, with more Protestantism than piety, the ancient chapel of Saint Nicolas expiates its former days of Popish darkness by yielding a nightly light to the wandering mariner.

How the sea glistens and glimmers in the increasing glare—how lovingly it laps and curls in creamy wavelets round the grey rocks, tossing and tangling the seaweed in the wantonness of its delight—how it seethes and dimples in the deep eddies and the jagged rock-pools; and how freshly and freely the waters of the mid-channel rush, in the might of their full career, to mingle with the Atlantic swell when the next 'flood' shall hurl in the crested squadrons of its advanced guard! Three or four towing-nets are trailing from the stern of our fishing-boat—bottles, jars, chisels, hammers, and baskets lie in vast confusion under her thwarts—the fresh aroma of the much-abused 'weed' floats around her flapping sails, as with many a pitch and a tumble she rolls over the tide-eddy at the harbour mouth—and then,

With a wet sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,

away we run to the westward, and leave the white terraces and dotted hill-houses, and all our cares and troubles, if we have any, far behind us.

As we shut out rock after rock of the rounded base of Capstone, from whose summit we have so often watched the 'long glory' of the harvest moon's rippling track on the quiet sea, our botanist suddenly loses that calm control which previously distinguished him; and rising, pipe in mouth, from his lair in the stern of the boat, descants long and eloquently on the nature treasures of that isolated peak. He tells us how in its remotest recesses, just above the line of the high spring-tides, he has found the long, sturdy, glossy fronds of the sea-fern, *Asplenium marinum*, side by side with the crisp lilac sheaves of the cliff-loving *Statice spathulata*; how the white clusters and the succulent leaves of the scurvy-grass cling around the loose stones, and beautify, as nature ever does, the waste places of man's devising. Then, among the short, sweet herbage he has discovered a whole colony of sturdy plantains, *Plantago lanceolata*, the 'fighting cocks' of our childhood; *P. coronopus*, the pretty 'buck's-horn,' with its coronet of deeply-cut leaflets; *P. major*, old Gerard's Waybrede—the German 'Wegebreit'—the Danish 'Verbred,'—ingenious compounds, denoting at once the *habitat* of the plant and the characteristic of its leaf. Then, waxing warm with his subject, he pours out a torrent of botanico-barbaric nomenclature, and piles Pelion upon Ossa with remorseless facility; for he knows how its rounded summit and its slippery sides are blazing with *Anthyllis vulneraria*, and *Lotus corniculatus*, and *Jasione montana*, and *Armeria* and *Silene maritima*, and *Spergularia rubra* and *marina*, and *Æthusa cynopium*,—till he is stopped by the inextinguishable laughter of the whole party, who are mutually bound in an offensive and defensive league, and incontinently capsize any one of their number who shows the smallest symptoms of riding his hobby to death.

Further on we pass the grassy slopes of Torr Point, above which the seven sister Torrs heave their undulating crests, covered with purple heather and soft green moss, and endless mazes of golden furze. Then there are the beetling, gloomy crags of Brandy Cove, which can recount many a daring deed of bygone days, when smuggling was the heroic mode of getting one's livelihood, and preventive men were legitimate targets for country practice. How clamorously the great

herring-gulls are welcoming us as we sweep by them! Wheeling in loftier and ever decreasing circles, they gather in a cloud in the high air, and hurl at us their short, scornful laugh of secure defiance. Now we are opening the quiet hamlet of Lee, embosomed in retiring hills and slopes of oak and cleaves of fern and gorse; and now, at last, the great object of our expedition is looming ahead of us. The cliffs have been trending more and more seaward as we have been advancing. and now they suddenly make an abrupt curve and terminate in a sharp outstanding line and a peak of grey, barren, weather-worn rock, which stands out among the wild wash of waters like the gigantic fossil vertebræ of some extinct and fabulous antediluvian monster.

That is Morte Point.

As we near it, and the tide recedes further and further, we see that a low reef of broken rock runs out far into the sea, and terminates in three abrupt pinnacles. The innermost and largest of these is the famous, or rather perhaps infamous Morte Stone. Beyond this the reef still continues, but it is always covered by the unquiet sea, and a buoy far out among the breakers marks the termination of the 'Race,' so great an object of terror to the homeward-bound sailor. We are outward-bound to Morte Stone, and are the first party of naturalists who have ever invaded its unexplored recesses. Between it and the mainland there is an impassable gully, or 'gut,' as the fishermen call it; and though the legends of the district tell us that in case of wreck the abyss has been crossed by the aid of planks and ropes, yet the rock is so far isolated and so hazardous to land at from the sea, that we may safely claim the honour of the first attack. So with many a bump and a grind against the sharp rock peaks, as the swell rises and falls with mighty swirls, we scramble out and up with more or less success, and planting our banner of naturalistic paraphernalia, take formal possession of the new land in the united names of their majesties, Nature and Science.

Our success was certainly commensurate with our undertaking. We may allude in passing to the shoals of *Actinia coriacea* which unfolded their many-hued beauties in every rock cleft—to the myriads of mussels which clung pertinaciously to the rock summits, in spite of the awful seas which roll over them in stormy weather—and to the polypes, which shot up in clusters and stars and spangles from the lower depths—the sturdy Sertularias, and the nodding white and scarlet Tubularias, which gladdened our eyes and enriched our vascula. We found endless numbers and varieties of those individuals which Mr. Gosse specifies under the names of *Actinia aurora*, *A. venusta*, and *A. nivea*, and records as having been found in the Tenby caves only, of which more anon. Beautiful they were, now with tentacles of pearly white, then flushing into orange, blooming in delicate lilac and rose, or deepening into sombre russet and olive. And a lovely Corynactis, which we had never before observed on the Devonshire coast, opened for our admiration a series of about twenty-eight short, clubbed, erect tentacles of a deep russet, tipped with yellow globules, and was outwardly clad in a soft and glistening rose-tinted garb. Was not *that* reward enough for all our toil? But we must not weary the reader; and so we will omit all record of our homeward voyage, though we did entrap medusæ numberless and 'beautiful exceedingly,' and countless hosts of the luminous *noctiluca*, whose wondrous nature almost tempts us to break our vows of reticence.

Now, *in re* nature-loving, may we ask two questions? Does not the love of nature, as exemplified in this brief sketch of a naturalist's expedition, tend to foster and forward the love of science? and has not the love of science a strong reactionary influence on the love of nature? If so, have we not made out a good case in favour of our friends who pursue science from a love of nature?

There is yet another class of minds who pursue the study of natural history from a simple *love of science*. They desire to unravel the great system of order whose complicated network envelops our outer world. They investigate the

various phenomena of nature which are apparent to the eye, aided by instruments which extend its powers in a twofold direction. They seek for unvarying sequences of cause and effect, and hence deduce natural 'laws,' dovetailing one in the other, and resulting in that unity of design which matures a flower and controls a universe. These are heroes whom no peril can deter—martyrs whom no persecution can destroy—everlasting beacon-lights on the road to the cloud-hidden temple of knowledge. Nor are we dealing in words only. Who cannot recal the sight of Galileo immured in a dungeon, clad in sackcloth, bowing the power of his mighty mind before the physical force of the Inquisition bigots? or in his latter days, blind and deaf, and tortured by disease, yet, in spite of all his troubles, still 'grappling with the material universe,' and dying in his harness—dying, too, a prisoner in the grasp of that religious tyranny which disputed the martyr's right to a Christian burial? Think, too, of the narrow-minded strife and money-getting bitterness which drove Tycho Brahe from his sea-girt table-land of Huen—from his Uraniberg, 'the city of the heavens'—his Stiernberg, 'the mountain of the stars;' which checked him in the full career of his genius, and hurried him to his death, an exile, though an honoured one, in a foreign land. Think how nobly he worked in the great cause; how generously he aided those who toiled with like objects; how unhesitatingly he sacrificed health, and life itself. Well indeed might he have the consolation of crying, as the vital tide ebbed for the last time, '*Non frustra vixisse videor!*'

We do not seek to evoke and inspire such mighty spirits as these; they are heaven-born, and do their work at a higher bidding; but we are desirous of enforcing upon our readers the conviction that, with but few exceptions, it is in the power of every intellect to follow in the track of these old science-pilgrims. Every mind may do something for the cause of science. Granting that the love of nature is more or less a gift, the pursuit of science may be acquired. We have seen that it will lead to the knowledge of nature, and that the espousals of these two mighty powers lead to a happy, a fruitful, an eternal union.

We say advisedly, that any mind may aid in the cause of science. True it is that but few of the many can be observers in the wide fields of a Linnæus and a Cuvier, or reason in the profound depths of an Oken and an Owen; but every mind can observe and reason, and if it be only content to concentrate its powers in the focus of a small field, it will, ere it pass away, be enabled to echo Tycho's dying cry, and be comforted that it too has not lived in vain. Let us, for the sake of example, take the case of our late acquaintances, the naturalists of Morte Stone. Their powers were chiefly concentrated on the simple object of defining the various species of the obscure genus *Actinia;* and simple though the object be, we shall see that it involves lengthened observation and close reasoning, and that its results are far from contemptible or unscientific. Some few years ago it might have been necessary to explain what we meant by an *Actinia*, or a sea anemone, but thanks to the universal distribution of aquaria, this beautiful class of radiates is no longer unfamiliar to the world. Nevertheless, much as people read, and hear, and write, and observe in the matter, we do not hesitate to say that the natural arrangement of these animals is as little known in the world of naturalists, as their very existence was a short time ago to the world at large.

A familiar instance of this position may be given in a few words. Dr. Johnston (*Hist. Brit. Zooph.*) describes three distinct *actiniæ* under the names of *A. troglodytes*, 'the cave dweller;' *A. viduata*, and *A. anguicoma*, 'the snaky-locked.' Mr. Gosse, in his *Devonshire Coast*, makes *A. viduata* synonymous with *A. anguicoma*, and gives a drawing and a description of an anemone, which he calls an *anguicoma*, and which, to our feeble apprehension, closely resembles undoubted specimens of Johnston's *A. troglodytes*. 'When doctors disagree,' who shall say that truth is apparent?

Again, with regard to the denizens of Morte Stone. Mr. Gosse describes as frequenters of the Tenby caves, four distinct *species* of actiniæ, under the names of *A. aurora*, *A. venusta*, *A. nivea*, and *A. rosea*. To the first he gives eighty tentacles; to the two next, two hundred or more; to the last, about one hundred and twenty. He describes their respective peculiarities of colour; remarks justly that they are nearly of the same size and form, are found in company with each other, and that '*venusta* has close relations with *nivea*.'

Now, on the bleak rocks of Lundy Island, at the mouth of the Bristol Channel, we have found specimens of *A. venusta*, *aurora*, and *nivea*, together. We have specimens of the same from Tenby, agreeing in the main with Mr. Gosse's descriptions in everything but the number of the tentacles. We have discovered on Morte Stone specimens of the same, *plus* an animal which resembles *A. rosea*, *minus* only the same difference. We have, in short, an entire colour series, the formal type of which may be described as follows: body from half an inch to one inch in diameter, opaque, conical, possessing sucking glands, and emitting 'capsuliferous filaments,' or white threads bearing spike-cases; tentacles about two hundred, graduated, erect, short; outer row smaller than the rest, and everted over the disc rim. And here are our varieties: 1 (*A. venusta*, Gosse), body orange-brown, disc orange, tentacles white; 2 (*A. nivea*, Gosse), body orange-brown (pale), disc and tentacles white; 3 (a new variety), body orange-brown, tentacles lilac; 4 (*A. rosea*, Gosse), body orange-brown, tentacles rose-colour; 5 (*A. aurora*, Gosse), body oilve-green, disc green, spotted with white, tentacles orange; 6 (a new variety), body olive-green, tentacles russet.

There are, then, six colour varieties of the formal type. Now, says Dr. Latham, in his Memoir on the varieties of the human species, 'a *species* is a class of individuals, each of which is hypothetically considered to be the descendant of the same protoplast, or of the same pair of protoplasts;' a *protoplast* being 'an organized individual capable (either singly or as one of a pair) of propagating individuals, itself having been propagated by no such previous individual or pair;' and 'a *variety* is a class of individuals, each belonging to the same species, but each differing from other individuals of the species in points wherein they agree amongst each other.' In the case of the sea anemones, the first thing which forcibly strikes the matured observer is, that he has, after much time and labour, collected a *colour* series of specimens which are all referable to a typical *form*.

The question then naturally arises in his mind, May not the form, which is always more or less permanent, be the characteristic of the *species*—that is, of the protoplast; and the colour, which is variable and given to run in series, be the characteristic of *variety?* If it be objected that Mr. Gosse's varying tentacles be *formal* differences, we may suggest that the number of tentacles vary according to the age of the individual, and that not only do we possess the unbroken series above referred to, but also individuals united to the various links of the chain, by a difference in the number of tentacles.

However this be, and we should weary the general reader were we to pursue the theme, it is, at any rate, a fair example of the manner in which the humblest and youngest observer and natural history lover may do *something* to forward the cause of science, by investigating isolated districts in the vast continent of the natural world, by working honestly, and dispassionately, and lovingly, in the indelible traces which the mighty minds of old have left behind them.

And if the student's courage ever fail him; if his heart wax faint as difficulties seem to grow and flourish in his path; if he ever, crying always with the dying Goethe for 'more light,' be tempted to think that a dawnless night is gathering around him, he may be encouraged by the persuasion that the science which is founded on the eternal Rock of Truth, must, too, be everlasting, he will surely be comforted by the noble and touching words of Augustin Thierry, which—a fitting epitaph—were recited by his friend

Laboulaye, over his open grave, 'Si j'avais à recommencer ma route, je prendrais celle qui m'a conduit où je suis. Aveugle et souffrant, sans espoir, et sans relâche, je puis rendre ce témoignage, qui de ma part ne sera pas suspect. Il y a au monde quelque chose qui vaut mieux que les jouissances matérielles, mieux que la fortune, mieux que la santé elle-même; c'est le dévouement à la science.' T.

GILFILLAN'S HISTORY OF A MAN.*

WHEN we contemplate the purchase of a horse, we lead him up to the measuring-bar, and there ascertain the precise number of hands and inches which he stands: what a blessing it would be if we could subject the mental stature of human beings to an analogous process of measurement! There is nothing we have often so longed for, as some recognised and unerring guage of mental calibre. We wish to goodness that somewhere in a very conspicuous position—say at Charing-Cross or Hyde-Park-Corner—there were a pillar erected, graduated by some new Fahrenheit, on which we could measure the height of a man's mind. How delightful it would be to drag up some pompous pretender, who passes off at once upon himself and upon others as a profound and able man, and make him measure his height upon that pillar, and understand beyond all cavil what a contemptible pigmy he is! And how pleasant, too, it would be, to bring up some man of unacknowledged genius, and make the world see the reach of *his* intellectual stature. The mass of educated people, even, are so incapable of forming any estimate of a man's ability, that it would be a blessing if men could be sent out into the world with the stamp upon them, telling what are their weight and value, plain for every one to see. So should we settle the irreconcilable differences of opinion which exist in regard to the merits of those members of the race whose thoughts have been printed and given to the remainder of it. There have been people who maintained that Shakspeare was an over-rated impostor. We have seen a paper in a Scotch magazine, in which Mr. George Gilfillan is declared to be the first prose writer of the day,—though, to be sure, that paper may have been written by Mr. George Gilfillan himself. And in this valuable work, *The History of a Man*, we find an individual, whose main characteristics appear to us to be bombast, quackery, and impudence, bewailing the success of charlatans and humbugs. Mr. George Gilfillan, we take it, bears the same relation to a genuine critic, that the sound produced by banging a tea-tray bears to genuine thunder.

In many passages throughout this book, Mr. Gilfillan tells us that we must make those allowances in his favour which are commonly made in favour of men of genius. He is not to be tied down to the tame and prosaic. Imagination, he tells us, is 'the bride of his being.'

> Yes, imagination, thou hast been at once the angel and the demon of my existence, and still thy fairy fingers are spreading their gauzy veil between me and the universe. Hitherto I have been fed on phantasy, and with any coarser *pabulum* cannot away!

The leading characteristic of *The History of a Man* is impudence. There are several other qualities in a very high degree. There is a great amount of bombast; no small measure of twaddle: ignorance, vanity, and general quackery are strongly developed; but impudent false pretence is, after all, the most striking feature. The author pretends to an intimate acquaintance with many eminent literary men whom he probably never saw. He tells us in the preface that the value of the work mainly consists

* *The History of a Man.* Edited by George Gilfillan. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1856.

in the fact that 'it is replete with sketches of, and conversations with, literary men of eminence.' Certainly Mr. Gilfillan has recorded in his book many conversations which he tells us he held with Thomas Campbell, Jeffrey, Professor Wilson, Chalmers, and a host more; and if we are to judge from Mr. Gilfillan's work, we must come to the conclusion that they all talked exactly alike, — that they all talked nonsense,—and that they all talked precisely in the style of Mr. Gilfillan's contributions to the third-rate Scotch magazines. Now as these conversations are manifestly invented by Mr. Gilfillan himself, we say that this book is a scandalous imposition upon that portion of the reading public which is incapable of discriminating the thought of Jeffrey, Lockhart, Wilson, and Campbell, from the vile trash which Mr. Gilfillan ascribes to them. It is perfectly insufferable that every impertinent quack should thus become an assassin of reputation, by inventing conversations for distinguished men, which, if they ever uttered them, would prove them as great fools as himself.

Mr. Gilfillan would leave an impression on the mind of an English reader, that it is or was an uncommonly easy thing for anybody to obtain admission into the most refined circles of Scottish society. Although a person in an extremely humble position, sleeping in 'a garret whose only furniture was a bed, a table, and a meal-barrel,' and although—to use his own elegant words—his external appearance was that of a 'clouterly carcase;' still he finds himself quite in a position to speak with authority of the best society of Edinburgh: he was entreated by Christopher North to be present at what (with a fine sense of grammar) he calls A *Noctes Ambrosianæ*: he dined with Jeffrey at Craigcrook in company with Hazlitt, Cockburn, and Carlyle. And it should seem that upon such occasions Jeffrey and Wilson were wont to address long monologues to Mr. Gilfillan, expressive of the most valuable literary opinions. Among other things, Wilson said that Goethe was 'a huge dunghill:' and Jeffrey stated that Southey was 'a mocking-bird with a million heads;' that Coleridge 'had run all to tongue;' and that Shelley was 'a wild-goose.'

The 'Man' of whom this book professes to be 'The History,' is of course Mr. George Gilfillan himself. He wrote it, rightly judging that it must be a matter of great public interest to know the course of training by which such a splendid mental phenomenon was 'raised.' Mr. Gilfillan tells us that he is the son of a Highland parish clergyman of the Scotch Church, a man of small income and large family; and evidently under the impression that he is drawing the picture of a simple patriarchal mode of life, he gives us a view of a home of such squalid vulgarity as we trust rarely if ever existed among the 'Manses' of the kirk. But Mr. Gilfillan, we are told, is the son *not* of a parish clergyman, but of a dissenting preacher: and from what he tells us afterwards of the position of that unfortunate class in country-places in Scotland, there may be sad truth in the lines of the frowsy picture. He gives us a description of his father's study, which it appears contained 'a bed, in which his father and mother slept;' and there are hints of the refined *cuisine* of his boyhood in occasional descriptions of his hurrying over dinner to get back to his books, by 'bolting his beef and broth.' He tells us that his father was a man of great talent and simplicity and piety; and we should be sorry to treat the feeling which dictated the description otherwise than with respect. His father, however, 'could not ground him well in the Latin and Greek tongues, and he feels this to the present hour,' as do his readers also. He is fond, however, of classical quotations and allusions. He tells us he hears his father's voice as a 'Perge' to cheer him on his way. When youthful poetasters send him their manuscripts for perusal, 'if they seem to possess any kind or degree of genius, he says to each, 'Perge, Puer.'' When at Loch Katrine, 'a Highland boatman conveyed him across the lake, and *he thought of Charon*.' When at Glasgow College, he found it very affecting to hear Sir Daniel Sandford, the Greek Professor, re-

peat fine passages, 'such as πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης.' Mr. Gilfillan really unduly under-estimates his early classical training: his scholarship seems to be considerable. And he appears to have made up for any deficiencies in it by becoming an elegant French and German scholar. He tells us several times of *a chevaux-de-frise;* and desirous to give a man of title all his honours, he speaks of *Johann Von Baron Goethe.* Thus in elegant English do we say, Walter of Duke Buccleugh.

Mr. Gilfillan was a remarkable youth. He was wont to read various books 'to the murmur of the warm careering blood of his boyhood:' the same blood he elsewhere describes as 'bubbling.' He enjoyed Dr. Chalmers's Astronomical Sermons to that degree, that 'he rolled them like a sweet morsel under his tongue.' He was greatly affected at hearing of Byron's death, which is the more remarkable, seeing he had not read Byron's works. But we must give the affecting narrative in his own words:—

> One day I saw my father returning from the post-office with a newspaper in his hand. As he passed, he said, in almost a whisper, 'Lord Byron's dead.' *I felt stunned, as if by a blow on the skull.* I could not say a word, but ran up to Henry Thompson and stammered out, 'Lord Byron's dead.' He next was struck dumb with wonder and grief, and for three or four minutes we stood silent and awe-struck, in thoughts too deep for tears.

When a boy of thirteen, Mr. Gilfillan began his course of intimacy with eminent men. It should seem that there has always been something in his appearance which led such persons, without knowing anything about him, to take him at once into their confidence. Dr. Thomson, minister of St. George's at Edinburgh, a man of great mark in Scotland at that time, came to the district, and in the course of a long walk with Mr. Gilfillan (aged thirteen), gave utterance to many very silly descriptions of men of the day. Wordsworth, he said, was 'a kind of Dutch demi-god.' Scott was 'just a Border horse-dealer, till you either put punch in his head, or a pen in his hand, or an old ballad into his mouth.' Brougham's 'knowledge, like the wrong cloak picked up in a lobby, hung very loosely about him.' John Foster's 'usual conversation was careless, but he sometimes grunted out great things.' Dr. Thomson's wit must have been brilliant, though too refined for general effect. Speaking of some dissenting minister, 'He's the head of the auld-licht, indeed,' he roared out in laughter, 'but where, pray, is the middle or the foot?'

At the age of fourteen the 'Man' went to Glasgow College. He gives us descriptions, more or less absurd, of several of the Professors. Sir Daniel Sandford impressed him by his readings of Homer and Sophocles. The Professor's 'arms, as they held the book, seemed to become winged with ardent excitement.' The same eminent man 'had a peculiarly graceful and springy walk, like that of a high-born belle when entering into a drawing-room.' Thomas Campbell was elected Lord-Rector in Mr. Gilfillan's first year, and 'when we saw the active little man walking daily in the midst of us, it was as if the gods had come down to us in the likeness of men.' Mr. Gilfillan was asked to tea where Campbell was living, and of course chronicles Campbell's conversation, which he tells us was extremely brilliant,—'genius with a sharp sword.' 'Byron,' Campbell said, 'was 'a gifted booby.' He was a compound of Deity and dirt, the dirt being 'vile foreign filth.' Shelley stooped; and accordingly, he always seemed worshipping, in spite of himself; his very walk seemed a perpetual prayer.' Campbell next 'spoke of the difference between healthy and hydrocephalic power, taking Keats as a specimen of the latter, and Burns of the former.' This drew forth the brilliant reply, that 'Burns could never be charged with having lived with, or died of, *too much water in the head.*'

So much for Mr. Gilfillan's first meeting with Campbell; but if we credit the 'Man,' we must understand that Campbell was wont to take walks with him (aged fourteen) in the College gardens, and give forth valuable estimates of literary and political celebrities. Wordsworth, he said, was 'an intellectual mole, crawling over dust and dung-

heaps.' Southey was 'a cross between Spinoza, Archbishop Laud, and Quaker Fox.' Sheridan was 'a drunk and glozing gladiator.' Canning '*looked* the gentleman, the statesman, the genius, but was only a wax figure, after all.' Of Brougham's speeches, 'the light and the materials are alike from the pit.' Campbell certainly showed much judgment in the selection of a companion for his walks, and accommodated his conversation with great skill to his companion's years and capacity.

Mr. Gilfillan acquaints us with the fact that Mr. Mylne, the Glasgow Professor of Moral Philosophy, 'seldom seemed fully awake' when he read his lectures; 'yet the snorings of his slumber were often noble. Old Mylne always snored like a genius of metaphysics.' Then we have some description of the students of that period, among whom, of course, Mr. Gilfillan himself is particularly noted: 'I remember,' he tells us, 'the fair hair, wild eye, and broad forehead of G——, the critic!' G——'s intellectual exercitations at this time are worthy of record. When taking a walk, he was wont to select some subject,

such as the 'Charms of Virtue,' '*Bombast and its Varieties*,' 'Genius,' 'No Friendship among the Wicked;'—and my thoughts careered on in a rushing torrent, shaping themselves instantly into language, exciting my physical frame to the highest possible pitch, bringing to my brow a flush, to my eyes tears, to my feet as it were wings: in short, I cannot, dare not describe the rapturous enthusiasm which then disturbed, as by a storm, my whole being.

At the commencement of the next session, Mr. Gilfillan went to Edinburgh, to attend the lectures of Professor Wilson, who, 'along with the ticket' of admission to the class, 'gave him a look which seemed to sound his very soul.' Notwithstanding this alarming beginning, Mr. Gilfillan (aged sixteen) speedily found himself upon the most intimate footing with the great Professor, who told him that he (Professor Wilson) had often indignantly remonstrated with Coleridge ('a large luxuriant sloth') upon his laziness. It was while Mr. Gilfillan was taking tea with him, that the Professor stated that Goethe was 'a cold-blooded coxcomb,' and 'a huge dunghill.' Any one who ever knew Wilson will perceive at once the verisimilitude of the following passage. Just so did Wilson talk to 'clouterly carcases' and forward boys:—

One night, parting from Wilson, he said, 'You must come to-morrow to Ambrose's. The Noctes are now shorn of some of their beams; but Lockhart is at present in Edinburgh, and I have engaged to sup with him, Pat Robertson, De Quincey, and one or two good fellows. You must come!'

Of course the 'Man' went. The party consisted of Wilson himself, De Quincey, Patrick Robertson, a Mr. Brydges (who it seems was a literary tailor in Edinburgh), Thomas Aird, Delta, Lockhart, and a number of 'persons of minor consequence apparently.' Supper consisted of 'oysters *ad libitum*, and cold roast-beef, with a bowl of punch.' As for the conversation, we shall only say that it was as different as possible from that recorded in the *Noctes* of Wilson himself. Patrick Robertson, 'the prince of Scottish wags,' is represented as a low buffoon, without a particle of wit. As for his face, 'its dull, dough-like expanse actually glittered through the tears and sweat-drops of mirth which bedewed it.' Every individual present is represented as talking just as weakly and absurdly as Mr. Gilfillan himself could have done. Really the friends of the distinguished men thus caricatured ought to take measures to stop the mouth or the quill of this offensive libeller. We had marked several passages, intending to present them to our readers as specimens of the kind of rubbish which Mr. Gilfillan ascribes to Lockhart, Jeffrey, Hazlitt, Carlyle, and others (for a day or two after the 'Man' supped with the Tory clique at Ambrose's, he dined with the Whig at Craigcrook); but we have had enough of this sort of thing.

After some consideration, Mr. Gilfillan tells us he resolved to secede from the Church, and to study for the ministry of some dissenting 'body.' He gives us no

explanation of the reasons which led him to become a separatist; though we should have fancied that in giving a history of his mental growth, it would have been proper to narrate the process by which he reached the conclusion that it was his duty to take this schismatic step. But the difficulty is explained by what we understand is the fact, that Mr. Gilfillan never was anything but a dissenter. It appears that the course of instruction for the particular dissenting party (we do not know what it is called) that Mr. Gilfillan joined, reaches over five years; but as the students attend their academy for only two months in the year, we should suppose that the education they receive is not worth much. During his theological course, Mr. Gilfillan of course becomes well acquainted with Dr. Chalmers, whose recorded conversations are very much like those of all the other great men already mentioned.

Mr. Gilfillan gives us some account of a 'Tent-preaching' at which he was present about this time in his father's parish. We must explain what a Tent-preaching is. The communion is dispensed in Scotch churches never more than twice a year, and till very recently only once a year in country parishes. The 'Sacramental Occasion' thus becomes a very important one: and not only do all the people in the parish attend it, but in former days great numbers from the parishes around were wont to do so. There is divine service in the parish church on the previous Thursday, which is called 'The Fast-day,' and which is observed with all the rigour of the Scottish sabbath-day: and there is also divine service on the Saturday before and the Monday after the communion sabbath; though on these days the usual day's work goes on, except during church hours. No church could contain the crowds which used to assemble on the Sunday; and accordingly a '*tent*,' or portable pulpit, in shape approaching indecorously near to that of a Punch's show, was erected in the churchyard; and from this a succession of prayers and preaching was kept up all day, for the accommodation of the multitude which could not find admittance to the church. Five or six ministers were necessary to keep up the services of what was (and is) called by eminence 'the High Communion-Sabbath.' Now-a-days, from the sacrament being celebrated more frequently, and from other causes, people from other parishes rarely attend on such occasions: and tent-preaching has almost entirely ceased, much to the advantage of the quiet and decorum of the season, though sadly to the destruction of the old associations of many Scotchmen. Booths for the sale of refreshments were often erected in the vicinity of the churchyard: and our readers may find in Burns' *Holy Fair* a representation of the less pleasing side of the picture sometimes exhibited.

Mr. Gilfillan describes the manner and matter of several preachers whom he listened to on such an occasion. Two or three sensible and judicious clergymen had preached without making much impression, when a vulgar booby entered the tent:—

Like electric influence there flew from the tent to the *tents*, the tidings that 'a great gun' was about to open his mouth. And open it he did, with a vengeance! The speaker was a tall, red cheeked, fair-haired young man, elaborately dressed in the height of the then prevalent clerical fashion: with what Rowland Hill would have called the 'seals of his ministry' dangling large and manifold at his watch-chain,—with an acre of linen distributed about his breast and neck,—the very type, in short, of a vulgar Adonis. He proceeded to an eager, thrilling, weeping multitude, to pour out a torrent of exaggerated commonplace, crossed by shafts of terror, and inspirited by cries of clap-trap, such as I never heard before nor since. . . . Looking down towards the village, he suddenly stopped, stared eagerly for a few moments, and then cried out, 'Fire! fire! fire!' All heads were turned round for an instant; the next, many exclaimed, 'Where? where?' and then the preacher, with a fearful toss of the head, and with the deepest *sotto voce*, replied, 'In hell, preparing for the sinner!' His manner was in keeping with his matter. Now he disappeared almost out of sight of his hearers, going down into the tent as if it were bottomless; and now he seemed to wish to leap over it, and swim away through the

thick of his audience. Now he struck the Bible: now he exalted his voice to a roar, and now he sunk it to a whisper; now he stamped furiously, and now he went through manœuvres reminding one of the sword-dance at the Braemar games.

Surely there cannot be anything like this among the educated clergy of the Scotch Church. The common sense of the Scotch people of the educated class would revolt at it. Mr. Gilfillan must either be drawing upon his imagination, that 'bride of his being,' or describing a pulpit orator among the Ranters. We may remark that the wretched claptrap about 'fire in hell,' has not even the merit of being original. It was a favourite expedient of Whitefield. There can be no question, however, that among the least intelligent classes in Scotland, a preacher's popularity is in precise proportion to the loudness of his roaring and the violence of his gesticulations. 'Our minister's a wonderfu' preacher,' said a country bumpkin; 'he whiles comes oot wi' a roar just like a bull!' 'I didna' understand a word he said,' was the remark of a maid-servant to a friend of our own concerning a certain dissenting preacher; 'but I would go twenty miles to hear him again: I thought he wad have dung the pulpit in bits: he was a' jumpin'!'

Mr. Gilfillan's friend explained to him with some precision the different scales of popularity among dissenting preachers:—

> There were four species of the recognised popular man. There was first, the Thumper; second, the Groaner; third, the Kicker, or as they pronounced it, the *Kucker*. The first confined his fury to the Bible: the second extended his to the air, and the ears of his audience: and the third included the pulpit-sides and floor in his assaults. But there was a fourth class which combined the characteristics of all three; 'and to that,' he added, 'I flatter myself that *I* belong.'

We believe there is no exaggeration whatever in this description, when applied to the lowest class of Scotch dissenting preachers and congregations. We shall not trust ourselves to express the disgust and abhorrence with which we regard such a system as is set forth in the following story:—

> He painted a ludicrous contest for popularity, carried on in alternate sermons, between two famous mob-orators; in which the superiority, which had hung dubious a whole sacramental day, was decided in the evening in favour of one of them by a fell and fortunate kick, which (the Bible boards had been demolished and the candlesticks overturned long before) broke a foot-board, and laid the foundation of a fame; and both the speakers were seized with a hoarseness, from the loud exercitation of their lungs, which continued for some days.

Mr. Gilfillan did not like Edinburgh or its society. As he passed through the streets of that noble city, he frequently exclaimed, 'What a *rouged* hell!' The characteristics of Edinburgh society are 'a cold, sceptical spirit, forming a monstrous combination with materialistic passion. 'Lust hard by hate,' were enthroned side by side.' The few good people there, 'dwell, as it were, in an enemy's country.' Some explanation of these hard words may be found in the statement, that 'in Edinburgh *a chevaux-de-frise* of aristocratic exclusiveness shuts *young men coming from the country*' (*e. g.*, Mr. George Gilfillan himself) 'out from the better circles.' 'Nor has Edinburgh appreciated some of the greatest of Scotland's children,' (*e.g.*, Mr. George Gilfillan). 'Intellectual puppyism, in short, is, and has long been, the crying sin of Edinburgh coteries.' 'What a lofty opinion all these people have of their city and themselves! 'When a man comes to Edinburgh he finds his level,' is the constant cuckoo-cry; its meaning being, that he is exposed to a system of quizzing and paltry pedantic criticism.' As for an Edinburgh audience:—

> Curled darlings,—bearded and whiskered philosophers,—pale cheeked and long-haired coxcombs,—dry lawyers, with faces which seem made of biscuit, the remainder biscuit after a voyage,—students at the 'barrel-age,'—and ladies worthy of being doomed to similar immurement, with quizzing-glasses at their eyes, and affectation steeping their faces and figures,—an air of intense conceit pervading the whole assembly,—such, after deducting *one nine-tenth* [whatever that may mean], of sensible persons, is the average composition of an Edinburgh audience.

Pretension and buckram, in short,

without capital or reality, distinguish this city, alike in its private life, its literature, its philosophy, and its religion. Time would fail me, and temper too, were I to dilate on its haughty and sneering scorn for the provinces, for provincial men, for even London, Dublin, and Paris,—as if they, too, were overtopped by this Norland eyrie, resting on its cold crag, and with its exalted indigence, proud sin, and shivering population.

Upon all this outburst of ill-nature and absurdity, we have only to remark, that whatever Edinburgh society may be, Mr. Gilfillan is wholly incapable of describing it, inasmuch as he never did and never could by possibility find admission into it. 'The grapes are sour:' all this spite is just the mortification of the baffled outsider, who has taken to vilifying what he could not reach. And what Mr. Gilfillan says of the lack of appreciation of genius among Edinburgh men and women, may perhaps be explained by the fact that, in Edinburgh, Mr. Gilfillan is held in very different estimation from that in which he tells us many people hold him, and in which, beyond all question, he holds himself. He assures us that he receives letters from all parts of the world, the writers of which thank him for the delightful hours they have enjoyed in perusing his charming pages; while so blind and perverse is the educated class in Edinburgh, that by it Mr. Gilfillan is regarded as one of the most contemptible quacks who have disgraced literature for many a year. Remarkable indeed is the conflict of opinion and taste between Mr. Gilfillan and the Edinburgh public; for while the 'Man' assures us that the author of *Firmilian* is 'an emasculate ape,' the Edinburgh public finds delight in the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*.

The really valuable part of Mr. Gilfillan's book is that portion of it which gives us some insight into the nature of Scotch dissent, and the position of Scotch dissenting ministers and their families. The 'Man,' after having completed his studies, becomes the preacher of some meeting-house in a provincial town; and in that part of this book which sets out the cares, toils, and hardships of such a position, we find all that internal evidence of truthfulness which is lacking in the would-be literary chapters of the work. And there is a value in the testimony of a dissenting preacher as to the practical working of what is called the *voluntary principle* in Scotland, the kind of ministers it produces, and the sort of spirit it develops in their congregations. Mr. Gilfillan shows us what conceited fools the under-bred and half-educated preachers of the dissenting 'bodies' are. The younger aspirants are accustomed, he assures us, to hint

That their principal danger lies in being spoiled by their people; that they are sadly afraid that their heads should be turned by their popularity; and that their churches will not be able to contain the multitudes attracted by their oratory. They sigh deeply as they think of the dim eclipse they are sure to shed upon elderly luminaries—'But really, you know we cannot help it!' I have seen some of these persons look half-patronizingly, half-contemptuously, on such men as Dr. Chalmers, saying *in every gesture and look*, 'Enjoy your fame while you may; we bide our time; and, please God, we hope soon to bury you in the light of our superior genius.'

Then we have some account of the mean arts to which men resort to keep their congregations together, when their bread depends upon their doing so:—

Fine, sensible man, Mr. Judicious Slyman! None of your flowery flare-ups in the pulpit, indeed; but how attentive! If he miss any of his members out of the church, he is sure to call next morning; if one leaves chapel sick in the forenoon, he has a message during the interval to his house, to inquire what was the matter—whether his head or stomach was affected. If one of his pupils be absent from his school for a single night, he instantly inquires at the parents; he does not wait to be sent for, or only call as long as his people are needing him. Nor does he confine himself to his own congregation: *we* don't belong to it, for example, and yet he often looks in when passing, and *likes finely to hear what we can tell him about our own church and minister!*

Did ever advertising tailor or grocer push business in a more barefaced manner? Yet such are the natural fruits of the system which makes the preacher's subsist-

ence contingent upon his managing to draw people to pay for pews in his meeting-house.

Mr. Gilfillan gives us a distressing idea of the amount of envy and detraction which prevails among the class to which he belongs :—

In the clerical world (he says, meaning his own portion of it) there is much envy of worth, popularity, and genius. . . . . The moment a man obtains any eminence, whether for gifts, or learning, or popular preaching, or even piety, that moment he becomes the mark for ten thousand visible or invisible missiles of detraction. . . . . His works are ignored, or kept out of libraries, or perhaps attacked from the pulpit; his sermons and books are watched; his motives are misinterpreted; his character is maligned; *his people are sounded and tampered with.*

And Mr. Gilfillan sketches from the life the character of a dissenting minister, of whom he says that—

Deaths of ministers, scrapes into which some of the clergy were falling, *famas* that were rising against others, *the character or peculiar temper of their wives*, tottering congregations, fading popularities, *diminishing collections and seat-rents*, schisms and heresies in churches,—these and a thousand similar stories were always trembling on the tip of Oldstick's tongue, which often quivered with eagerness as he detailed them.

Such things, which we believe to be perfectly true, indicate a low class of men as forming the ministry of Mr. Gilfillan's denomination. But what can be expected, considering the remuneration which is given to Scotch dissenting ministers, with the exception of a few in the larger towns? It is absurd to think that by keeping the pay of the clergy very small, you make sure of getting men who are above interested and mercenary motives. You simply make sure of getting a lower class of men—men to whom fifty pounds a-year are as great an inducement as five hundred or a thousand a-year to persons brought up in the position of gentlemen. And Mr. Gilfillan gives a most deplorable, and we have reason to know a perfectly just, account of the miserable pay of many dissenting ministers :—

The voluntary principle with a proportion of the laity, means not voluntary giving, but voluntary withholding. What misery it has often entailed upon dissenting clergymen and on their families! I have known clergymen of great talent insulted in the street for petty debts, which the most rigorous economy could not prevent them from contracting, owing to their narrow income; and of others, all their lifetime subject to bondage, the most galling bondage, that of hopeless and honest debt. When there were wives or families in the case—I have witnessed or heard of cases even worse—I have heard of *stipends paid in silver or copper instalments;* and of the wives of clergymen, when asking for a small portion of their dues a little in advance, receiving it in the language of reluctance spiced with insulting wonder, —how they could wish or contrive to spend so much! I have known of families where the children were half fed, half clad, and almost wholly uneducated; and of others which were compelled to eke out by mean shifts, by genteel beggary, or by unceasing toil, the miserable pittance they received. I have seen the tears of them that were thus oppressed; the brave wife bursting out, after long efforts to conceal her feelings, into wild sobs of despair; the children sharing in and echoing her anguish, and the husband retiring, with these sounds in his ears, to his study, to prepare, forsooth, an elaborate sermon for the ensuing Sabbath. And worst of all, I have known many classes of laymen, from the rich farmer or merchant down to the humble artisan, speaking with callous contempt of such sufferings.

Bravely spoken out, Mr. George Gilfillan! There is really something of the 'Man' in this bold statement of what every one who knows Scotland knows to be true, yet of what the better-fed preachers of meeting-houses in large towns are always ready indignantly to deny.

Now we pity from our heart a church clergyman who is in difficulties from a narrow income. But we say at once that we have no pity at all for the voluntary minister in like circumstances. *He* is just in that state which is his ideal of the right position of the Christian minister; in that state to which he would, if he could, reduce all clergymen. The true voluntary wishes all ministers to be made dependent upon the same system which is starving himself, breaking his wife's heart, and stunting his children's growth. The idea which exists among the vulgar dissenters is, that *they* can compel *their* preacher to work;—they have

the whip hand of him, and can cut off the supplies if he do not; while the parish clergyman, secure of his living and his parsonage, need not work unless he chooses. Be it so: we must trust to something higher and better than this uplifted scourge in every bumpkin's hand, to keep the clergyman from becoming idle. But from the voluntary principle worse things than idleness follow. Sneakiness; pandering to the lowest tastes of the rabble; vulgarity, content to be no better than those on whom it is dependent; are the natural results of the voluntary system. There is hardly a gentleman among the Scotch dissenters. We do not reckon Episcopalians as dissenters; they are but a colony of our own Anglican Church. Nor do we reckon the members of the Free Kirk as dissenters: it clings to the principle of a national establishment, and it cherishes all the traditions of the National Church from which it so recently separated, and to which we trust and believe it is speedily to return. A very considerable portion of the educated and respectable people of Scotland belongs to these two communions. And in large commercial towns too, such as Glasgow, where men rise to wealth in a few years from a very humble origin, persons may be found among the dissenters who are certainly possessed of wealth, whatever may be their position in regard to intelligence and refinement. But throughout the country parts of Scotland, the true voluntary dissenters are drawn from the humblest classes in the community. Not to mention the nobility—in whose case any dissent save the old and dignified one of Roman Catholicism is a thing too absurd to think of—one would as soon expect to find a country gentleman a Mahommedan as a Dissenter. And it may easily be imagined that if a congregation consists almost exclusively of individuals earning ten or twelve shillings a week, and that by hard labour, *that* congregation will regard its minister as abundantly paid for his less manifestly onerous work, with fifty or sixty pounds a-year. Yet miserably as Scotch dissenting teachers are paid, they would probably be much worse off were it not that the comparatively decent livings of the Kirk tend to keep up the standard price of clerical labour. It is a matter of emulation in the meeting house to give the minister at least a quarter or a sixth of what the parish clergyman gets for working no harder. Still, we can think what sort of men the dissenting preachers must often be; what a cowed life of sneakiness they must in many places live; what miserable shifts they must have recourse to, in order to keep in the good graces of the lowest class; what an end there must be of all clerical authority—not to mention such things as gentlemanly feeling and bearing—in the case of a person who remembers that every clodhopper who hears him preach, thinks he is patronizing him by doing so, and *knows* that he is keeping the minister to his work! If our readers, in walking the street of some Scotch town, should ever happen to see a man of extremely coarse and vulgar features, dressed in rusty black, with a dirty white wisp about his neck, shaking hands in a very affable manner with an unwashed and unshaven workman in a fustian jacket, asking with intense interest, 'Haow urr they awl at whoam? Haow's the wyfe and the bairns?' and receiving the answer that they are all well, with the rejoinder, 'Thawts goodth,' then shaking hands again and hastening away, they may feel quite sure that they have beheld a dissenting minister striving to ingratiate himself with some one of his fifty or sixty masters. We say for ourselves, from what we know of the nature of the lowest class of the Scotch, from which voluntary country congregations are drawn exclusively, and town congregations mainly, their meddling, stupid, pragmatic disposition, that we would infinitely rather sweep a crossing than be dependent upon such, and subject to their coarse and petty tyranny.

Mr. Gilfillan gives us an account of the number of aspirants to literary fame whom he has aided:—

The pleasure of aiding young aspirants is one of the purest and most exquisite in the literary life. I have had ample experience in this matter. I cannot enumerate the authors who have applied for advice in reference to their

works or MSS., and in scarcely one case have I declined to give it. I lately packed up and returned sixteen MSS. in prose and verse, some of them as large as pulpit Bibles. The hundreds—I speak literally—of MSS. I have received within the last nine years, have come from the most varied quarters: from Wales, and from John o'Groat's house; from Liverpool and the heart of the Highlands; from London, Bavaria, and the centre of Australia: they have been the compositions of both sexes, and all occupations, ages, and intellects,—shepherds, ploughmen, tailors, tinsmiths, young ladies, old ladies, old gentlemen, wine merchants, pattern drawers, cattle dealers, clergymen, gentlemen of family and fortune, have been included in the list.

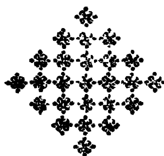
Fancy Mr. Gilfillan the Mentor of the rising genius of the day! He is just the man to prune the luxuriance of the youthful style, and to read lessons of sobriety alike in thought and in taste. About twenty poems have been published by his advice; and three or four of these, he is proud to say, 'have become the most popular poems of the day.'*

The remainder of the book is occupied with puffs of Mr. Gilfillan's friends among the dissenting ministers; with attacks upon some writers who have satirized himself,—there is what is intended for a very smart one upon Professor Aytoun, whom he distinguishes, with fine invention, as Antony E. Will; and with sketches of his literary acquaintances, in which occurs an announcement of his purpose of writing an imaginary conversation between Leigh Hunt and Christopher North. Then Mr. Gilfillan gives some account of the phases of his religious belief; and a chapter descriptive of his dreams and reveries, which he advises his readers to skip, 'unless they possess, along with a good deal of the speculative, a good deal also of the poetical.' And the work is wound up by what he terms a 'finale, or closing prophetic strain,' in which he assures us that an Omniarch is shortly to reign over all this world, and that the question is, Shall it be Belial or Christ?

But we have no doubt that by this time our readers are heartily sick of Mr. Gilfillan and his History. Its perusal has helped us to an answer to the question which the 'Man' thoughtfully puts in *Firmilian*:

Why do men call me a presumptuous cur,
A meddling blockhead, and a turgid fool,
A common nuisance, and a charlatan?

* One of Mr. Gilfillan's poetical *protégés* is Mr. Sydney Dobell, whose contemptible work, *England in Time of War*, is handled according to its deserts in an able paper in the *Saturday Review* of July 26th.



PROSPECTS OF THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

THE 'OPEN' SYSTEM.

A YEAR has elapsed since the Civil Service of India was actually thrown open to general competition, and though the results of the new system can scarcely as yet be spoken of with confidence, it is now time to say a few words as regards both the prospects and training of the successful competitors, and the influence they may exercise on the condition of India and its population. It will be in the recollection of our readers that, about a year and a half ago, there appeared before the public a Report signed by the Commissioners appointed by Sir Charles Wood to consider the question of throwing open the Indian Service. The gentlemen who affixed their names to the document were, Lord Ashburton, an enlightened nobleman; Mr. J. G. Lefevre, who from his position must have enjoyed ample opportunities of observing the effect of various kinds of training, on the character and conduct of public men; the Rev. H. Melvill, the eloquent preacher and Principal of Haileybury, who for more than ten years has seen about forty or fifty young men annually depart from the institution of the Hon. Company to their vocation in the East; Mr. Jowett, whose influence over a large section of young men of first-rate talents at Oxford can hardly be over-estimated; and Mr. T. B. Macaulay. We have no doubt that each of the above gentlemen contributed to the common stock a valuable addition from their different experience, careful observation, and matured views. But the essay, for it is nothing else, which combined or consolidated their opinions, can have proceeded only from one hand. There is, indeed, no mistaking the polished style, the graceful diction, the rich illustration, the antithesis, sometimes humorous and always pointed and effective, the acquaintance with Indian topics, the appeal to great English names, the temperate vindication of historical knowledge, the resolute assertion of a classical standard of taste, which mark the early and the late publications of the great essayist, orator, poet, and historian of the day. Any one who has had to wade through piles of dreary official documents, must have wished that Blue-books, and Reports in general, could always be placed before him in the same attractive dress. This literary production—which doubtless found itself strangely misplaced during its official circulation, and which, if printed leaves can feel, must have sighed for the congenial society of the *Edinburgh Review*—we purpose now to consider. It lays down general principles for the education of the future civil servant. It opens to him a large field of study, and in some measure defines the bounds of his knowledge. It gives him a choice of many languages. It refers him to certain authors; and somewhat vaguely, it indicates certain forms and periods of study to be observed. We must remark that, with the exception of Mr. Macaulay, not one of the Commissioners had ever been in India, nor, with the exception of Mr. Melvill, had any one of them, that we know of, ever turned their attention to Indian subjects. This, however, is quite in keeping with the principles of English state-craft.

We shall dismiss briefly the first part of the Report. Wisely and judiciously did the Commissioners give due prominence in the scheme of examination to those classical and mathematical studies which the experience of many generations and the consent of great authorities have shown to be the best calculated to strengthen, enrich, and adorn the mind. With equal judgment did they secure a fair hearing for the advocates of foreign languages, for natural and moral sciences, and for English literature and composition. The result of the first year's examination justified some of the anticipations of Mr. Macaulay and his colleagues. The Report had said, 'a candidate who is at once a distinguished classical scholar and a distinguished mathematical scholar, will be, as he ought to be, certain of success. A classical scholar who

is no mathematician, or a mathematician who is no classical scholar, will be certain of success *if he is well read in the history and literature of his own country.* A young man who has scarcely any knowledge of mathematics, little Latin, and no Greek, may pass such an examination in English, French, Italian, German, geology, and chemistry, that he may stand at the head of the list.'

With certain alterations, inasmuch as we know that some of the best men in particular branches were not successful, the above sentences might have been written after the examinations of July, 1855. The public schools and the universities carried off the greater part of the prizes. In some instances, private tuition turned out men who could compete with those trained in the best and largest of our institutions, as private tuition often will do, with a singularly apt and industrious pupil. Success in one instance was due to a remarkable familiarity with the literature and the language of Dante, of Pascal, and of Schiller. Scotchmen alone were unfortunate, owing probably to their deficient classical training, for which they could not make up by any wonderful readiness in the acquisition of foreign tongues. It will be curious to observe whether men born north of the Tweed will now be excluded from the Civil Service. But we trust that if Scotchmen be somewhat backward in classical composition, or unfitted for the mastery of the continental languages, they will contrive either to remedy these deficiencies, or to counterbalance them by renewed exertions in those departments for which their proverbial shrewdness and their powers of thinking qualify them to excel.

Four great subjects of study are recommended to successful candidates during their period of probation in England. We take them in the order of the essay. The first is Indian History, which is to be studied in the largest sense of the word; in the sense, in short, in which Mr. Macaulay has studied and written it himself. This branch is to embrace the past and present constitution of the Indian Government, its changing political relations with native states, its geography, the manufactures and natural productions of its varied tracts, and the curious rites which occupy so much of the Hindu's time, as well as the doctrines which so remarkably influence the character of the Mohammedan. All this is excellent. An Indian statesman, though in embryo, should know the by-ways as well as the high-roads of the history of his adopted country. He will consider no peculiarity as foreign to his subject; he will not be ashamed of falling below 'the dignity' of a mere narrative of battles and treaties. But we are not quite sure whether the books enumerated for this end, are precisely such as we should have chosen. The battles are to be gathered from Orme, Wilks, and Mill; and the customs and peculiarities from Bernier, and Bishop Heber, and from the translations of Hindu and Persian poetry by Sir W. Jones. Now Orme, indeed, has given a most full and accurate account of our early struggles in Bengal and the Madras coast. He was contemporary with Clive and with Hastings. He had, no doubt, talked with some of the survivors of the Black Hole tragedy. He collected his materials on the spot, with all the advantage of frequent intercourse with the natives, and observation of their manners. But he is dreadfully long-winded, taking forty-eight pages to narrate the events of as many hours; and though he may be advantageously consulted by those who wish to learn how the rise of Clive or the policy of the first Governors appeared to their contemporaries, we would much sooner send a young man, for this object, at once to the two famous essays of Mr. Macaulay himself. Wilks is invaluable as an authority with regard to Southern and Central India; and Mill has written a long history which, however valuable in many respects, is fearfully overweighted, and wants that life and vivid colouring which residence in the country alone can give. The travels of Bernier are more judiciously selected. Some readers may perhaps not know who this gentleman was. He lived rather less than two hundred years ago, in an age and

country which produced Molière and Racine, Bossuet and Fénélon, Sevigné and La Bruyère.* From some family misfortunes, the particulars of which we are not acquainted with, he left his profession, that of medicine, and wandered about the East. Arriving in India, he was patronized by one of the aristocracy of the court of Arungzebe, was a witness to that crafty Emperor's remarkable career, gazed on the riches, detected the hollowness, and recorded the vices of imperial Delhi and Lahore. We strongly recommend his entertaining volumes to all Englishmen, and especially to the party termed 'Young India,' who are fond of maintaining the excellence of those good old times, when the British had barely a factory or two, with a few acres of ground round them, at a stray Indian sea-port, and when 'annexation' had not yet been thought of in a dream. The lively, shrewd, and intelligent French Doctor had no set theory to carry out. For seven years he travelled over all India. The tent in the cold season, the unwieldy *budgerow* in the rains, the palaces of Delhi, the tombs of Agra, were all equally familiar to him. He could quote Persian odes, and talk fluently in Hindustani. No suspicion seems ever to have crossed his mind that one day India would really become subject to the British power, or indeed to any other. But the tyranny of the palace, the desolation of the provinces, the corruption of the officials, and the exaggerated estimate of the great Mogul's strength, did not escape his piercing observation, and he does once breathe a quiet sigh for some twenty-five thousand of the *braves troupes* of Condé, who might be able to walk right over—*passer sur le ventre*—of thrice their number of Mussulmans and Rajpoots. The journal of Bishop Heber is the journal of a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian. It proves the earnestness with which that excellent man set to his task, and how, coming to India late in life, he laboured hard to gain some insight into native feelings and thoughts. But much in Heber will be obsolete now, especially the mode of travelling. In mentioning the odes of Sir W. Jones, Mr. Macaulay no doubt meant that it were desirable that a young man proceeding to India should know with what eyes a Persian or an Hindu poet had looked on the face of nature, what were his ideas of female excellence and beauty, what was the influence of woman on the excitable imagination of Orientals, and by what key their secret feelings might best be unlocked. Viewed in this light, Eastern poetry may be dipped into, especially when transformed to English under the scholarly and skilful hand of the companion of Johnson, Gibbon, and Burke. But we can hardly picture to ourselves a young man from Oxford or Cambridge setting down gravely to fit himself for India by poring over interminable laments uttered by lovers, the smoke of whose hearts was ascending like incense on an altar, and whose wings were like moths burnt in the flame of the taper, to graceful Leilas possessed of the stature of the cypress, the eye of the antelope, and the cheek of the rose! With all deference to the examiners, we venture to suggest to the probationers the following works on Indian politics and history. Elphinstone's two volumes, classical, learned, and correct. Thornton's *India*, for a clear narrative of battles, sieges, and wars. For the internal administration and advancement of the country, Mr. Kaye's volume on the subject, and Mr. Campbell's admirable *Modern India*; while for a book which combines the fearful incidents of a Greek trilogy with the interest of a romance, and with the sad and sober lessons of history, there is none like Mr. Kaye's *War in Affghanistan*. The above works, carefully perused, with Ward on the Hindus, and similar works; and with such biographies as those of Sir T. Munro and Lord Metcalfe, and such lighter works as the late Sir W. H. Sleeman's *Rambles*, and A Lady's *Letters from Madras*, will put the young civilian in possession of nearly everything that he ought to know on starting, and certainly with quite as much as his head can contain.

The next subject recommended for study is jurisprudence. On this the Commissioners, after correctly

remarking that many of the most important functions of the Collectors in India are strictly judicial, confine themselves to a quiet and general encomium on the advantage of knowing law. What law the probationers must study; from what sources, under whose guidance, they are to quench that thirst for jurisprudence; how they are to prove their knowledge of the science,—on all this the Report says very little. It is true that we have something about the law lectures at Haileybury being too easy or too elementary for civilians selected on account of superior attainments; and we are told that the probationers ought to attend English trials, take notes of the evidence, and draw up reports. Now, with regard to the elementary character of the lectures on law and political economy at Haileybury, we do not see in what degree the best classical and mathematical education in the world can make any man, off-hand, a lawyer or a political economist; or how a B.A. or First Class man in the *Literæ Humaniores*, can, on legal subjects, begin anywhere except at the very beginning. And, if by elementary be meant boyish and below the stature of a man, we have only to say that we have never yet seen the Fellow, or the University scholar, who might not have derived a great deal of benefit, and gained a deal of knowledge, from one lecture-room in which the late Rev. Richard Jones used to hold forth on rents and wages, on capital and on credit; or from another, where the late lamented Mr. Empson explained to a knot of young men, often headed by some shrewd and clear-thinking Scotchman, the principles on which property had been acquired, wrongs were punished, and rights of all sorts maintained. We think that any civilian who enjoyed the privilege of listening to those two professors, will only regret that he did not make more use of his advantages, and will not complain that the style and tone of the lectures were at all lowered to the capacity of the dullest or youngest student in the room. With regard to the second point—the attendance on law courts—the suggestions of the Commissioners are most worthy of attention. It was perhaps their office only to indicate the object, without pointing out the means; but we have not heard, since their Report, what steps have been taken to define exactly the nature and extent of the law studies, or the mode in which a due supervision shall be exercised over the students. Nor, again, has any particular branch of jurisprudence been especially recommended. Yet we think that with such a vast subject, with so many branches spreading themselves on all sides, a few of the most important and useful topics ought to have been pointed out.

In the absence of any definition of their studies, we venture to suggest that they should attend to the following branches. 1. A little of the Roman civil law, as it is to be gathered from some of the late compendious publications by barristers of eminence. The law of evidence: what is good evidence in a court of law, and what is not. No amount of study in this branch, we fully admit, can ever make an Indian official competent to decide when a voluble native witness has been tutored, or when he is speaking the convictions of his own heart, or of the events which he has really witnessed. This important and indispensable knowledge will come by intercourse and by observation. No store of English law can supply its deficiency; but, on the other hand, no knowledge of native character will enable a judge or magistrate, without legal training, to say exactly what evidence is admissible in court, or what is really legal evidence at all. We think, also, that some acquaintance with commercial law, with the law of bailment, with partnerships, contracts, and other similar cases which arise in a growing or complicated society, is much to be desired. It is calculated that about one-third of the civil cases adjudicated in the Indian courts turn on points of the above kind; the remaining two-thirds turn on real property—the acquirement and transfer of land, the rights of landowners, village proprietors, and under-tenants of a dozen different denominations. Nothing that a young man can study in England will here help him much, or, at any

rate, nothing will compensate for the time he must devote to strange, ill-sounding, and at first, inexplicable names. The experience of his daily work, and the laws and regulations of the Indian Government, will alone put him in a position to decide suits affecting the landed interests of India. To the above branches—that is, to the civil law, the law of evidence, and the law of commerce and partnership—he should add, of course, an acquaintance with the great principles of the criminal code, and some little insight into the main characteristics of international law. Anything illustrative of the maritime, ecclesiastical, chancery, or common law courts of England, would be, we think, entirely misplaced in the course of study. The third subject is that of financial and commercial science, and of political economy. On the last point full information would have been furnished at Haileybury, had Haileybury been kept up. As it is, we can only point to Smith, Malthus, and the works of the late Professor Jones, as containing the rise and progress of a science just attaining its youth and vigour. But we really cannot see, except on the principle that no sound knowledge can ever come amiss, of what possible use it would be to a young civilian to understand 'the mode of keeping and checking accounts, the principles of banking, the laws which regulate the exchanges, and the nature of public debts, funded and unfunded.' As to accounts, those of the various collectorates and other offices in India are kept on a system and with a precision that will render all knowledge gained in this country superfluous. And with regard to the other points, it is not one officer in three hundred who will ever be called on to express any opinion on any one of them, or to apply any information he may have acquired therein to any practical purpose or aim. Moreover, with regard to the general question of Indian finance, it has no kind of connexion or similarity with English finance; and the probability would be, that a man with a smattering of financial knowledge hastily acquired at home, would attempt to apply it to Indian budgets, would do no good whatever, and would end by being a bore.

On the question of languages the Report is well worthy of attention. Of the 'many-languaged lore' of India, Hindustani is recommended for universal adoption. This composite language, derived in its primary and original form of Hindi mainly from the Sanskrit, with copious additions of Persian and Arabic words, mostly nouns and adjectives, holds in India somewhat the same position that French does on the Continent. There is, in India, a kingdom where it is spoken by every one, from the peer to the peasant, with greater or less purity, as French is in France. There is a capital city whose dwellers boast that they have the best accent and the judicious mixture of old and new words. There are isolated parts of the kingdom where it is debased or spoken only in the older form. There is, in short, in the East, a Picardy and a Provence, a Gascony and an Auvergne. Then, again, beyond the limits of this kingdom are other kingdoms where this eastern French is employed only as the language of one particular sect or class, or as the language of the courts of justice, or as the language of ceremonious intercourse, or as the language in which two men speaking strange dialects can converse with each other. No European but will have occasion to use it at some time. No one speaking it with purity and correctness can fail to secure respect. Many who do not, will, in some parts of India, be the object of covert sarcasm or quiet contempt. But it would be absurd to suppose that a man speaking Hindustani even as it is spoken at Delhi or Lucknow, would be capable of doing justice to the natives in very many other parts of India. The Report, indeed, contemplates that other dialects should be mastered; but it proposes to give men the option between Hindustani and Bengali in the lower division of the Bengal Presidency; between Hindustani, Hindi, and Persian, in the upper division of the same Presidency; between Hindustani, Tamul, and Telugu, in Madras; and between Hindustani, Guzeratti, and Mahratta, in Bombay. The two smaller

Presidencies, it will be seen, are afflicted with a plurality of languages, whereas in Bengal the knowledge of two dialects will secure all reasonable efficiency in public servants. But as a general rule, the more dialects really mastered in India, the better. Both Tamul and Telugu, in many essentials differing widely from each other, with Hindustani, should be mastered by a civilian at Madras. Both Mahratta and Guzeratti should be added to the universal Hindustani by a man going to Bombay. In short, two vernacular languages in Bengal, and not less than three in the other Presidencies, are imperatively required in all officials who wish to dispose of their work soundly and well. It is probable that in most cases not more than one will be commenced in England, but it is right that men devoting themselves to India should know the amount of study which they ought to undergo at some time. Besides the spoken dialects, encouragement is held out to such as wish to master either or both those languages, which are the Latin and Greek of the East, and in which are locked up the laws and the religion, the social observances and the general literature, of two great races. We allude, of course, to the Arabic and to the Sanskrit. Much has been written about the paramount necessity of an acquaintance with the language which is the repository of all that is most dear to the Hindu, which is the parent of so many of the spoken tongues, and which so largely influences others derived from a different stock. But after all that has been said about going to the fountain-head, and taking nothing at second-hand, we could quote fifty instances of men who, without anything but the merest smattering of Sanskrit, which they learned with hatred and under compulsion, have made themselves familiar with native ideas and customs, can tell you all about the village life of the agriculturist, the schemes of the money-lender, and the trades of the bazar; and have shown that, in order to win the confidence of aliens, and to settle the conflicting claims and rights of some scores of daily applicants for justice, we do not require an acquaintance with a ponderous dead language, but a facility in speaking a living dialect, added to firmness and temper, a kind manner, a clear head, activity and energy, and a sound heart. On the other hand, some of the old-fashioned class of natives do pay a certain respect to an Englishman acquainted with Sanskrit, and a Sanskrit scholar would find his path marvellously smoothed whenever he might take in hand a new dialect spoken in almost any part of India. We will, however, put the case in an European point of view. If an Englishman who remembered his Latin were about to travel in Italy or to reside there some time, we should tell him that Latin would be a great assistance in mastering Italian; but if he had never learnt a word of Latin, we should hardly *insist* on his commencing its study, in order that he might find that of Italian smoothed. Yet it will scarcely be contended that any spoken language of India resembles Sanskrit very much more than Italian resembles Latin. So then, with regard to these two parent languages, Arabic and Sanskrit, we believe that, in general, men who have something of the spirit of Cardinal Mezzofanti or of Sir William Jones, will set to work at the Hitopadesha or the Koran, while ordinary mortals will content themselves with the ordinary dialects through which they can hold converse with the mass of their fellow-men.

The real fault of the new scheme appears to us, the want of unity of system, or of system of any kind, with regard to the men who, having won their appointments, are detained a year or two in England. This deficiency may affect the service morally. But we will first take the intellectual results. Every candid person must admit that, by throwing open the service, a higher general standard of education will be found amongst the men who will compose it. We doubt whether, after all, there will be more men of shining ability, or great and solid attainments, than there are in the Civil Service now: whether comprehensive statesmanship, marked capacity for command, fertility in devising

expedients, power of triumphing over obstacles and of ruling large bodies of men, will be one whit more common than they are at present. But we are quite certain that the class of men popularly termed 'John Company's hard bargains,' or his 'brigade of incapables,' will be altogether unknown. It is true that the per-centage of these worthy individuals, whom no Governor knows what to do with, and for whom it were to be wished that there existed a few quiet sinecures, of which the incumbents could do no harm to any one, has been remarkably small. But there *have* been a few such men nominated under the old system. It is literally impossible that they can ever find entrance into the new. This, it appears to us, is what is likely to happen as regards the head and the tail of the service; we proceed to consider the case of the numbers who make up the body. No Governor, we assert, has yet found any difficulty in selecting talent to fill the highest posts. Lords Ellenborough, Hardinge, and Dalhousie had only to exercise their judgment in selection, and the secretariats, the highest judicial seats, the governorships of new provinces, the Residencies—or, as we should term them, the embassies at foreign Courts—were filled by earnest, high-minded, and intellectual men. It is not clear to us, when there has been no difficulty whatever in finding out eminent talent to cope with difficult situations, how any greater profusion of eminent talent is needed, or what could be done with it if it were to be discovered. Any superabundance would have to fill inferior positions, and might fret or become discontented.

But will not the 'Open System,' as it is termed, bring in a large proportion of young men not of first-rate talent, but of higher natural capacity, more completely educated, and more systematically trained? And will not such men more efficiently than at present fill the appointments of magistrates, collectors, judges, and commissioners, which form the majority of those to which civilians are eligible? It is our opinion that, under certain provisions, the new system may produce the above result. Yet on this very point a great deal has been said and written to prove that a high standard of education unfits a man for those dry and minute details—that interminable litigation about revenue, or debts, or little social injuries, which form the bulk of cases tried by Indian officials.

The arguments employed take somewhat the following form:—Education purifies the taste and elevates the thought. A highly-educated man will be disgusted with the burden and drudgery of a Collector's or magistrate's office. He will be wearied when he is called on to count stamps, to adjust minute accounts, to decide what Fyzoo is to pay for having broken the head of Buxoo, whether Buzzul is right when he claims the date-tree of Fuzzul, or whether the provocation given by the wanton Busunti justified the injury done to her outer garments by the incensed Bindubashini. Of such trifling cases, varied by darker outrages, by the forged document, by the repeated falsehood, by the summary and terrible revenge, is the official life in India often made up. To a man of refined intellect and cultivated taste such matters will be disgusting or repulsive. He will sigh for the company of Homer and of Shakspeare, of Dante and of Schiller, of Macaulay and of Gibbon. He will be much less efficient than the civilian who is half-educated or self-educated, who reads nothing but the Regulations of Government and the daily papers, and who never wrote anything but an alarming official report in his life. We humbly conceive that all these fears, which we have actually seen in print, are groundless, and moreover that they are disproved by the daily experience of other professions in England. Take the case of the country rector. He has been educated amongst a knot of gifted intellectual men at Trinity or Balliol, has taken a good place in the class-list, and has gone down, aged twenty-five, to the care of a country parish in a remote district in England, or to a suburb in one of our great manufacturing towns. In his visits amongst the poor, in ill-ventilated or smoky cottages, does he meet nothing to repel or annoy him —nothing that jars with his finer feelings and loftier thoughts? Is

there no drudgery in the life of a curate or vicar? no weariness generated by the stolidity, the ignorance, the wretchedness, and the vice which are to be found either in town or in country? Do the cases which come before a magistrate often assume grander proportions than those of petty larceny or setting wires for pheasants? We really think that, if educated men are never to have their finer sentiments rudely shocked, they had much better not go into active life at all. Take, again, the case of a barrister, with an acute intellect, a good store of learning, and a correct taste. Many times must such a man find himself, especially at the commencement of his profession, like Scott's Sir R. Hazlewood of Hazlewood, in the tallow-chandler's case, greasing his mouth with low and vulgar terms. Yet both parson and lawyer know from their education that men, and not books only, are their proper study; and that it is by mixing with their fellow-creatures—by sympathising with their wants—that they find not only a field for the right exercise of their talents, but an additional relish for intellectual amusements which come to them as refreshments and stimulants, heightened by the contrast and welcomed in the change. Just so, or in a greater degree, with the Indian. Petty duties and the rudiments of Anglo-Indian education are distasteful. It is irksome to be adjusting accounts of strange monies—rupees, annas, and pice. It is debasing to see nothing but the dark side of human nature, and to be constantly standing in the attitude of one who inflicts punishment or who demands just dues from natives. It may be often an unwelcome task to deal with curious customs, dissonant names, and unfamiliar associations, or with debauchery, dissoluteness, petty tyranny, and great and petty crime.

But men who wish to be thoroughly competent to deal with large Indian questions, must commence with the rudiments. They must go once more to their ἐγὼ τύπτω, and their *Rusticus arat*. They must learn to generalize from a large number of details, sedulously collected from the growing mass of official daily experience. They must study Indian life and manners, not only in the travels of Bernier or the history of Elphinstone, but in the court crowded with suitors, and the bazar humming like a bee-hive with swarms of buyers and sellers. A well-educated and right-minded person will find, even in the 'dullest walk,' something to interest and excite him. The only thing we do fear is, that the commencement of the training—the initiation into Indian life—may be a little more distasteful to a man of twenty-five, lately from the universities, than it was to a man of twenty or twenty-one from Haileybury, whose ideas and opinions were not equally fixed. But if the former find more things calculated to jar and to shock, they will have also a greater fund of self-reliance, and a more matured judgment to aid them. We trust, therefore, that their deeper learning and their larger discipline will be aids, and not obstructions to them in their task.

We will now tell the Indian civilian what he has to encounter in India. He must first pass an examination in two of the spoken dialects, at the Presidency, before a board of examiners. In this he has to translate one passage from a book *vivâ voce*, and write a translation of another taken from a native standard author, and he must turn a piece of fair English prose into that standard author's style. This examination has been passed in periods varying from two months or even six weeks, to a year or fifteen months. It will be safe to take six or eight months as the average. Next, the civilian is nominated assistant to the magistrate and collector of some large district. With sundry local peculiarities and modifications, his duties will be for the first two years somewhat as follows. He will try small criminal cases, his decision on which is subject to an appeal. Such are those of abusive language, assault, tearing of hair, pulling of clothes, and petty larceny in private individuals, and of neglect of duty in village watchmen. In his duties in the Revenue department he will rise from the observance of the forms of business, of record books, of the manner of

keeping accounts, to suits regarding rent due from tenants to landholders, or from landholders to Government; to the more important subjects of the registration of property, the changes of ownership, and the many questions that arise out of the division of estates amongst heirs, and the liens on them of different parties. Meanwhile he will be learning the law and the procedure of the revenue and criminal courts, both in theory and in practice; if for no other end, for the object of passing two strict examinations in the above subjects, as well as in regard to his conversancy with the native languages, and his powers of speaking them correctly and fluently. Until these two examinations are passed, he will gain neither increase of emolument, nor higher rank, nor more extensive powers. When they *are* passed, he may be appointed, in one part of India, to the charge of the police, and of the criminal business in a large district, and in another to the same duties with revenue functions combined. Besides these primary duties, he will then have abundance of miscellaneous ones in the shape of the management of a gaol, or the occasional inspection of a Government school, or the construction and repair of a road or bridge, or the conservancy and purification of a crowded native quarter in a large town. As he gradually warms to his work, he will have abundant scope for his speculative, philosophical, or reforming tendencies. There are quaint social customs to be studied; there is agrarian outrage and violent crime to be repressed; a language without a literature, but capable of polish and refinement, full of proverbs and old saws, is to be gauged and explored. The laws which regulate the increase of population, the interchange of commodities, the rise of capital, the facilities of credit, are constantly presented to him in some new aspect. It is now on a draft of an act lying before the Legislative Council for the security of investments in real property, that he has to give an opinion; now it is on a proposal for the reform of the native police, or the construction of a line of roads, or the improvement of gaol discipline, or the irrigation of a whole district, or the introduction of an Excise duty, that the Lieutenant-Governor, who quietly rules a great kingdom, desires to be favoured with his thoughts. In all this, it is obvious that there is much that must interest educated men of sterling ability and comprehensive views. It is in such occasional great questions that he will find his compensation for the early toil, for weariness at the same pictures of misery, or vice, or oppression;—for his devotion to swarms of suitors in a hot office, with the thermometer at ninety, while the blast of May is roaring under a copper sky and above a burnt and arid plain; or while the rank vegetation is bursting forth in marvellous luxuriance under the steam and moisture of a tropical deluge, succeeded by a flood of sunshine such as never illuminated the canvas of Claude.

We turn now to the moral effect of the new system. That there has been and is a high tone of feeling, a jealousy for the honour and the integrity of the body, amongst the members of the Civil Service, is not denied by the most determined enemy of the patronage of the East India Company. On the contrary, this is admitted by violent reformers, hot-headed Irish politicians, and even by men who take up Indian subjects to make them party questions. It seems, too, to be taken as a mere matter of course that this high standard will always be found amongst a set of men, gathered together from whatever quarter, and placed in situations of responsibility in a distant country. We believe, however, that for the present tone and the feeling of the Civil Service, some credit must be claimed by the institution of Haileybury, where nearly every member of it was trained. Many persons have only heard of the East India College as an institution where occasional outbreaks took place; where the discipline, generally, was between that of a college and of a public school, and the moral effect consequently beneath that of either, and whence it was found necessary annually to remove some half-dozen idle or incompetent young men, and send them to fill up gaps in the Cavalry or the Line.

There were certainly some things in Haileybury which required amendment. A building of more collegiate or academical appearance would have been desirable. A more elevated tone amongst the students might have been attainable. An examination there would command greater respect and confidence if, out of twenty-one in a class-list, somewhat less than twenty had been entered as 'highly distinguished.' By a little judicious severity at other times, certain incapable and illiterate individuals would never have been imposed on the people of India as rulers and judges. Something might have been effected towards relieving the hardworking student, and compelling the careless student to exert his powers. In short, there was always room for reform of the course of study, and for a change in the social tone which lecture-rooms and chapels cannot always reach. On the other hand, great and signal advantages were here placed before many who were not slow to benefit by them. From the lips of learned and eminent men there flowed forth, in the college lecture-rooms, information, copious and correct, not only on the early classical and mathematical lore, which is the basis of all liberal professions, but on political economy, and on several branches of law; on Sanskrit, rich, flexible, and harmonious in its structure, imposing and gigantic in its literary remains; on Persian, the language of love, of diplomacy, of polite intercourse, of legal documents, of ceremonious correspondence; on Hindustani, fused by this time into a sort of harmony, but capable of greater perfection, and spoken now in the palace of the king or the mansion of the noble, though formed originally by the watch-fires of the camp. Many men of the *old* Civil Service gratefully acknowledge their obligations to this course of study. Some of the *new*, we really believe, would be glad of a place where it was as compendiously and certainly to be found.

But it was not only in the amount and character of information that Haileybury did good. A vast advantage resulted from the intercourse and mutual knowledge of the students: a constant chain of traditions was kept up and handed down from one generation to another; the characters of all were carefully scrutinized and thoroughly known. In official life in India this same knowledge proved of sterling value. Every man, whatever were his principles, knew that his conduct would be canvassed by a dozen men, who could tell from personal observation of what materials he was made. We are well aware that the security afforded by this *esprit de corps* is one which it is not possible to prove with mathematical accuracy or by statistical tables. Security for an intellectual standard may be gained by a searching examination. It may also be argued, as Mr. Macaulay has put it, that 'superiority in science and literature indicates the existence of some qualities which are securities against vice;' and that an intellectual test, fairly submitted to, may be an equally sound moral test. We admit that 'industry,' some 'self-denial,' and a 'taste for pleasure not sensual,' will probably be often found in a highly-educated man; but experience also tells us of sundry remarkable instances where these are not. Even in England, with all our social influences, with morality, duty, and honour inculcated from the press and the pulpit, with circles of encouraging friends, with all the sacred charities of home to elevate and to purify, and the example of great names and associations to strengthen and to guide, have we not known men, in the last few years, to be guilty of dishonourable actions and shameless frauds? One case of a bankrupt in honour and morality would work harm in India such as years of good government would hardly counterbalance. And if such cases do occur in England, might they not occur in India, with like temptations and in spite of similar securities? But, it appears to us, the temptations in India may be much stronger, and the securities much less strong. Let us consider the case of a civilian, isolated from his fellow-men, entrusted with large powers on a frontier district, where public opinion cannot reach him, and where he is only subject to the occasional and uncertain control of a superior, who, to have work well done, must treat a subordinate

with confidence. For months and years this individual may not see above two or three Europeans with whom he can mix in social equality. It is quite possible that he may be literally alone, morning, noon, and night, for half a year or more. The public opinion to which he is amenable may only be represented to him by the columns of a daily paper, in which the affairs of his district or department are casually mentioned three times in a twelvemonth. His duties oblige him to be familiar with much that is dark and criminal in human nature. He may preside in a court where every other case is supported by forged deeds and false swearing. The staple of complaint around him from the mouths of twenty claimants is that the longest purse makes the best suitor, that those who deal with native officials must buy the maintenance of their rights, and that bribes and presents are customarily offered and received. A low standard of thought and feeling, a desire to be rich by quick means and at any price, queer morality and sharp practice, an exhibition of human passions at their worst, of brutal lust, of malignant envy, of deadly revenge, of triumphant riches and oppression,—this will be the picture on which he must daily look. The day of rest may become a mere day of indolence, hallowed by no sacred observance, marked by no withdrawal from 'low-thoughted care.' A man may endure all this, and pass through such an ordeal without being conscious of its pressure, if he be a man of great and strong principles, or one who feels that he has to maintain the credit of an honourable service, to many members of which he is well known. But it may be different with a man who has left all his friends and connexions in England, and who has never had an opportunity of forming any in India. We do not say that every man in such a situation will openly buy and sell justice, though he may hear tales which make him fancy that honour and incorruptibility, fair dealing and official integrity, are mere names. But he might do everything short of taking bribes: he can abuse his power in a dozen different ways, indulge in practices not absolutely punishable by law, degrade his office in the eyes of the natives, become penurious, grasping, or harsh, and make the most of his situation to his own profit and advantage, without becoming openly amenable to the charge of corruption.

Our whole argument, then, comes to this. The new system will give us many intellectual, well-educated men, if the competition be a large and liberal one, and men come up by hundreds and not by fifties. Whether, in the spirit of the Essay we have been discussing, it will attract 'either a Mackintosh or a Tenterden, a Canning or a Horner,' may, we think, be reasonably doubted; but it will entirely rid us of ignorant and incapable individuals. On the other hand, the bonds of union which held together the members of the service, must eventually be weakened: the new men will have no common institution to look back to, no succession of traditions to maintain. It is impossible that they can know each other mutually, as the men of Haileybury have done. It is questionable, then, whether there will be the same vigilant jealousy which, it has been well said, makes men fall on a lame member who comes short of the standard of honour, 'like wolves' on a lame or wounded companion. We admit that for some time this change may be little felt. In the upper ranks of the service will be none but the old Haileybury men. They will give the tone to those who now enter their ranks. These latter will catch the feelings which now animate the body. They may even amalgamate so completely that no line will be drawn between the two. When the present race die off or retire, when the Civil Service shall be entirely composed of new materials, when the Scotch cousins, the lines of nominees of the same directors, and the representatives of unchanging families, the Russells and Greys of the East, in whom civil appointments appear as heirlooms, shall no longer fill the pages of the East India Register—even then, we admit, the able men who lead the Civil Service may create for themselves the highest standard of feeling, and may give

their own form and pressure to the body of which they are the masters. This may be done by vigilance, mutual intercourse, earnestness, and a judicious exercise of influence. But it will be a perilous thing for India if it be otherwise; and we think it right to point to a danger never anticipated, or thought chimerical. Yet all must allow that average fair ability, united to honour and integrity, is really what is wanted in India.

Still, the system of open competition needed only one or two things to secure its full success. The latest age at which a man can go out to India has been fixed at twenty-five; it would have been much better had it been fixed at twenty-three, as hitherto. It would have been wiser to have made sure of all candidates at twenty or twenty-one, and sent them all to Haileybury, or to some one institution on the banks of the Cam or the Isis, and have given them the common lecture room and the common hall. Their education would have been sound, if not highly finished: they would have had the effective aid and superintendence of professors learned in law, in political economy, and in oriental languages, and they would have felt that they were parts of a consistent and compact body. But the abolition of Haileybury is, to our thinking, a rash and a dangerous experiment; while, to our surprise, we learn that a batch of the successful candidates of 1855 have just been sent out without any second examination at all!

In connexion with this subject, we must make a few remarks on a proposal which has received the sanction of the President of the Board of Control. This proposal is for the general reduction of the salaries and emoluments of the Civil Service of India. This change may alter the whole scheme, and may shake the very tenure of our power. Three years ago such a proposal, affecting the interests of every inhabitant in the East who either pays revenue or demands justice, and at the same time the interests of the nominees of a close corporation, might have excited scarcely a passing remark in either House of Parliament. But it is now the concern, not of the favourites of a close body, but of the clever sons in every poor, or depressed, or overgrown family in England, as well as the concern of all India. We grieve to say that it is in the English point of view alone that our remarks have any chance of attracting attention. The President of the India Board is reported to have said, in his place, that, in order to meet deficiencies in the Indian revenue, he saw no reason why the salaries of the Indian civilians should not be cut down to the standard of civilians in Ceylon, or in any other Crown colony. It is true that on a subsequent occasion he modified his statement, but still the mere enunciation is ominous. One obvious answer to this would be, that by so doing you might cut down the Indian Civil Service in tone, energy, and practical talent, to the standard of that in Ceylon. But there are other and wider considerations in this matter. We rejoice to see that Lord Ellenborough, than whom no one can be more impartial, spoke out boldly in the Upper House against these impolitic reductions; and we purpose, as an appendix to his lordship's clear and manly defence of a hard-working body of men, to conclude our paper with a general statement of the position and prospects of a civilian in India, such as they are now and have been for the last thirty years.

The salaries of Indian officials are unquestionably liberal, but not large. In a body of five hundred men, serving in the Bengal Presidency, there are two appointments worth £10,000 a year, those of the Lieutenant-Governorships of Agra and Bengal. There are two more worth £8000, drawn by the two civil servants in the Supreme Council. There are about six more worth £5000 a year. There are some fifteen, or perhaps twenty men, who draw £4000; and there are about seventy or eighty who receive £3000. It is, of course, to be understood that the highest of these appointments is the reward of none but eminent services and brilliant talents, while the lowest is only attained by good hard work and assiduity for some eighteen or twenty years. Very often £3000

a year is the utmost amount which a man of fair abilities, improved by practice and discipline, can ever hope to receive. Several men do not ever get beyond their £2500 a year. While rising in the service, men, as a general rule, draw £500 a year for their first two, three, or four years; from £600 to £800 in the next five; from £1000 to £1200 in the next five; and from £1200 to £1500, £2000, or even £2200, in the next five. All this sounds very pleasant; and Peter Dick, who is a clerk in the Foreign Office on £150 a year, or Erasmus Bellow, the young lawyer, who after twelve years is beginning to make the Western Circuit resound with his eloquence, may envy the lot of their old schoolfellow, who, by five years' service, is living in comparative comfort and opulence. But it must not be imagined that from £800 to £1200 a year in India can be spent by a young man on two rooms in a lodging-house, a couple of good clubs, a riding horse, and one month in the year at the moors or at Homburg. There are many calls on an Indian official's purse which neither frugality nor parsimony can evade, and much of his salary, even with the most thrifty, only passes through his hands by a mere form. The youngest civilian, who joins his first station at Hanspooker, must rent a house for which he has no choice but to pay what the owner may demand for its occupation. There are probably only four houses there which an European *could* inhabit. He would willingly dispense with a number of his servants; but the constitutional indolence and apathy of Asiatics, as well as the convenient laws of caste, which tend to multiply places, forbid this. A monthly sum is deducted from his salary, to be credited to the widows' fund, though he be a bachelor, and to the fund for annuities, one of which he may never live to enjoy, or which, at best, will have been purchased by payments amounting, principal and interest, to £5000. He must keep at least two horses, as well for healthful exercise as for actual efficiency in the performance of his duties. He cannot be backward in charities. This last item is one of which, in England, we have no sort of idea. There is either a school to be supported, or an asylum to be endowed, or a mission to be strengthened, or a charity hospital failing in funds, or an individual case of indigence or hardship to be relieved. It is most desirable that this openhanded liberality should not be checked. The civil servants, as a body, draw large sums from India. It is right that they should return something to the source whence the sums flow. They are looked on as the representatives of the great British power, that has a name for justice, integrity, and generosity. It is right that, while showing their justice and integrity in courts and offices, they should also prove elsewhere their mercy, their generosity, and their kindness. Splendid instances of liberality amongst rich natives are not uncommon; and all, both rich and poor, love the open hand and bless the liberal donor; and if fond of money themselves, are not given to hoarding it up like misers. In their eyes, a niggard civilian without social *status*, or who was so pinched that he must never join in a subscription, would be a very sorry sight. It is the habit of natives to look up to Englishmen: to see them take the lead in all services of difficulty, in posts of danger as well as in liberal projects, and in plans that require substantial pecuniary aid. The Indian captain is expected to lead in the day of battle; it is to the civilian that most natives look for the initiative in wise laws and internal changes: it is the English philanthropist who ought to prove his true regard for the welfare of India, by pecuniary assistance in proper time and place. To the credit of both the military and civil services, large sums are annually contributed, not by casual donations only, but by recurring yearly, quarterly, and monthly payments, to hundreds of deserving institutions of all kinds, religious and secular. The same thing is done by British merchants and by English lawyers; and in fact, whatever be the faults of Indian society, in liberality it leaves England and the English much behind.

But there are other considerations

besides what we have mentioned,—and we never meant to argue that salaries ought to be kept up at their present standard simply in order to enable their receivers to make a fair show of generosity. What we intend to say is, that the present scale of allowances does enable Indian officials to be generous, and to give aid in money where mere professions and words of kindness would do little good, however gracefully conveyed. It will be a pitiful economy by which the magistrate shall be known only as wielding the rod of justice, the collector, as one who sells the estates or confines the persons of defaulters, and every civilian as anxious only to save what he can out of his contracted allowances, and to return home in the shortest space of time.

We will now briefly state the advantages and disadvantages of an Indian appointment. A young civilian finds himself at an early age — say twenty-five or twenty-six—in a position of considerable power and influence, where he is remunerated by a liberal salary, not regulated like the author's, lawyer's, or physician's, by the number of hours he can devote to work, the number of briefs he can get through, or the number of patients whom he can visit. If he should fall ill at his post, he will be allowed a year or even two years' leave of absence in a healthier climate, with due provision for his maintenance. If he retain his health, and can reconcile himself to a good deal that is irksome or painful in his daily routine, he will find ample field for speculation, research, and inquiry; for the devising of shifts and expedients, and for the trial of more solid and lasting measures and reforms. He will wield a greater sceptre than falls to the lot of most young men in an European kingdom, and will be able to gratify the love of power which, relished at first for its own sake, subsequently furnishes a far keener enjoyment in the thought that it is devoted to the honour of one country, and to the real good of another. As he grows older, added experience will widen the view, until at last, after the service of more than a quarter of a century, with his name honoured in his circle or department, or connected with some really great and permanent measure by which the condition of ten millions of Hindus and Mohammedans is raised and permanently bettered, he returns to England to enjoy that fair repose which the old Greek proverb assigns as the meed of all honourable exertions. Early independence, a wide field for talents of every kind, ability to marry while yet young, a fair provision against failing health or advancing age, association with honourable and independent men in duties extensive and pre-eminently noble,—these are the advantages of an entrance into the Civil Service.

But let us hear the case on the other side. A civilian must toil in a climate which, though positively delightful for from four to five, or even six, months of the year in some localities, may at other times bring discomfort, disease, and death. His relaxations are comparatively few, and enjoyed at long intervals. Marriage involves too often a separation from the wife, and invariably from the children. The sick wife must spend two or even three years in England, or, if strong, she must take her growing family to be educated in an European climate. This inevitable separation is the cause of real affliction and of serious expense. The civilian must literally keep up two establishments at one and the same time, and though he deny himself everything but what is necessary to health and efficiency, he must spend large sums in the transmission home of his family and on their education under strange hands. It was well observed by Lord Ellenborough, that the estrangement from children, friends, relations, is one of the bitterest results of a career devoted to India. The sons and daughters, at the most critical period of their existence, are deprived of the guidance of both their parents, or if they retain the mother, they rob their father of one who should share his successes, enliven his isolation, and cheat his grief. A man grown grey in the service of the Company may find his grown-up sons perfect strangers to him. Even if, from celibacy, from a late marriage, or

from other causes, he escapes this trial, he may on his return home have literally to be *introduced* to his own relations and his whole family circle. To recompense him for this severe labour in an uncongenial climate, for an attack of illness, and for years of isolation, he finds himself, after thirty years of service, in possession of a pension of £1000 a year, to which he has himself contributed £5000, terminable at his decease, and of from £20,000 to £25,000, as stated by Lord Ellenborough, which is what a prudent man with a fair share of success can usually save. Is this the magnificent prospect which it would be reasonable and right to curtail?

But it has been argued that salaries should be cut down in order to reduce the Indian deficit, or because bi-monthly communication has brought that country so much nearer home. To the first argument we say that we believe the Indian revenue to be in a hopeful condition. Railways, great internal enterprises, irrigation, new and profitable territories, with a few years of peace, will soon fill the Indian treasury. If they should fail, or should new and unexpected disturbances arise, the finances of India will hardly be set right by reductions of £100,000 or even £200,000 from the salaries of judges and collectors. The effect of such an ill-timed measure would probably be merely to denude the service of talent, to lower its tone, and to set some unprincipled men thinking how fortunes can be made or repaired by unfair means with the least risk of detection. Such a result would be more disastrous than a ten years' war, or a deficit of five millions. Then as to the proximity of England and India. Gratifying as it must be to every one in India to find himself only six weeks behind the intelligence of Europe, it is difficult to see how this makes India a less expensive or a less warm place to live in; on the contrary, it may be contended that the additional ties of intercourse between the two countries increase expenses. The thermometer is not lowered in May and June, at Calcutta and Delhi, because railways traverse Egypt and large steamers cross the Indian Ocean. The ailing wife, the children who grow too rapidly for their constitution, must be sent home. English books and English commodities, if forwarded with greater punctuality, increase the desire to return home. In short, though not insensible to the blessings of rapid and certain communication, we do not admit that it has altered the Indian climate by one degree of Fahrenheit, or reduced the expenses of living in India by one single rupee. Everything about India is the same now as it was in the days when vessels took six months to round the Cape, —except the official salaries, which are much less,—except the temptations to spend money reasonably and honourably, which are more frequent,—except the passage-money, which is much higher in the steam vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Company than it is in Green's ships,—and except the longing to return home, which is much more powerful, much more constant, and, in one sense, much more readily gratified.

It would not, perhaps, be impossible to fill situations in India with men who would be content with a lower scale of remuneration. A general proclamation, that men proceeding to India should receive only from £1000 to £1200 a-year, might still attract many who would go out on those conditions. But it is a dangerous thing, in moral and intellectual as in material commodities, to accept the lowest tender. The prospects of the Indian service, now thrown open, are not so attractive as to have commanded the very best talent at either university. No one, except in rare instances, violently rushes to a career which promises only an independence after years of hard labour, and retirement with indifferent health, or obscurity in England should the intellect and powers be still unimpaired. It will be a dangerous thing to catch less talent than is now caught, or to fill the ranks with clever, sharp-witted men, hungry for employment at any price. Nor must it be forgotten that, reduce the salaries as you may, you cannot reduce the duties and responsibilities of office. There will still be the large revenues to be collected, the

great suits to be decided, the growing thirst for education to be slaked in one quarter, or the desire for it to be aroused and guided in another. There will be the obstacles created by pride, or superstition, or intolerance to be skilfully removed; the social problems to be carefully studied; innumerable reforms to be worked out, in spite of secret or declared opposition, of dull impassiveness; a huge amount of daily labour to be encountered; the same races to be governed by Englishmen until they be fit to govern themselves; an empire not to be abandoned to a despotic foreign power, nor left to return to the last century's chaos; whole tribes to be conciliated; cruel customs to be abolished; the honour, the high character, the impartiality of the British nation to be cheerfully staked and generously expended in the social regeneration of India and her people. These are great and onerous functions which we cannot abdicate, and which the new civilians must undertake to discharge. But it is due to the expectations held out to them that their prospects of independence should not be curtailed. This is due also to the character and tone of the whole of the present members, as well as to the nature of the work which all have to perform. Hard work, in a hot climate, under expense, isolation, and discomfort, must be well paid. High principle must be secured by making men independent, and by placing them above temptation. Too much credit must not be easily given to the virtue of incorruptibility. Civilians, who are rightly debarred from trade and speculation of all kinds, and who constantly see lawyers and merchants rapidly making far larger fortunes than they can ever hope to acquire, must not be rendered restless and discontented. It will not do to peril the good government of India, which depends so much on the ability and integrity of the Civil Service, by hasty reductions, or to lower in the eyes of natives and Europeans the social position of public servants, whose important and onerous duties cannot be made less.



DWARFS AND GIANTS.

An Essay, in Two Parts.

Part II. Explanatory.

THE reader who followed us, as in the first part we traced the historical notices of dwarfs and giants, will now be asked for indulgence as we proceed to the delicate and difficult task of explaining in the best way we are able,—Firstly, What are the peculiar anomalies which constitute dwarfs and giants; Secondly, Upon what laws these anomalies depend. He will be the more indulgent when he learns that this is a task which has rarely been attempted, and that we have nowhere met with anything like a satisfactory enumeration of the anomalies or their causes; the nearest approach being made by M. Isidore Geoffroy St.-Hilaire, to whom we have already been so largely indebted. Addressing the general reader, in these pages, we hope to make no further demand upon him than that of a little attention, and shall endeavour to execute our task without recourse to technical expressions, which might confuse if they did not scare him.

Looking at giants and dwarfs, and comparing them as they present themselves to ordinary observation, we find—

Firstly, giants are of rarer occurrence than dwarfs.

Secondly, they are almost always of a lymphatic temperament, with scanty beard, flabby muscles, shrill voices, and feeble senses; they are often deformed or disproportioned.

Thirdly, they are *never* long-lived; and are, like dwarfs, almost universally the children of fruitful mothers of ordinary stature.

Fourthly, they differ from dwarfs in one very noticeable respect—namely, they are always of unexcitable, indolent, cowardly tempers, and stupid; whereas dwarfs are always vivacious, restless, quarrelsome, and often intellectually remarkable. Some dwarfs are of feeble intellect, but all are vivacious and excitable. Giants never are. Thus, although the dwarf anomaly may be so profound as to include the intellectual organs, it never prevents great nervous activity; whereas the giant anomaly always affects the intellectual organs, and always affects the nervous energy.

To explain these, or any of these points, we must call in the aid of physiology, and see what light can be gained from the ascertained facts of growth and development. In popular language, and even in most scientific treatises, the terms Growth and Development are employed as if they were mutually convertible terms; but no sooner is any delicate investigation begun than absolute precision of language becomes indispensable; and the present occasion is one on which these terms require to be isolated and defined. Growth and Development signify two really different, though intimately allied, processes. We must isolate Growth, and consider it as indicating *increase of bulk*, only; this increase applies to a crystal as well as to a muscle, and is not peculiarly organic. Development, on the other hand, is *modification of structure*, and is peculiarly organic. The crystal, or other inorganic substance, cannot undergo a modification of structure and composition, without at that moment ceasing to be the crystal or substance it specifically was before; whereas all organisms (except *perhaps* the very lowest) undergo modifications of structure and composition, yet retain their individuality. Growth, then, we see to be only a change of volume; the structure remains the same, the composition remains the same, size and quantity only are different. In Development, the volume remains the same, but the structure and composition change: a *differentiation* has taken place, both of form and material. *Assimilation* and *differentiation* are therefore the two processes designated as Growth and Development.

Perhaps the simplest illustration is the egg, which, when first dropped into the nest, contains precisely the same organic elements as the full-

formed chick, which breaks the shell, and quits it. In *becoming* a chick the bulk has not increased; the weight has not increased; and, nevertheless, the liquid mass has developed into a solid animal having bones, muscles, nerves, and feathers, where a few days before nothing but liquid was to be found. Every Development, properly so-called, is to be compared on a minor scale to the transformations which the insect undergoes; and this Development having once taken place—*i.e.* a tissue having been once differentiated from a mass of cells—the part developed goes on *growing*, just as if no change had taken place, because the new tissue *assimilates*. If, then, under the general term Growth we include *two* organic processes—one of Growth and one of Development, we shall find many intricacies of our subject easily unfolded. And, first, we must fix in our minds this important law:—

*Growth and Development are two distinct processes, which, correlated in respect of Nutrition, are antagonistic one to the other.**

This law is evident *à priori*. The very fact of a differentiation taking place of course implies a *difference*—implies that what before was homogeneous has now become heterogeneous—and this difference is necessarily an antagonism.

The law is equally evident *à posteriori*. If a tadpole be kept excluded from light and heat, but duly supplied with food, its *Growth* continues, but its *Development* is arrested; it grows into a gigantic tadpole—it does not develope into a frog. The present writer has reversed the experiment with like confirmation of the principle. Keeping young tadpoles subject to as much light and heat as they could endure without perishing, he developed them into the tiniest frogs ever seen;† that is to say, he accelerated Development, which, being in its nature antagonistic to Growth, caused the Growth to be checked; precisely as in the old experiment Development was checked. Lyonnet tells us that the full-grown larva of the Great Moth is 70,000 times heavier than when it first quits the egg; yet its increase in development has been inappreciable. In insects we see the two organic processes very strikingly separated: their larval state being devoted to Growth—their chrysalis state devoted to Development; and these two are never confounded. Very noticeable it is—and this indeed first led us to conceive the law,—that Growth is everywhere so much more rapid in the inferior organisms than it is in the more complex organisms. We can almost be said to *see* Confervæ grow, so rapidly are the cells produced; but the more complex plants grow slowly. The puff-ball (*Bovista giganteum*) will grow in a single night from an almost invisible speck to the size of a pumpkin. The same fact meets us everywhere; Growth is at the expense of Development: thus, the tunny—which is said to be the most rapidly growing of all known fishes, and which at four months old is twenty times its original bulk—has a brain of only $\frac{1}{3741}$ of its whole bulk. A point which it will be needful to bear in mind when we are speaking of giants.

There are other laws of Growth which must be taken into consideration; for example, growth will necessarily depend for its *rapidity* on the rapidity with which the processes of composition and decomposition take place. The oyster, although by no means a complex organism, takes five years to acquire its full size, while some annelids are full-grown in a few weeks; the turtles are as slow of growth as birds are rapid.‡ Further, *each phase of De-*

* In science, priority of publication is the only admissible test of discovery; although, therefore, we had arrived at the law enunciated in the text, by a quite independent method, long before finding it in M. Isidore Geoffroy St.-Hilaire's work, it is due to that writer to acknowledge his priority, at least as to the fundamental conception. See *Hist. des Anomalies*, i. pp. 188 *seq.*

† Varying the experiment this spring, we found that tadpoles kept in our study, warmed with a fire, and the direct rays of the sun, lost their external branchiæ three and four days before tadpoles hatched at the same time, and kept in a cool room, shaded from the light.

‡ Burdach: *Traité de Physiologie*, v. p. 488, French trans.

velopment checks the rate of Growth. Thus, if, with M. St.-Hilaire, we consider the three great developmental epochs of dentition, second dentition, and puberty, we find the rate of Growth or increase *serially diminished after every one of them.* The infant grows with marvellous rapidity till its first teeth are developed; less rapidly between first and second dentition; still less rapidly between second dentition and puberty; and after that, it becomes slower and slower, until its rate is only sufficient to repair the waste. This antagonism is further exemplified in the fact familiar to botanists: in the growth of a tree, two processes go on, one cellular and horizontal, the other woody and vertical; and one of these constantly goes on *at the expense of the other*, so that the medullary rays, instead of being mere lines, become large, wedge-shaped masses. But we need not multiply examples further—the law has been sufficiently explained.

With this law of *normal* growth, we may commence our explanation of those *abnormal* phenomena presented by dwarfs and giants, and justify the definition with which we set out. Dwarfs are beings in whom *Development has been accelerated at the expense of Growth;* giants, on the contrary, are beings whose *Growth has been accelerated at the expense of their Development.* The two organic processes, instead of pursuing their normal course, have been disturbed; and the result is an anomaly. The experiments which produced the tiny frog and the gigantic tadpole serve to illustrate this disturbance of the normal course; they were exaggerations of the Dwarf and Giant characteristics. In proportion to the gravity of the disturbance will be the gravity of the anomaly; but in all cases there will be found *a defect of assimilation in the dwarf*, and *a defect of differentiation in the giant.* Sometimes this defect may be so superficial, that a slight change in the conditions—such as the advent of puberty—may entirely efface it, and the dwarf child will grow into a full-statured adult; sometimes the rate of Growth may be arrested by Development, and the gigantic child never surpass the normal standard of adults. Although the excessive complexity of the organism, and of the conditions which affect it, make most attempts at *absolute* definitions hopeless, we may safely say that, in all cases the dwarf exhibits a disproportion between Development and Growth; and the giant exhibits a disproportion between Growth and Development.

M. Isidore St.-Hilaire, in spite of his clear recognition of the law which has guided us, defines a dwarf to be an instance of 'arrested development,' and a giant of 'development in excess.' This appears to us not only a disregard of the important distinction between the two processes included by him under the term 'Development,' and by us under the term 'Growth,' but it also disregards important facts—viz., that the diminution of the dwarf is *not* a diminution of all the parts of his body, nor is the increase of the giant an increase of all the parts of his body; but, on the contrary, the dwarf has a perfectly developed nervous system, as large, or nearly so, as that of the giant; whereas the giant has only a largely developed nutritive system, with small brain, flabby muscles, &c.

Thus much, then, our inquiry may be said to have attained: we know what sort of anomaly a dwarf is, and in what it is distinguished from the other anomaly, named giant; and further, in what respects both are anomalous, compared with the human species. This may seem but a small result after so long an inquiry; but the basis of all successful speculation must be laid in first distinctly understanding in what the things about which we speculate specifically differ from all other things. We have ascertained a specific character, and may therefore begin our adventurous course of speculation.

Why, for instance, is the dwarf always vivacious, and often intellectually active, the giant always indolent and dull? The question met us in the first part of this Essay, but the answer was adjourned. On the first blush one would be tempted to say, 'The reason is simple, the dwarf has complete development, therefore he is vivacious; the giant, imperfect de-

velopment, therefore he is dull.' But truth, in these intricate matters, is not usually betrayed by the first blush; and on a close scrutiny of that answer it will appear—Firstly, that the imperfection of development here attributed to giants, is only *relative;* they have a nervous system perhaps quite as perfectly formed as the dwarfs have; precisely as dwarfs have a perfectly-formed nutritive system, although this system is relatively inferior to their nervous system. Secondly, the smaller animals are more vivacious than the larger animals of their species, although in them development is equal. Since, then, this answer is utterly to be rejected, we must seek a better. Shall we fall back upon that much-credited answer, which attributes the difference to the greater rapidity of circulation in the smaller bodies? It looks plausible, but is not to be trusted. What if another answer could be given, not less plausible, and somewhat more illuminating?

Life has been distinguished by all physiologists since Bichat, as *organic* and *animal.* All the functions which minister to the growth and preservation of the individual or the race, are classed as organic (also called *vegetative*); all the functions which place man in active relation with the external world, are classed as animal (also called *relative*). The division has been found convenient, and because convenient, will remain, in spite of criticism. For our immediate purpose, however, it will be more convenient to consider life under three cardinal aspects—Nutrition; Motion; and Sensibility. Corresponding with these, there are three divisions of the nervous life directing—Firstly, the Nutritive system; Secondly, the Locomotive system; Thirdly, the Sensitive system. It is not necessary to admit Virey's conception,* that an animal 'is a developed nerve,' in order to agree with physiologists of all classes, that the nervous system does preside over and influence the three divisions of life.† There may indeed be ground for discussion in the question how *far* the nervous influence participates in the production of the various nutritive processes; for it is certain that assimilation, secretion, respiration, &c., take place in animals which have *no* nerves, and in plants, also without nerves; but it is nevertheless demonstrable, that in animals possessing nerves, the nutritive processes *are* influenced by nervous action, and will not continue without it. To allude only to such familiar facts as the diminution of the milk secretion in a mother whose mind is made fretful and anxious, or the sudden flow of saliva caused by the sight of food, or the profuse perspiration caused by terror, is enough to show how nervous influence regulates the organic processes; and the anatomical fact that every artery is accompanied by a nerve, explains the influence.

With respect to the second vital function, that of Locomotion, no one doubts that it is produced under nervous stimulus; although, as in the former case, we see the phenomena also manifested by animals destitute of nerves.

Thirdly and finally, that Sensibility is the peculiar privilege of a nervous system, is a position unhesitatingly and universally maintained.

Thus we are justified in asserting that the great fountain of influence which incessantly springs from the nervous centres, runs off into three distinct streams—the Nutritive, the Locomotive, and the Sensitive. But we shall commit a serious error if we imagine these streams to be independent of each other; *we* may consider them as separate, and as specialized into special systems, but we must not forget that they spring from a common fountain, and are intimately correlated. Thus Claude Bernard has proved that the reflex

* *De la Physiologie dans ses Rapports avec de Philosophie,* 1834.

† Le système nerveux est susceptible d'une action relative à notre faculté sensitive, et d'une autre qui concerne que nos fonctions vitales et végétatives. A la première de ces actions se rapportent les sensations et les mouvements volontaires; à la seconde, tient l'influence des nerfs sur la digestion, la circulation, et les sécrétions. Les sympathies et les changemens physiques, qui sont à la suite de certaines idées ou de certaines passions, semblent participer de ces deux espèces d'actions.—Cuvier: *Leçons de Anat. Comp.* ii. p. 104, éd. de l'An viii.

actions of the spinal cord will not take place without the participation of the sympathetic system; every one knows how a brain troubled with anxiety or exhausted in work will affect the digestion, circulation, &c., and how good digestion and healthy nutrition affect the mind. So that, in separating the streams of nervous influence, we must remember *the activity of one will always be at the expense of another.* No sooner is this conception clear to the mind, than it at once irradiates a number of obscure questions, and among them this now immediately pressing for an answer, respecting the disparity between large and small animals in vivacity and intelligence. It gives us this law:—

The activity of the animal functions bears an inverse proportion to the demands made by the organic functions.

In other words, wherever a given amount of nervous energy has to supply a *large area of organic life*, it will have *proportionately less* to bestow *on vivacity and intelligence.* The smaller animals will, other things being equal, be the most active and intelligent. Thus the amount of nervous matter which, in the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, being largely consumed by the demands of nutrition, &c., has only a small surplus for activity and intelligence, would, in the smaller frame of a lion, make him the most vivacious and intelligent of beasts. The weight of a mouse's brain, compared with the weight of its body, is computed by Anderson* as bearing the proportion of 100 to 3500 only, while the brain of a sheep is as 100 to 22,600; and that of a turtle as 100 to 454,500! which pretty well indicates their respective activity and intelligence. Now although, as Cuvier remarks, it is impossible to arrive at any very precise figures in such estimates, owing to the variations in the size of the animals (and, we may add, variations in their nervous development), one author having made the proportion of the dog's brain to that of his body as 1 to 47, another as 1 to 305; one author that of a cat as 1 to 82, another as 1 to 156;† still it is possible to establish a rough approximate estimate which will suffice for the present inquiry, and which is in favour of the *comparatively* larger brain of the smaller animals. We say comparatively, because the brain of a man, for example, is *absolutely* much smaller than the brain of an elephant, but the proportion it bears to his body is as 1 to 25 or 30, while that of the elephant is as 1 to 500, according to Cuvier. Let us assume for a moment that the nervous energy of an elephant be an amount represented by 60, and that of a man no more than 20; yet, if the elephant expends 40 upon nutrition, and 15 upon locomotion, he will only have a surplus of 5 for sensibility; whereas man, expending 6 upon nutrition, and 4 upon locomotion, will have a surplus of 10 for sensibility.‡

It is notorious that over-eating diminishes intellectual activity, and that great bodily activity does the same, while great mental activity damages our nutritive system. The gourmand is indolent; the athlete is an idiot; the student a dyspeptic. After a meal, the languid reptile sinks into torpor, all his nervous energy being absorbed by nutrition; after any great nervous excitement, the appetite is for a time destroyed. These, and a hundred familiar facts, illustrate our position, that the great vivacity and intelligence of small animals is not owing to their circulating current having a smaller area to traverse (which is only *one* element in the problem), but is owing to their smaller bodies demanding a smaller distribution of the nervous nutritive stream, thereby leaving a larger surplus for the sensitive and locomotive streams. Two men of equal size and equal nervous development, will nevertheless present great inequalities in vivacity and

* *Comp. Anat. of the Nervous System,* 1837, p. 27.

† *Leçons d'Anat. Comp.* ii. 148.

‡ The reader of course understands these figures to be purely illustrative; and we may further add, that throughout we are assuming, in common with all physiologists, that the brain is the 'organ' of the mind, and that according to the perfection of the organ will be the perfection of the music. A penny whistle cannot rival a trumpet, nor an ill-developed brain one well-developed.

intelligence; the popular explanation of which would be, that the two were men of 'different temperaments.' And this is true; but how does the difference of temperament intervene? Thus:—the nutritive processes in the one will be more rapid than in the other; he will be quick, restless, excitable—the other, slow, indolent, and meditative; and although the circuit traversed by the blood is in each of equal area, the *affluence of nervous energy to a particular system* will in each be different. One man has a more expensive organic system than the other, and his animal system must pay the balance. The same law holds good with respect to all subdivisions of sensibility. The petulance and excitability of the activities and senses being always at the expense of the higher meditative powers; and although we sometimes see these conjoined with great intellect, they are then terribly exhaustive of the nutritive system; so that the spectacle of a man at once vigorous, healthy, and active in body, restless in movement, with excitable senses, and great powers of *continuous* meditation, has never yet been presented.

We sweep round from this digression to the point from which we started, and start afresh with something like a clue to lead us to a probable issue. Dwarfs have large heads and small bodies; they are always vivacious, often intelligent. Giants have small heads and large bodies; they are always dull, and mostly idiotic. Professor Owen, in his description of the skeleton of O'Byrne, the largest man of whose size we have unequivocal evidence, says his 'cranium presents the long narrow form; it is proportionately much depressed, and with a narrow, low, retreating forehead, the cavity for *the brain not exceeding that of an European of ordinary stature;*' so that with a body of enormous stature, his brain was no larger than that of an ordinary man; and although he was not the imbecile creature most giants are, he was imbecile in comparison with his atomic friend Boruwlaski.

A difficulty here presents itself: dwarfs are sometimes, as in the case of Bébé, nearly idiotic; and this seems to contradict all we have just maintained; *seems*, but does not really. Dwarfs are anomalies. Every one who has attended to anomalies of structure, is aware that they are sometimes grave and sometimes superficial, sometimes general and sometimes partial; everything depends on the period of evolution at which the disturbing influence comes into play: the younger the embryo, the profounder the alteration. A dwarf may present simply the anomaly of growth; in this case, as we saw in Boruwlaski, his development is undisturbed, he is vivacious and intelligent. But the dwarf may *also* present an anomaly of development; his spine may be rickety (and often is); his brain may be imperfect, as we saw in Bébé, and then he is deformed or idiotic. But even then he is vivacious; then, as always, his nervous activity is displayed more obviously, because less is expended on the processes of nutrition.

And does our law apply to little men and big men? The reader is certain to make the application, therefore we will, in passing, say a word on it. As a general fact, it has long been recognised that the smaller men are the most vigorous and intellectual; but very numerous exceptions will at once occur to every one. There are many little men unhappily of unmistakeable dulness, and large men (Thackeray, for example) of unmistakeable power. But although the statement admits of numerous exceptions, the rule admits of none; no rule ever does. In these exceptional instances we shall find,—Firstly, that the small man has a small brain, or an *expensive* organic system; secondly, that the large man has a large brain, or an *inexpensive* organic system; or finally, that the small man who is intellectually obtuse, is emotionally, sensationally, and bodily excitable; while the large man is indolent, or moderately emotional and sensational.

One important distinction, which hitherto we have kept out of sight, because it does not really affect our argument, must now be noticed, lest it be adduced against the law we have laid down. We have throughout

assumed that a given mass of nervous centres will exhibit a constant ratio of power; whereas physiologists know that two centres equal in volume will be very unequal in power. *Il y a fagot et fagot.* The brain of one animal, though no larger than the brain of another, will be far more active. Parchappe declares among human beings he has seen men with heads little larger, nay even smaller, than the heads of idiots, who nevertheless manifested normal intelligence;* and this is no more than the known differences of development and of elementary composition between nervous system and nervous system, would lead us to expect. But while insisting on this point, we remark that it only complicates our difficulty in deciding on special cases; it does not contravene the law that 'the activity of the animal functions bears a constant and inverse proportion to the demands made by the organic functions;' it does not contravene our position that the amount of energy which the nervous system can bestow on the locomotive and sensitive functions depends on the area of the nutritive system.

We now approach the last and most delicate question we shall have to treat in this essay: What causes the arrest of growth or development which constitutes a dwarf or a giant? The answer to this must necessarily be hypothetical; nor will the hypothesis be very explicit, for knowledge here is by no means full and accurate. With this warning, we will venture on the best explanation we can furnish. Here, as elsewhere, to approach the unknown we must pass through the avenues of the known; we can only penetrate the obscure by throwing a bridge over from the familiar. Now the familiar phenomena most analogous to these of dwarfs and giants, are atrophy and hypertrophy; unhappily these phenomena themselves are only partially understood. We may however consider a dwarf as a being in whom the nutritive system has been atrophied while the animal development has gone on at the normal rate, and a giant as a being whose nutritive system has been hypertrophied. This definition is not meant to be exact, but only to connect the phenomena with the phenomena of atrophy and hypertrophy. Let us look at what is known of these.

'I think,' says Mr. Simon, 'it may be stated as a general fact in the economy, that if the nutritive conditions be perfect, if the blood and the organs be what they should be, whenever the active structures of the body renew themselves, they do that and something more. Nature gives them enough for their necessities, and *for something beyond it;* they renew themselves more largely and luxuriantly than in their original condition.'† Having stated the fact, this acute thinker and admirable writer adds, 'Of this general fact, or law, I can give no causal explanation.' We have, therefore, at present, only to suppose that in the giant, *the something more* is considerably greater, and in the dwarf considerably less, than normal. The step in advance thus taken is but small; Mr. Paget, however, may help us onwards.‡ He shows how any part, after it has attained its normal size, according to the time of life, may grow larger if it be more exercised. When this growth is the result of natural, though almost excessive, exercise, we regard it as an indication of health, and the result is admitted to be a desirable accession of strength. Examples—the arms of a blacksmith, or the legs of a dancer. But when not the result of natural exercise, but the consequence of a disease in some other part, it bears the name of hypertrophy, and is no longer reputed desirable. Nevertheless, in both cases the process of growth is the same. The conditions which give rise to hypertrophy are:—Firstly, the increased exercise of a part in its healthy functions; Secondly, an increased accumulation in the blood of the particular materials which

* *Recherches sur l'Encéphale,* 1836, p. 34.

† *Lectures on General Pathology,* p. 85, 1850.

‡ *Lectures on Surgical Pathology,* 1853. A work not less remarkable for its candour and modesty than for its profound and simple treatment of a very complex subject.

the part appropriates to its nutrition; Thirdly, an increased afflux of healthy blood. The last two conditions only can apply to giants, since their growth is notoriously independent of increased exercise; and of these the first-named alone can be the initial cause.

The chemical condition of the blood—or, more correctly speaking, its organic constitution — seems, therefore, to be the proximate cause of the gigantic hypertrophy. What is the cause of that condition? We do not know. Climate, and other geographical influences, affect the *normal* size of plants and animals; moist valleys and fertile plains presenting the largest species, while the arid mountainous districts have only stunted herbs and smaller animals. Buffon endeavoured to establish it as a generalisation, that the size of the fauna was always in the ratio of the area it inhabited. Virey makes humidity the preponderating condition, and refers to this as the cause of the largest creatures being inhabitants of the waters. But all such indications fail us when our search is after *abnormal* growth. We want to know what causes the appearance of a giant in a species subject to the same general conditions as himself. The blood of one man differs from the blood of another, differs also at different ages in his own system: what will make it differ so widely from that of other men as to cause gigantic hypertrophy? Will food? Bishop Berkeley, according to Watkinson,* determined on trying the experiment. He took a poor orphan, and reared him on certain hygienic principles, which in one sense succeeded, for his *protégé* attained the height of seven feet eight inches; but in another sense the experiment was fatal, for the giant was an old man before he reached his teens, and died at twenty, thoroughly worn out. We have unhappily no record of the principles which produced such a result, nor indeed is the story given on very satisfactory evidence. At any rate our cattle-feeders cannot produce giants; they feed animals into monsters of fat, but not into giants.

If we say that the blood of a giant is richer in assimilative principles, or is so organized that it admits of more rapid molecular changes, we do not indeed solve the problem, but we *limit* it. Another solution may suggest itself—namely, that the vascular system of the giant is from the first laid down on a larger scale; and thus, having larger heart and arteries, he has at all periods of life more blood to send to the tissues for their nutrition. Against this, however, there are two serious objections. First, we have the authority of Professor Owen for asserting that in the animal series there is *no* relation between the size of heart and arteries, and rapid or ultimately attained bulk, whether by quick or slow growth. Secondly, we have already seen that giants are born of ordinary size, continue to grow at the ordinary rate until puberty, and then suddenly spring up into unusual bulk; or they are gigantic children, and at puberty cease their rate of increase; cases which are explicable on the supposition of a change in the organic composition of the blood, but quite adverse to any notion of the vascular system suddenly becoming enlarged or diminished, because this vascular system itself is subject to the general conditions of growth.

This reasoning equally applies to the obverse case of the dwarf. In him there has been, not the atrophy of disease, but the 'diminishing growth' which results from his blood having less of that 'something more' necessary to repair and increase.

But the darkness thickens as our steps advance, and feebler, feebler burns the torch with which we grope our way. Let us pause here, and wait for more light. When Physiology shall have itself become clearer on these obscure questions of Growth and Development, we may hope to explain the anomalies of Dwarfs and Giants.

G. H. L.

* *Philosophical Survey of Ireland*, p. 187, 1777; cited by M. St.-Hilaire.

MAUD VIVIAN.

Chapter I.

'AND so you have a new rector at last?'

The lady who made this remark threw herself yet more languidly back in the low chair upon which she was seated, as though the subject were one of supreme indifference to herself.

Lady Giffard, who had been listening with forced attention to a recapitulation of her sister's struggles and triumphs in the London season, just drawn to a close, assumed an air of greater interest as the conversation seemed to return to the precincts of her own home, from which she seldom wandered.

'Yes; Mr. Sutton has now been three months amongst us,' she replied, 'and has done as much in those three months as it seems possible man could do.'

'Oh, of course,' returned her sister. 'Daily service, I suppose; night schools and day schools, parish visiting and parish meetings—one hears of the same thing everywhere. What sort of person is he? Presentable?'

'Perfectly,' replied Lady Giffard, gravely; 'he is one of the Staffordshire Suttons, an old family, as you know.'

'And a poor one,' added Mrs. Vivian.

The conversation languished; neither had subjects in common with the other. Lady Giffard was a widow, and lived in retirement in the country; her sister mixed as much in the gay world as it is possible for people of good family and small fortune to do.

Two girls sat at the farther end of the same apartment; the contrast between them was not less than that which subsisted between their parents.

Nature had given to Maud Vivian both beauty and grace: art had cultivated both to the very uttermost; perhaps a very critical eye might have detected something too obviously artificial in her manner and appearance, but she was lovely enough to disarm ordinary criticism, and what was acquired in her sat upon her so easily that it might readily have been taken for what was natural. She was turning over a large assortment of books from a London library, with a slight air of superciliousness; there was not one amongst them that she had not already seen, nor one which she considered worth reading which she had not read.

Grace Giffard was not beautiful at all, nor had she enjoyed greater advantages in the way of education than such as fall to the usual lot of young ladies educated entirely in the country. The organist in the cathedral town had been her music-master; modern languages she found herself less lost in when reading than when speaking; drawing she certainly excelled in, but it was rather from natural taste and talent than from superior instruction. Maud's playing and singing were scarcely inferior to the first-rate masters from whom she had acquired them; she spoke to Frenchmen and Germans as fluently as to Englishmen; her drawings were a faithful transcript of the style of one of the best artists of the day.

The conversation which we have detailed between Lady Giffard and Mrs. Vivian was heard by both Maud and Grace. No shadow of interest was displayed in it by Maud; an angry flush passed as she listened over the cheek of Grace, who, folding up a few moments afterwards the work on which she had been engaged, quietly left the apartment.

Another careless survey of the unsatisfactory volumes, and Maud walked languidly to the window.

'I must apologize for Grace,' said Lady Giffard; 'she has gone, I doubt not, on a visit to a poor neighbour, which could not well be deferred; she will be back presently, I dare say.'

Maud bowed.

'I cannot offer you the ponies this morning, as we have a dinner-party to-day, and George is too fully employed for me to venture to order the carriage; but if either of you like a stroll, I shall be glad to be your companion.'

Mrs. Vivian negatived this proposition decidedly for both; and Lady Giffard soon after leaving the room, the mother and daughter were alone together.

'Well, Maud,' commenced the former; 'we have done well in coming; better than I anticipated. Lord Luton is at C——, with his regiment, I find, and dines here today.'

'Really,' exclaimed Maud; and then, as though ashamed to show the interest which she felt in the subject by pursuing it, she added, 'and whom else is this party to consist of?'

'Oh, his mother and sisters are coming, and the old set, as usual—Butlers, Forresters, and Thompsons, with one or two of Lord Luton's brother officers, and this Mr. Sutton. No country dinner-party is complete, I suppose, without a sprinkling of parsons.'

'It will be terribly dull, I am afraid,' said Maud; 'Aunt Giffard's dinners are something awful. Simpson walks about the house as if oppressed already with the weight of the approaching festivities; the new page, Peter (there is always a new page at Aunt Giffard's), seems rawer than usual; when I asked him a question just now in the hall about our luggage, he stared at me incoherently, and then fled in despair.'

'If there is anything which I abhor and detest,' said Mrs. Vivian, 'it is untrained servants.' Mrs. Vivian had no establishment of her own; her maid and Captain Vivian's valet, who accompanied them in their somewhat erratic existence, were, however, irreproachable in their several provinces.

'You must be careful, I suspect, mamma, in your remarks on this Mr. Sutton. Did you notice that when you spoke of him Grace coloured, and seemed to recollect at once her important engagement in the village?'

'Ah! natural enough. Grace is cut out for a clergyman's wife; how very awkward she is.'

'No, not awkward exactly,' said Maud; 'I was thinking her so much improved: she wants manner, but she has a good deal of natural grace.'

'She cannot have acquired the most ordinary self-possession, my dear, to have betrayed herself in the way you speak of,' said Mrs. Vivian, conclusively; 'I am glad that you did not assent to your aunt's proposal of a walk; your journey has been fatigue enough for one day without making one's self stupid for the whole evening by violent exercise. Your aunt's walks are as tremendous as her dinners.'

'For which last, I suppose, it will soon be time to dress,' said Maud. 'There, I see Grace trudging up towards the house. I shall retire, lest I should spoil my own appearance by listening too long to a description of the fascinations of Mr. Sutton.'

Lady Giffard had gone considerably out of her way in asking Lord Luton and the officers from C—— to one of her dinners; but she was as much aware as either her sister or niece could be, that Compton was likely to prove but a dull house after the London season; and as Lord Luton's family lived in the neighbourhood, and had been old friends of her husband and herself, she gave the invitation with the hope of adding some vitality to what she had even herself sometimes felt to be the dulness of the same small circle of the immediate neighbourhood, endlessly repeated.

Simpson was indeed a prey to no inconsiderable anxiety on this occasion; Lady Broadlands and her daughters were not frequent guests at Lady Giffard's, and they were to-day expected; Lord Luton and his fellow-Guardsmen sat yet more heavily upon the much enduring shoulders of poor Simpson, who was in truth the only responsible servant in Lady Giffard's household, for who could consider honest George, the coachman, transplanted from the familiar mysteries of the stables to the most unfamiliar ones of the dining-room, quite accountable for any crash or '*contretemps*' which might occur through his instrumentality? Peter, the new page, would of course prove worse than useless. Happy indeed must the event be considered, if he did not precipitate the contents of a sauce-boat over the aristocratic shoulders of Lady Broadlands, or revive, by some new aggression, in Mrs. Butler's ungentle breast, the

memory of that new breadth in her black velvet, necessitated last winter by the plate of vermicelli soup dropped from the awkward hands of his predecessor.

Why, then, give such a dinner with such a *ménage?* We anticipate the question from the of course 'gentle' and no doubt judicious reader. The subject is a wide one. When twenty years hence the writer of this poor silly story publishes that wise book of essays which it is his intention, should he live and learn so long, to give to the world, one of the most interesting and instructive of those dimly foreseen papers he intends should be on 'dinner-giving,' unless indeed during that space so great a change should have befallen the aspect of society. that in the close and crowded rooms of a country rectory there shall not be found an absurd and uncomfortable representation of the ambitious festivities of the hall, and at the hall itself a scarcely less comfortless imitation of the yet more august entertainments of the castle. But before we proceed, we must emphatically excuse Lady Giffard from any peculiar tendency to exalt her own importance at the expense of the convenience of her guests: her parties were for the most part small, well assorted, and well managed, the deficiencies of her pages being on the whole rather less than greater than those of similar domestics in surrounding mansions; and for the present occasion we beg to relieve all fears or hopes of laughable casualties at the forthcoming banquet, for there was one in the house who, with less visible interest in the matter than that displayed by the venerable Simpson, had yet given his attention to the subject, and was determined that all should go off well. Foster, Captain Vivian's valet, was what is sometimes predicated of servants with such fortunate characteristics as his, 'a perfect treasure.' His interests, that is, were identified with those of the family which he served. Lord Luton had not been an almost daily visitor at the small house in Mayfair just vacated by the Vivians, without hopes springing up in the faithful bosoms of Mr. Foster and Mademoiselle Annette, certainly not less sanguine than those entertained by the master and mistress whom they served. Both, after duly discussing the matter, had decided at once, upon hearing who were expected to grace it, that the party should be a great success; to which, when achieved, the honour shall be mostly attributed, is more than the impartial writer of these pages is yet able to decide. Foster was indefatigable; he not only worked himself with a vigour that to one who knew him simply from the airs and graces of his usually languid supremacy of manner, might have seemed surprising, but he made all who could work also; if they could not, he quietly displaced them. He contrived yet more amazingly to keep each and all in good humour—no easy task; so that George and Peter were no less grateful to him for being relieved entirely from their prominence, and in great measure from all part, in the proceedings, than Simpson for the efficient help, which was given so adroitly that that solemn personage did not perceive until afterwards how entirely he had been superseded.

Lady Giffard, who always made a point of being in the drawing-room full a quarter of an hour before her guests might be expected to arrive, had but just descended, and was standing by the fire, holding almost her first conversation with Captain Vivian, when Lady Broadlands and her daughters, Lady Blanche and Lady Isabel Wareing, were announced: the Earl had excused himself from accompanying them. His one idea was 'punctuality,' by which he understood always being too soon for an engagement, and this idea he had persisted so successfully in impressing upon his household, that it had become the characteristic of his family as well as of himself. In vain on the present, as on many prior occasions, had his daughters made some symptoms of resistance, in spite of the carriage having been kept waiting as long as they could dare to keep it, and in spite of the coachman having driven as slowly as a coachman could be induced to drive, they were still a quarter of an hour in advance of the rest of the party. Lady Broadlands might have been

once pretty, but she had now a round figure and face, and that placidity of temperament which commonly accompanies such an organisation. Her daughters were singularly like their father and one another, both being tall, pale, with sandy hair, long noses, and retreating foreheads. They seated themselves in a corner of the room, and commenced a voluble conversation with Grace. Mr. and Mrs. Butler were the next arrivals. Mr. Butler was tall, stout, positive, and consequential, a country squire of the old school, with a rooted aversion to London and London life, and a profound reverence for his county and himself. Mrs. Butler was also tall, but spare withal; she was attired in the best known of her well-known gowns, a mute reproach to Lady Giffard for the 'vermicelli' which had almost ruined her velvet. She was not usually an agreeable personage, nor was this occasion any unusual exception in this particular; indeed the mortification which she experienced on discovering Lady Broadlands and her daughters to be of the party, for which, had she known it (risking even the vermicelli), she would have dressed so differently, was sufficient to embitter her own enjoyment for the rest of the evening, and that of any with whom she might come into more immediate contact. The Forresters followed the Butlers, and the Thompsons the Forresters. Mr. Forrester was the young member for the county, very clever, but somewhat addicted to silence, for which his brilliant wife, Lady Elizabeth, made ample amends. The Thompsons had lately come into the county, they were enormously rich, and had just bought the magnificent place of the ruined Lord L——; they were quiet and unpretending, and as they did not seem much to care for society, it was pressed upon them from all quarters. Then came Lord Luton and the officers, after whom Mr. Sutton.

The room was full—the conversation flagged—no one's attention was particularly engaged; it was the most happy moment for an effective entrance—the door opened, Mrs. Vivian and Maud entered. Dress had been profoundly studied by Mrs. Vivian; her own black lace was perfect, but Maud's?—It was severely simple; white, and plain to the last degree; it fell in long folds of spotless drapery around her; the flower and leaf of the 'stephanotus' only were wreathed round the back of her dark hair. Simple as it all seemed, the dress was fresh from the hands of the first *modiste* in Paris, even the wreath had been brought from London, lest Lady Giffard's conservatory should not contain the flower, or in such perfection. She had never looked more lovely. Conspicuous as she had often been among the beauty and fashion of London drawing-rooms, Lord Luton had never been so struck with her charms as here, where everything contrasted and nothing came into competition with them. He was quickly at her side, and hinted in her gratified ear his regret at the mercilessness of etiquette, by which they would probably be separated in the order of the dining-room. She received his attentions almost coldly; the tact to which she had been educated was perfect. She might have acted upon his implied wish, and manœuvred into his neighbourhood at dinner. She did nothing of the kind, she sat at the opposite extremity of the table, between Mr. Forrester and Mr. Sutton. Mr. Forrester's conversational powers wanted a very congenial atmosphere for their expansion—Maud did not supply that atmosphere, so he was more silent even than he usually was in society. Grace was upon the other side of Mr. Sutton; they were talking over the affairs of the parish during the earlier part of the dinner. Lord Luton's glances wandered continually from where he sat to the beautiful face which was opposite if not near to him. At last Mr. Sutton addressed Maud: the remark was commonplace enough, such as one usually ventures on to commence a conversation with a stranger. She answered graciously; it is not pleasant to sit silent at a dinner party, when all are talking round you—she even deigned to look at him. It was a very striking face; handsome it was, certainly, and high bred to the last degree, altogether different from what her imagination had

assigned to the new rector. He talked well and cleverly: the latest books, the newest pictures, the most recent music,—he seemed familiar with them all. She had become quite interested; but he soon ceased to address her, and returned to his parochial conversation with Grace. Maud felt some slight degree of pique. It was no object with her to fascinate him, but it was annoying that he should so evidently prefer talking to Grace, when she was willing to talk with him. There was something provoking, too, in his manner; there was no want of politeness in it, but there was a sense of conscious power in his tones, which showed in his first words that it would be useless to attempt to snub him, as town beauties will sometimes attempt to snub clergymen in the country. She looked to the other end of the table: Lord Luton was talking to Lady Giffard, by whom he sat. Maud was much too well educated to be enthusiastic about handsome men. But Lord Luton certainly did look plainer than usual. He had the sandy hair of the earl, and something of the family features, but he had the countess's round face and rounding figure. Had he not been heir to an earldom, you would have said that he was a very commonplace-looking man; his dress was in exaggeration of the reigning *mode*, the filmy shirt, sparkling studs, and costly rings, seemed to make the want of refinement in his figure and the coarseness of his hands more perceptible. But his eyes at that moment met hers; they might not be fine eyes, but they were impassioned enough. The faintest and the sweetest of smiles hovered about her mouth in acknowledgment of his expressive glance. It was an intense relief when the ladies rose, for it had become excessively wearying: Mr. Sutton had long been entirely engrossed with Grace; Mr. Forrester, placed between Mrs. Butler and Maud, could not or would not converse with either. In the drawing-room, Maud gave herself up entirely to Lord Luton's sisters; she showed them her drawings, which they had never seen; and as they did not seem to appreciate these, she tried subject after subject, and when she found their only one to be the affairs of their acquaintance, she gossiped with them, and would have even giggled, had the process not been with her a physical impossibility.

At last the gentlemen entered, and flagging conversation revived; the Ladies Wareing renewed their several flirtations with the officers; Mrs. Butler ceased from a recital of the 'vermicelli' disaster, which she had at last found in Mrs. Thompson an auditor sufficiently good-natured to listen to; even the loud loquacity of Lady Elizabeth Forrester was drowned in the deep hum of masculine tones, and the sharp clatter of the tea-things. Again a lull, and a disarrangement of those who were seated nearest to the piano, to which Lord Luton was obsequiously attending Maud. Mrs. Vivian sat down to the instrument, as she generally played her daughter's accompaniments. A few chords made the growing silence complete, and Maud sang. It seemed that her triumph was to be complete to-night; she had never sung so well before. She was a consummate artist; but she could not summon up her perfect powers at will; sometimes they refused to come, and then she had to cover with artificial graces the want of natural passion. To-night she seemed inspired, the low mournful tones of her restrained voice thrilled to the very soul, and when the song changed and rose at its close to a gush of triumphant melody, the wonderful power of her voice was felt perhaps the more from the perfect management by which it was moderated so perfectly to the dimensions of the room.

'Bravo,' exclaimed Lord Luton; 'I don't think Grisi could have beaten that.'

Maud started; she had forgotten his nearness; his voice jarred upon her ear. There was one almost opposite the piano who had stood in rapt attention as she sang, drinking in her tones with such intense admiration and delight, that she was watching and listening to catch his first remark upon her performance when she ceased, but he had not spoken; he had turned away from those he had been before conversing with; he was standing still, silent

and absorbed. It was the new rector.

CHAPTER II.

It was Sunday at Compton: when Mrs. Vivian and Maud descended, they found that Grace had some time since finished her early breakfast, and departed for the Sunday-school. It would be a great error in the reader, one which, with the judgment we attribute to him, he would be little likely to fall into, if he supposed that Mrs. Vivian would have spoken to any one nearer than her sister, as she did of clergymen, church schools and services. She could be enthusiastic about them all; indeed it was not long since, before the appearance of Lord Luton on the stage, she and Maud had severally and conjointly captivated a very young nobleman, deeply interested in such things, by the sympathetic feeling which they had displayed in them, but the young gentleman's castle was in Ireland, and such castles in those days were almost as visionary as those which our good neighbours across the Channel describe geographically as in Spain. There were three dowagers with life-interest in the estates, who left a very small remaining sum for the poor possessor of the ancestral title. He had therefore been quietly dropped for the present, and though he had not been left hopeless, his hopes had been severely tried, and if they still lingered, were sustaining him on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, whither he had carried them with other freight and friends, in his beautiful yacht. The religion of the Vivians, like all about them, was undeniably correct; it had worshipped in the æsthetic temples of Belgravia, where the beautiful head of Maud, in bonnets scarcely less beautiful than itself, had often bowed. In the country, their devotion had always been more constant even, though not less conspicuous, than in town. Captain Vivian then, with his wife and daughter, naturally enough helped to fill the square roomy pew of Lady Giffard in the parish church at Compton. There was little change since they had last entered it in the appearance of that ancient edifice, and that scarcely to be attributed to the new rector, as it consisted chiefly in a large memorial window of the least objectionable of modern stained glass, placed there by Lady Giffard in affectionate remembrance of Sir Walter, her late husband.

There was considerable change certainly in the manner in which the service was conducted, an earnestness and reverence felt which there had not been before. The singing was better, the fiddles were gone, there was little to torture the most refined ear, though there might not be much to pamper it.

Maud Vivian seldom sang in country churches, it spoils the voice; to-day she sang, not as she sometimes had done when she had deigned to do so, filling the whole building with her own glorious voice, till the startled school children paused, and the rustic congregation listened open-mouthed and silent. Quietly she to-day blended her powerful voice with Grace's weak one, sustaining but not overpowering the sinking treble of the school children. The sermon was a simple exposition of part of the service, earnest rather than eloquent. Maud was a little disappointed; she knew not why, but she had expected eloquence from Mr. Sutton. Mrs. Vivian did not attend the afternoon service, she declared herself unwell, which was indeed the case, though not her chief reason for staying at home; she had a considerable arrear of correspondence to make up, and Sunday afternoons were her great help on such occasions.

Captain Vivian and Maud accompanied Lady Giffard and Grace. If Maud had felt disappointed in Mr. Sutton's oratorical powers in the morning, she was the more startled by the display of them in the afternoon. The sermon was upon 'Truth.' It had one great fault, that it was intellectually above the mass of the congregation. The clear strong sentences fell with a certain sternness on the ear, which was compelled to listen to them; they seemed like the very voice of conscience itself, severe, upbraiding, fraught each with so strange a knowledge of the human heart, that more than Maud

shrank back, as if there must be to themselves some personal meaning intended in them. There were passages of fervid passion, but they were short and self-restrained. It was no sermon to send the listener away satisfied with himself, charmed with the preacher; it was crushing and humiliating to all consciousness of untruth and insincerity. It brought home the general sense of falseness, something as a detected lie will bring home the particular sense of it.

'A very fine sermon, indeed; don't know when I have heard a better,' remarked Captain Vivian, as they left the church.

'Very,' assented Maud, mechanically.

Lady Giffard joined them.

'I have been trying to induce Mr. Sutton to dine with us,' she said, 'but it seems to be impracticable, he has always some engagement in the parish, Sundays and week-days.'

Maud retired at once to her room when they reached the house. She had seldom felt so bitterly—and she had often felt it very bitterly—the meanness and wretchedness of the life they led. In that instant she could have given up every object for which she had been educated, at which she had aimed—she could have swept all aside, and tried to begin again, a new and better life, which, however it might lose in glitter, should be at least dignified and true. It was intolerable, this struggle to mix in society for which their fortune was so unfit; it was unmaidenly to lend herself to schemes in which, for wealth and for position, every higher instinct must be stifled and flung aside. She could have wept, she had wept at such moments; they had occurred to her before, though seldom with such force. But one dark object stood before her in that narrow path which she could almost have chosen. Poverty she might have braved, but ruin—as she had been accustomed to hear the alternative called—made her stop short in terror. It was not possible, she feared, for her father and mother, if they wished it, to turn aside, and live in suitable retirement; they had risked everything, they were embarrassed to the last degree; the house which they had just left, the season which had just closed, had almost exhausted their entire resources: the thing had been a speculation, it was on the very verge of success. Lord Luton had only not proposed, and with that proposal, affluence and rank might be secured, not for herself alone, but for those whom, with all their faults (for how much, if they had sinned, had they sinned for her), she could not but love and long to gratify.

She had not taken off her walking dress, she had thrown herself upon a seat before her dressing-table, she looked at the reflection of her features—in no place, certainly, more fitly than in that at which she had so lately aimed, would sit that queenly grace and beauty—she would be good and true, but not yet, not till the one inevitable sin, if it were a sin, had been committed; she would use the wealth and influence which might be hers for the highest objects; but she must attain them; the cost might be great, but they must be won.

The conflict was over; there was little trace of it when she entered the drawing-room.

'Are you well, dear Maud?' asked Lady Giffard, in her kindliest tones.

'Perfectly, thank you.'

'I thought you looked somewhat pale, but your colour has already returned.'

Sunday evenings are not commonly lively in English country houses; the eye will glance to the mantelpiece and anticipate the hour for retiring, or for 'prayers,' where they precede retiring. Lady Giffard was an excellent person; she banished from the drawing-room table on Sunday those several piles of books, each lettered with 'Mudie's Select Library,' which covered it in littered profusion on week-days; she secreted the daily papers; there had been a time when even letters, which had on that day arrived, could only be, with great difficulty and very adroit management, obtained by her guests.

Mrs. Vivian leant back in her chair, a volume of sermons was in her lap, but her thoughts were far away, and most remote from the subject of the particular discourse

at which the book was opened, and of which she had read the first few sentences. It was headed 'On Renunciation of the World.' Captain Vivian slept. If it seem to the reader that he has hitherto been placed somewhat in the background in these pages, we can only say that the position which he occupies in them is precisely similar to that which he did occupy in actual life. He was a middle-aged man, a younger son, his brother was a baronet in one of the northern counties, he read the papers perseveringly, dyed his whiskers, had been strikingly handsome, and was still very good-looking.

To return to our family group. Lady Giffard sat close to the table, her figure betrayed no sign of weariness, she was slowly reading a darkly-bound volume of old-fashioned divinity, which she much affected. Grace looked worn and tired with her school work. She was solacing herself for the fatigues of the day by a story in the *Churchman's Companion.* Maud held in her hand a history which she had found upon the table, and tried in vain to become interested in. It was that of a very holy but not very human chorister boy, whose edifying end at the close of a certain modicum of pages might be so infallibly expected, as to save the reader from the slightest shock of surprise when he arrived at the catastrophe.

Nearer and nearer drew the hand of the clock to that hour at which the domestics of Lady Giffard were assembled for family worship. There had been no conversation going on for some time, when the dead silence was broken by the sound of wheels along the drive, the stopping of a carriage at the door, and the ringing of the door-bell.

Captain Vivian awoke with a start, Lady Giffard laid down her book, Mrs. Vivian became suddenly all attention, the door of the drawing-room opened, and Lady Broadlands was announced.

The Dowager Countess of Broadlands had many eccentricities, not the least was the hour at which her calls were usually made; she seldom rose herself before the evening, and it never seemed to occur to her that others might be ending their day at the time at which she commenced her own. She was still handsome; the brilliancy had not left her eyes, nor, although upwards of sixty, had she lost that profusion of dark hair for which in youth she had been remarkable. If it were needful yet further to account for the present strangely-timed visit of Lady Broadlands to the reader, we may add that her maid, Mrs. Raffles, was a very old friend of Captain Vivian's valet, Mr. Foster, and that the dowager countess, having heard something of Lord Luton's devotion to Miss Vivian, could not resist giving the family of that young lady a piece of information which she thought them, under the circumstances, entitled to, besides learning as much as she possibly could of the real posture of affairs between her grandson and Miss Vivian.

'Ah, Captain Vivian, what years since we met at Rome; and this is your daughter; let me take you to the light to look at you.'

Maud smilingly yielded to the examination. It might have embarrassed some young ladies to stand near a bright lamp with two penetrating dark eyes fixed for some moments on their face. Maud was perfectly self-possessed. Lady Broadlands held her for some moments by the arm, and gazed earnestly into her face; she then released her with an audible sigh.

'My dear Lady Giffard,' she commenced again, 'I owe you a thousand apologies for disturbing your household on such a day and hour, but to tell you the truth,' lowering her voice, 'I have only just discovered from your faces what day it is; and for the hour, I must go so very far back if I begin to apologize for that. Ah! my good Grace, I see you stare, and are thinking what a fiend old Lady Broadlands must be for not knowing Sundays from week-days. But consider, it is almost a week since I left my bed, and years since I went to church. So the Queen is going to make a royal visit at the poor Duke of V——'s; what a pity all this pageant is, he is almost ruined already, and now he will be quite. All Walter Scott—I date every evil in that direction (including Puseyism) to Sir Walter. You know our good

vicar, no one respects him so much as I do, indeed very few people respect him at all; the church when I last went into it, was just like a Catholic church, music, flowers, and candlesticks and all, to the sermon about transubstantiation;—we must remember the Reformation, the *glorious* Reformation some people call it; I never did. But then all our commerce and prosperity, where would they be? nowhere, but for the Reformation; and though we may have given up many fine doctrines and useful practices, I don't know any doctrine decidedly objectionable that we hold, but justification by faith, and there, though I think Luther decidedly wrong, I can never quite acquit Paul. But I see I shock my poor friend. Let us change the subject. What do you think of colonization, Captain Vivian?'

Captain Vivian had not the tongue of a ready speaker, perhaps even if he had been blessed with such a gift, he would have found some difficulty in going off at once on the subject; as it was he put the question from him as well as he could, and Lady Broadlands herself took up the theme: she changed it in an instant for another, and another; at last she turned round suddenly on Lady Giffard, and asked if she had heard that her grandson, Lord Luton, was going to be married?

No, Lady Giffard had not.

'Oh, yes,' pursued Lady Broadlands, 'Luton is going to marry—a charming match—his father is so rejoiced—the young lady is staying with them at present.'

'May I ask her name?' inquired Mrs. Vivian, in a voice which she vainly endeavoured to render calm.

'Oh, yes, it is no secret; Miss Crow, the daughter of the great banker, the richest heiress in the country, and a handsome girl into the bargain; Luton is a lucky man.'

'Miss Crow has not been long at East Hanger, I suppose?' remarked Lady Giffard; 'Lord Luton, with his mother and sisters, dined here last week, and none of them mentioned her.'

'No, I dare say not,' said Lady Broadlands, 'it has been kept very quiet. Indeed, Luton himself has scarcely seen her, but his father told me everything would be settled during this visit. It is a capital connexion; we are a poor family, this will quite set us up again. Do you know my grandson, Mrs. Vivian?'

'Yes, we met Lord Luton in Italy, often in town, and last week here,' replied Mrs. Vivian: her voice had recovered itself entirely.

The eyes of the dowager had been fastened all this time upon Maud, as that young lady had been perfectly aware; conscious of the fact she had betrayed herself by no change, the slightest, in countenance or complexion.

'By the way,' resumed Lady Broadlands, 'I am forgetting the object of my visit; you want an under housemaid, Lady Giffard, and I have one to suit you; when will you be ready for her, she is the very thing?'

It was not only in her hours of paying visits, and in her singular style of conversation, that the Dowager Lady Broadlands was eccentric; her schemes of active benevolence were as various as they were unusual. One of them consisted in training up young girls for domestic service, part of which training was accomplished in the admirable village schools which she had established, part in her own house under her housekeeper. Lady Giffard accepted therefore, conditionally, the young housemaid thus offered, and Lady Broadlands took her leave.

In her carriage was seated a young lady, her patient companion, who on the present occasion had been reading by the carriage lamp, with which Lady Broadlands always provided herself for the purpose on such nocturnal visits.

'Well, Miss Cattermole, if they burn their fingers now, it is their own fault. I've told them everything. The girl is beautiful, but as cold as snow.'

Chapter III.

On the following day, Lord Luton, with two of his brother officers, rode over to Compton, to call upon Lady

Giffard. They found the ladies at home. Mr. Sutton was in the drawing-room when they were announced. He was sitting near Maud. The conversation had been general before, but with the increased party it was broken up so far, that after the usual greetings, Maud could without awkwardness give herself up to a *tête-à-tête* with her neighbour. Lord Luton drew near, and would fain have joined in it, but the subject was German literature, and he knew nothing about it. Maud and Mr. Sutton were evidently deeply versed in it, and entered into the subject so enthusiastically, that it was hardly possible to break in upon the conversation abruptly with a remark that had no reference to it. Lord Luton was annoyed, and turned away. His admiration of Maud was so deep that he felt always some degree of embarrassment in her presence. He had come to-day to test, as far as he could, her feeling with regard to himself, and she gave him no opportunity. That morning he had received a letter from his sister, informing him of the matrimonial design of his father in his favour; another from his father, who asked for his presence at East Hanger, on the plea of family business to be discussed between them.

Did Maud love him? If so, he would sacrifice everything — his father's probable anger, all possible injury to his prospects, and estrangement from his family. She had often retired from his advances, but seldom so decidedly as to-day. The hum of conversation filled the room; he could not join in it. All the heart he had was Maud's, and she sat talking on to that handsome parson as if she were unconscious of his presence. Maud seemed to be bent upon another conquest; her beauty, her singing, her strange power of eloquence on any congenial theme, must surely raise strange and bold hopes in the breast of the new rector.

When the officers rose to go, Maud scarcely distinguished Lord Luton from the rest. He left, deeply annoyed, bitterly disappointed. To be cut out by a country clergyman was too humiliating.

Mr. Sutton was almost daily at Lady Giffard's; his parochial conversations with Grace were somewhat fewer; those on general subjects with Maud grew more frequent. Mrs. Vivian was at this time confined to her room with illness, or these last might have been in great measure prevented. Nothing was heard of Lord Luton; all that could be ascertained was that Miss Crow was still at East Hanger, but that Lord Luton had been there for a few days only since her arrival.

This visit to Lady Giffard was destined to be an important one in the life of Maud; a dark event impended over her, which here was to be consummated. Here she was to know her first deep grief; here, in the small circle to which her affections had been hitherto bounded, there was to come that black intruder which sooner or later enters into all.

Mrs. Vivian had long been suffering from a disorder which her pride had hitherto enabled her to struggle with and conceal. The time had now arrived when no effort could avail to hide from herself and others the circumstance of her declining health. She grew rapidly and alarmingly worse. The doctors gave no hope of her ultimate recovery. Maud loved her mother; if there was one strong point in her character, it was her affection for her parents. Very much of healthy natural feeling had been repressed in her, in the artificial atmosphere in which her life had passed; but not this. Hard indeed would it have been had it been otherwise. Scarcely could parents have done more for what they conceived to be their child's advantage than hers had done for her. With means very limited indeed, they had given her an education such as seldom can be commanded by the most affluent. To do this the more effectually, they had, during great part of her youth, resided abroad, to which neither was by taste inclined; and though their own interest might seem and was bound up in the success of their scheme for securing a brilliant marriage for their daughter, they knew that whenever that took place they must themselves retire into obscurity, or dependence, scarcely less attractive.

And Maud, who had so lately been the light of London drawing-rooms, whose brain was still full of the follies and frivolities of fashionable life, kept watch now in her mother's sick room — unwearied watch. Her character seemed to throw off with sudden effort much that was false and artificial, and to show a force and tenderness of which even those nearest to her would have scarcely believed her capable. And in that sick room stern lessons were severely taught her. The world was fading fast away from one who had been from youth its votary. No glitter of its gifts could attract, no remembrance of its pleasures could console, the spirit which stood trembling on the shore from which stretched the tremendous ocean of eternity. The books which Mrs. Vivian chose to have read to her, and no less those that she desired should be set aside, made Maud, even in the splendour of her own youth and beauty, pause to inquire even for herself what were, after all, the real interests of life. Her mind travelled on to old age, to hours of sickness and of pain which might be hers, and the objects and pursuits whereby she had so lately been engrossed seemed inconceivable. Mr. Sutton often came to the house, and she met him constantly. All around her were kind, and shared with her the grief and anxiety caused by her mother's illness, but he alone guessed by some strange intuition, and watched and sympathized with that inner conflict of her own spirit which went on at this period.

It was a warm afternoon in August. Mrs. Vivian had not slept at all during the previous night, and had been very restless during the morning. The pain from which she suffered almost continually had now at last yielded in some degree to the soothing power of opiates, and she slept. Maud stood gazing on her: it seemed incredible that an illness which had lasted little more than a fortnight should have made such a change as had passed over her appearance. Maud did not know how carefully, until she had been compelled to declare herself ill, not only the symptoms of her malady, but its ravages, had been concealed. She was not given to tears, but her eyes filled with them; she knelt down, and hid her face upon the bed in a silent paroxysm of grief. It was quickly checked; she bathed her eyes, and let the air from the opened window come against her brow: it was scarcely cooler than that in the apartment. She rang the bell, and summoned her mother's maid to remain with her whilst she herself went into the garden for a few moments. Air and some change of scene she felt to be so necessary that she would not lose this opportunity of seeking them. Passing noiselessly the drawing-room door, that she might be joined by no one, she left the house. The garden was in its beauty; dazzling were the vivid hues of the late summer flowers; the air was heavy with the scent of the heliotrope and mignionette. The scarlet glare of the geraniums and verbena, and the laden atmosphere, seemed intolerable, however. Maud passed on to a long walk beyond, shaded by trees; at the further end of it was a seat, which, through an opening of the trees, commanded the winding road which led to the house, and a pleasant view of broken forest-land beyond, beneath which, and far away, gleamed a thin shining line of light,—the distant ocean.

Maud sat unconscious of the outer world, her tired eyes half closed. She leant back, and tried in vain to obtain a few moments' oblivion of the suffering in which she found herself so suddenly involved. She withdrew her mind forcibly from the present, and turned it to the future; it was scarcely more encouraging. One thing she had resolved upon—to forego, resolutely and entirely forego, the schemes in which she had involved herself. If there were no other way to gain wealth and station than by contracting a marriage which, from the very recollection of how it had been schemed for, had become most repugnant to her, she would go forth into the world, and wring from it in the bitterness of toil her daily bread. Wild visions filled her brain —she would be an artist, an actress, a governess.

She started from her day-dream;

a footstep was sounding on the gravel walk which led to where she sat. She felt so nervous from the excitement she had undergone, that she would have withdrawn if she could have hoped to have done so unperceived. An instant of hesitation, and the last turn of the walk was rounded, and she perceived that the intruder was Lord Luton.

He had ridden up to the house, he said, to inquire after Mrs. Vivian. He had seen Maud from the road, though she had not looked up when he passed close to her. He had left his horse at the gate, had not been to the house, but had sought her out at once.

He was pale, and his voice faltered as he spoke, and his hands played restlessly with the riding-whip which he held.

'Miss Vivian,' he began, after his somewhat incoherent apologies for his presence, 'my errand will seem a strange one at such a time. I am come to ask you if you will be my wife. I wish I could have chosen some other moment for the question, but circumstances have occurred in my own family which make it imperative that I should seek to hear from you at once the answer which I hope for.'

Maud knew from the first tones of his voice what must follow, and had gathered herself up to meet it. Her own voice trembled not as she replied, 'Lord Luton, I cannot marry you; I do not love you as the woman who is to be your wife should love you.'

He drew back abashed; he had ventured to expect a much more gracious reception of his offer. Maud and her family had drawn him on to this; his friends had told him so; everybody had seen it. She had certainly given him somewhat less encouragement in the country than in town; but Lord Luton had never so far lost his confidence in his position and expectations as to think that if he could make up *his* mind to request the honour of her hand, it would be declined. He drew back then, and said, coldly,

'That is your decision?'

'Lord Luton,' said Maud, 'I owe you many apologies for conduct of which, believe me, I have but just learned to perceive the folly and the fault. I do not love you; I never have loved you; if I have in any way encouraged you to think so, I ask your pardon. If you knew the great sorrow from which this self-knowledge of mine has sprung, you would grant it, I am sure.'

'It is the handsome parson,' thought Lord Luton; 'she cannot be so mad as to think that she could sink, with her gifts and beauty, to be the wife of a country clergyman.'

'Miss Vivian,' he said, 'before you came hither, I cannot but think that I was distinguished in some degree by your preference. If you have found here another more calculated to make you happy, as your friend I ought to rejoice, I suppose; but if I might speak to you as a friend, I would warn you lest you should be mistaking your vocation.'

'I do not understand your meaning,' said Maud, coldly.

'It is merely that I think you less calculated than any young lady of my acquaintance to find your happiness in a country parsonage.'

'I have no idea of seeking it there,' said Maud, simply; 'you are entirely mistaken in what you suppose. If your advice be meant kindly, I accept it kindly; if unkindly, I still accept it, for I do not deserve kindness from you.' Her strength failed her: tears filled her eyes.

Lord Luton forgot his annoyance; he remembered only what he had forgotten — the intensity of his passion.

'Maud,' he exclaimed, 'you must hear me. I have come to you against my mother's entreaties and my father's commands; you are aware, I know, of what is going on at East Hanger; you must see that I am sacrificing something for your sake. Are you quite insensible to the sacrifice, and the proof it gives of my sincerity? We could not be very wealthy if we married, nor so much so as you would probably have anticipated if you ever gave the matter a thought, but we might be very happy. You do love me sufficiently, I am sure, or you did, and may do again.'

Maud was almost exhausted with the conflict of feeling which she had

passed through, but she nerved herself for an answer that should be final.

'Lord Luton, I dare not marry you,' she said; 'I never loved you; you are mistaken. There is one obligation only that you can confer on me,—that you will never refer again to this. See! there are Lady Giffard and Grace.'

They were indeed coming through the garden in search of Maud. Both had recovered sufficiently their self-possession to meet them without more that was unusual in their manner than might be attributed in Maud to agitation connected with the suffering she was passing through, and in Lord Luton to that indescribable awkwardness which all feel more or less in the presence of deep grief in others.

He had come over to make inquiries after Mrs. Vivian's health, and having seen Miss Vivian in the garden, he had ventured to join her, instead of first calling at the house. Nothing could be more natural.

Chapter IV.

We must introduce the reader to the Rectory. In a pleasant room facing the south, around the window of which the jasmine and climbing roses formed a natural framework, and scented every breeze that entered, sat Mr. Sutton. It was an agreeable apartment; books everywhere, on the walls, on the tables, on the floor; a few fine engravings of religious pictures hung here and there against the dull old-fashioned paper. There was much litter of sermons, letters, and manuscripts, around: he was refreshing himself, after a fatiguing walk in the parish, by a letter to an old friend. It was on the thinnest of paper, destined doubtless for some distant locality:

'I cannot say why I have delayed telling you so long,' he wrote, 'what will interest you so much. I have seen Miss Vivian, and need no longer your detailed descriptions of that young lady; she is staying at Compton with her aunt, Lady Giffard. In her beauty, I need not tell you that I have not been disappointed, nor in her accomplishments, which are scarcely less remarkable. But I know not how to encourage your hopes. Rumour still assigns her to Lord Luton; but then rumour assigns Lord Luton to Miss Crow, the great heiress, who is staying at present at Broadlands. Time must reconcile the inconsistency. At the present moment, circumstances have arisen to suspend all intercourse between the Vivians and Lord Luton. Mrs. Vivian is ill, hopelessly ill; and Miss Vivian shows under her trial the very qualities which you regretted that even your passion could not endow her with. She has, I am sure, a depth of character which the scenes in which you met her were incapable of drawing forth. I have seen much of her, and it needed almost the preoccupied state of my affections to prevent my feeling more powerfully than would have been well and wise for me the attraction of her charms. It seems to me that she is passing at this moment through a crisis of events and feelings which may have much result on the course of her future life. You were totally mistaken in your judgment of her when you spoke of her as 'cold' and 'heartless.' She has grown up in a very atmosphere of worldliness, and yet I could not say that she is worldly. She is capable of a great sacrifice, and I suspect that she is making one. I do not think that she will marry Lord Luton, and that from no unwillingness on his part. I will write to you again shortly, and tell you all that happens. I scarcely know whether to relate an incident so trivial that it probably meant very little, lest you should construe it into meaning much. Yesterday, finding myself alone with Miss Vivian, I mentioned that I had heard from you lately, and that you were the most intimate friend I had. She started, and the colour came into her cheek. She made no inquiry concerning you. I added, how deeply interested you would be to learn that I had seen her. She replied, 'Lord Kingsford is very good; you are fortunate in having such a friend.' She bent over a stand of flowers beside which we stood, and added, after a few moments, 'He is the only man who

ever ventured to hint that I had a fault.' And now I must conclude, having left no room in this sheet for my own feelings and circumstances, with which I troubled you sufficiently in my last.'

Mr. Sutton was on the point of ringing for his servant to take his letter to the post, when a loud knock was heard at the quiet front door of the Rectory, succeeded by a louder ring; a rustling of stiff silks in the passage ensued, after which the entrance of the Dowager Lady Broadlands.

'Ah, Mr. Sutton,' she exclaimed, 'you are surprised to see me, but I am dying to know how poor Mrs. Vivian is, and am not satisfied with the brief account I can gather from the servants at the house, where I have just called to inquire.'

'Mrs. Vivian is no better, I fear,' replied Mr. Sutton; 'I saw her this morning.'

'Yes, I was sure you would have but just left the house, if I did not find that you were there. What a sad and sudden calamity; we all ought to prepare ourselves, Mr. Sutton.'

Lady Broadlands was rapidly reviewing Mr. Sutton's books upon the table; as she spoke, she seized upon one, a small Latin copy of Thomas à Kempis.

'So you read my favourite, Thomas à Kempis. Heavens, what a mess we are all in, Mr. Sutton, if these books should be true, clergy and laity alike; what a life we are all leading. I have long intended to give you a call, such an excellent account have I heard of you, but, you must pardon my saying so, you have disappointed me.'

Mr. Sutton smiled, and regretted the fact.

'Why, you know as well as myself,' pursued Lady Broadlands, 'that there are two sort of lives for a man of your profession—the priest-life, and the clergyman of the establishment life. Now, I thought you had chosen the first, and I find you haven't. I have only to-day learnt your secret from my grandson, Lord Luton, who has just left me in a towering passion, I can tell you, at both Miss Vivian and yourself. I confess I can't understand that young lady; she must be better than I took her for,—so she has refused Luton, and is going to settle down here.'

Lady Broadlands, as she spoke, took a rapid survey of the apartment, its dimensions, and adornments, and went on.

'It will not do, Mr. Sutton, believe me, it will never do; you will both of you repent it. If the girl has good principles, she will be wretched for life, if she hasn't, she will go off with somebody else, Luton as likely as any one. I see you look amazed; you think I talk strangely; but your secret is quite safe, whatever you may think to the contrary. But I have a real interest in you, and should like to save you, if possible, from an imprudence.'

At last there was a pause, and a possibility for Mr. Sutton to be heard.

'Really,' he began, 'I know not what language, Lady Broadlands, to choose strong enough to convince you of the entire groundlessness of your suspicions. I have no intention in the world of marrying Miss Vivian, and she, I will take on myself to affirm, has still less intention of marrying me. I consider the marriage would be as imprudent a one as you could possibly esteem it.'

'You don't say so; then, why on earth has she refused Luton? they were angling for him all the time they were in town;—how stupid I have been;—and you did not know, I dare say, that she had refused him?'

'Certainly not,' replied Mr. Sutton.

'Then I throw myself on your generosity; don't mention it, for the world, that is, if you can help it, of course,—and you are not going to be married, then, after all. Well, so much the better, there is not such a stanch supporter as myself anywhere of the Church of England, but I do think at the Reformation we gave up many useful regulations, and among them the celibacy of the clergy. How can a man give himself up to the spiritual life when he has a wife and children, and a pig, and a cow, and a horse, and a garden, and all the paraphernalia of a country parson's establishment? But pray, Mr. Sutton, take no encouragement from me in any leaning you may have to the Church of Rome. Nothing shocks me more than the

changes I hear of all around me in people's religious belief; people seem to change their church as they would their coat. But I am detaining you too long. Come and dine with me next Tuesday,—engaged? ah, then Thursday; well, so be it, adieu. What a cheerful room; your arm, thank you, I shall be glad of your assistance. I feel myself already growing infirm. Poor Mrs. Vivian, she must be ten years younger than I,—so it is not thought that she will recover—we should all be prepared. Thank ye, good-bye.'

And Lady Broadlands settled her ample silks in her carriage over the retiring figure of her companion, whose sweet face emerged above them. She was a poor girl, who would have been destitute had not Lady Broadlands discoved her, finished her education, and made her companion to herself; a post which, however her ladyship's eccentricities might lead the reader to conclude the contrary, was neither arduous nor irksome.

Mr. Sutton so far availed himself of the information which he had thus unexpectedly received, as to re-open his letter to his friend, and after some reflection to add the following:

'Do not be surprised at the blotched appearance of my seal, I opened the letter myself to add that I have reason to believe that Miss Vivian will not marry Lord Luton.'

Chapter V.

Mr. Sutton's letter was duly directed to Naples, where he had every reason to believe that it would reach his friend; but Lord Kingsford had long since left Naples when it arrived there, having quickened his movements considerably beyond his intentions, and being far on his way to the East, which he had little thought of making his destination when he left England. Meanwhile, at Compton, Mrs. Vivian lingered long in her last illness, and as that became protracted, Maud's devotion to her mother grew more and more intense, and her cheek paled, and her own strength seemed more and more impaired, till the physicians who were in attendance on Mrs. Vivian had begun to transfer no inconsiderable portion of their anxiety from the mother to the daughter. And there was a gay wedding at the close of that autumn at East Hanger, the seat of Lord Broadlands, Lord Luton's own feelings being no longer capable of supporting him against the authority of his father, and the entreaties of his mother, and the attraction of Miss Crow's fortune.

A dreary day of the late autumn was closing in over the woods of Compton. The damp east wind whirled the dead leaves fast through the air, and sometimes beat a stray twig against the windows of Mrs. Vivian's room. Maud had just read to her mother the psalms and lessons for the evening. Illness had done its work on the poor sufferer. Reflection had long since begun on that sick bed, first remorseful, then repentant. Sad indeed had it been, in intervals of racking pain, to look back on a false and useless life, and know that life, with all its opportunities, was drawing surely and speedily to a close. Usually reserved about her own feelings, Mrs. Vivian had spoken little of them to those around her, but more to Mr. Sutton than any other person.

Captain Vivian sat in the apartment, upon an easy chair near the fire; Maud knelt with her mother's hand in hers by the bedside.

The physical exertion of speech had become painful; the having what was in itself not easy to say, to speak, did not make the task less difficult.

'Charles,' said Mrs. Vivian. Captain Vivian rose and came to her.

'Charles, we have done very, very wrongly to Maud and to ourselves. We might have lived in independence and respectability, we have lived in pretence and folly. I cannot expect you both to see it as I see it now; but it seems that I may save you from finding it out as I have done. Is it too late, dear Charles, for you and dear Maud to retire from the life which we have led?'

Captain Vivian looked gloomily enough.

'You know how little we have to retire upon,' he said; 'but do not distress yourself, dear Mary, with such thoughts. The doctors declare

that excitement is so dangerous for you. I do pray God you may still recover.'

'I shall not recover,' she said, firmly, 'nor do I wish it, except that it might enable me to counteract the mistakes which I have made in everything almost. Dear Maud,' she continued, looking sadly on her daughter, 'how have we injured you.'

It was the day of Lord Luton's marriage, and ever and anon the faint sound of the village bells came borne on the east wind to Compton, — a sound of ghastly merriment, with all the associations that it brought.

'You have not suffered from this marriage, my child?' asked Mrs. Vivian; 'oh, if you could tell me that you have not.'

'No, dear mother,' answered Maud, 'I did not wish to tell you, for I thought that you would bear the intelligence so differently, but I may tell you now,—Lord Luton proposed to me, and I refused him.'

Captain Vivian started—a flush passed over Mrs. Vivian's face, a strange feeling came over her, which she found it even at such a moment difficult to put back; the prize had, then, been in their reach; it was almost impossible that some of the old sense of its value should not return.

'I am very glad,' she said; 'I shall die more contentedly now that I can indeed believe that you have suffered less from our foolish plans for your advancement than I feared. He was quite unsuitable for you in character, more unsuitable than you could have guessed. I did very wrong; I knew all the history of his past life, and how little chance you would have had of real happiness, if united to him, and I concealed my knowledge, and would have had you sacrifice everything for the splendour of a miserable marriage.'

'Dear mother,' said Maud, 'you acted for what you thought would be my happiness. I am sure you did less wrong than I was willing to do at one time to him and to myself. I did not love him, nor respect him, and yet I would have married him.'

'I am heartily glad you did not,' said Captain Vivian, who had an immense respect for the opinions of his wife and daughter, and whose dignity had risen considerably at Maud's confession.

'I can talk no more now,' said Mrs. Vivian; 'you must leave me, both of you, and try to get some rest. I think that I shall sleep.'

No more was said at that time, but in the few weeks that remained to Mrs. Vivian; the subject was again and again referred to in conversation with Maud, who found most unexpectedly her new impressions of the earnestness and seriousness of life strengthened much by these long-remembered conferences. The hour of parting arrived; it had been in mercy deferred, but it was not the less bitter, and came at last almost a shock and a surprise, as it ever does to all of us, after even the most lengthened illness of those we love.

Lady Giffard and Grace were very kind,—kind with that considerate kindness which is content to sympathize with suffering, sharing in it, not dilating on it, nor making it darker.

It was not long that the question could remain unanswered, where Captain Vivian and his daughter would go? what they should do? To remain at Compton beyond a certain time was obviously impossible. They had many invitations from friends, but these at such time obviously could not be accepted. They had no settled home. It was Maud's wish that they should have one. Captain Vivian was not averse to this, but what a change must such a home as they could now command prove to them both. What private fortune Captain Vivian possessed was well nigh exhausted: he had little beyond his half-pay as a Captain in the Guards to fall back upon. Maud reverted to her old and dimly-visioned plan of earning her own subsistence,—she would go out as a governess; she was willing to do anything to be independent. At this time it seemed to her to be nobler and better and less humiliating, to be earning her bread in the exercise of those talents which she was conscious of possessing, than parading them in the world as she had done before, to attract some unwary man of rank and fortune to her feet.

She looked her position fairly in

the face; there was much against putting such a plan into execution. Her beauty was against her here; her manners no less so; the haughty air of exclusive superciliousness which had sat so gracefully on Miss Vivian, the belle of a London ball-room, would be miserably out of place in Miss Vivian, the governess, in any family she could go into. We cannot change our whole bearing on a sudden. Self-discipline might do much, but to self-discipline Maud was as yet a stranger. Then, above all other objections, there was her father: he would never willingly consent to this whilst any other plan was possible; and if he did, how could she leave him, bereft at once of wife and daughter, in whom his interests had been so closely bound?

There was a small house not far from Compton, at this time unoccupied. It was a neighbourhood in which they had never before been much known, Lady Giffard and her sister, in consequence of their very different views and tastes, having met much less frequently than their relationship might otherwise have made them. The hou was pleasantly situated, overlooki long sweeps of undulating downs; the ground about it was small enough, but that was all the better. The main question was, whether they could make up their minds to a life so quiet and contracted. At length they determined that they could, and the house was taken.

The neighbourhood talked and wondered: there was a sort of subdued gladness in discovering that the Vivians were really, after all, so poor. We do, I am afraid, all of us rejoice a little in the misfortunes of our friends.

Whilst their plans were unsettled, Maud received a letter from the Dowager Lady Broadlands: it consisted of four sheets of large letter-paper. The greatest part of it was occupied in detailing her ladyship's own views of various questions of the day—political, social, and theological; a corner of it was filled with an offer, so generous and uncalled-for, that Maud wept over it the first refreshing tears which had fallen from her eyes since her mother's funeral. It begged Maud to make her house for the future her home; it stipulated for no duties on her part to be performed in return for such hospitality. Lady Broadlands would still retain Miss Cattermole as her companion; Maud should be her daughter; she had not got one, she said, and she wanted one; she would represent her mother, or, if Maud thought her too old for that, her grandmother. This kindness was scarcely more eccentric than many similar ones of which the Dowager Lady Broadlands had been the secret performer. Her life was, to an external eye, all inconsistency and chaos; but behind this superficial aspect there was an unseen course of daily self-denials and secret kindnesses, of which her most intimate friends even were unconscious.

The offer was in this case declined; but, even though unaccepted, the kindness conferred a most real benefit on the person to whom it was so frankly offered. It showed Maud, what at this particular juncture she was well-nigh, in the bitterness of her heart, inclined to forget—what kindly feelings and high-minded nobleness of action do lie continually beneath the surface of a society which seems sometimes all heartlessness and self-seeking.

And so the Vivians settled in their new home. Society for them was for the future out of the question; they could keep neither horses to enable them to go out, nor servants to enable them to receive. In the small drawing-room Maud's easel was established; near it a piano, a present from Lady Giffard. She spent much time in study. The income on which they lived was dependent upon her father's life; she might yet have to put her plan of seeking her own livelihood into execution. It could not injure her to train both mind and character for the task. And Captain Vivian gradually grew reconciled to this new phase of existence, and after a while happy in it. He took somewhat to reading, somewhat to gardening, and considerably to walking; found some shooting in the season, and some fishing out of it.

They were still in the parish of Compton, and Mr. Sutton was a

frequent visitor. Much did that most excellent of rectors marvel at his friend's silence—more at his non-appearance; but Lord Kingsford neither came nor wrote. Mr. Sutton began seriously to mistrust his powers of match-making.

Another summer had well-nigh passed, and the patches of purple heath and golden gorse upon the downs were rapidly losing their magic hues with the advancing autumn; Maud stood in her small garden, gazing with saddened heart on the tokens of that change which had already begun to pass over the face of nature. Her eyes were fixed on the furthest hills; they had a more serious and intent expression than of old. Perhaps she had never looked more beautiful in her days of exquisite robes and irreproachable bonnets, than she looked now in her simple dress, which Annette—who had refused to be separated from the fallen fortunes of the House of Vivian—had fashioned, and the broad straw hat which partly shaded her uplifted face.

The small gate which led into the garden opened, and Grace entered; she was almost at her side ere Maud started and perceived her.

Grace was brimful of joy, her face was a very springtide of happiness, her cheek was flushed, her eye sparkled, she looked almost more than pretty, which she often looked.

Lady Giffard and her daughter had been some little time absent from Compton, and had but just returned.

'Oh, Maud,' began Grace, 'I have come first of all to thank you; it was so very good of you, I never could have expected it,—you have been to see all my poor people, whilst I was away. I have just come from little Esther Bennet, who is so full of Miss Vivian. I shall lose all my popularity. Miss Giffard will be nobody in the village. And the school-children, you have taken their singing, they are so improved. It was very kind of you.'

Maud smiled.

'I have received more than I have given, dear Grace,' she said; 'I had never been much among the poor before: the chief impression they have left, I think, is how much I had to learn which they know already. But I have not welcomed you back again. Won't you come into the house, you must be tired with your walk?'

'No, thank you,' said Grace, 'I would rather talk with you here. I wish to tell you—' she paused.

Maud stood in the most encouraging attitude of listening.

'How beautiful your geraniums are, dear Maud; they are twice as fine as ours, though they come from the same plants; what care you must take of them.'

'You wish to tell me,' repeated Maud,—'what do you wish to tell me, and still shrink from telling? Shall I guess your tale? I think I can.'

'No, no, dear Maud, it is very foolish; I have come on purpose to tell you; but you would never guess it, it is so strange. I am going to be married.'

'To Mr. Sutton?' added Maud, with a smile; 'I congratulate you; it is what we have been long looking for, but the intelligence is not the less agreeable. Dear Grace, you will be very happy, he is worthy of you.'

'Yes, but I—' began Grace.

'You feel you are not worthy of him,' said Maud; 'you must let him and your friends judge of your merits, Grace. When is it to be?'

'I do not quite know, but will you be my bridesmaid, Maud?'

'Yes, with all my heart.'

'Here is Captain Vivian,' exclaimed Grace; 'do not speak of it till I am gone.'

Chapter VI.

It was not until the following spring that Grace's marriage took place. It was the first occasion since Mrs. Vivian's death that Maud had gone into society.

'I feel almost shy, papa,' she said, as she stood, in her bridesmaid's dress, before Captain Vivian, to be examined, or rather to be admired, for the result of such examinations might always be predicted.

Annette's genius had risen triumphant over all difficulties of material and expense; she stood in the back-

ground, with the proud consciousness of a success which defied criticism.

Lady Giffard's carriage soon appeared, which was to take them to Compton.

As soon as they reached the house, Maud went at once up to Grace's room, and remained with her until the last moment, not going at all into the drawing-room, where the rest of the party were assembled before proceeding to the church.

Grace was in a flutter of nervous agitation; Maud was the very person to give her support under the circumstances, with the quiet dignity of her own calm manner.

It was one of the first bright days of May; everything was breaking forth into life and beauty. It was the very day for a wedding, as everybody remarked to everybody else on the occasion. The church was on the verge of the grounds. Carriages conveyed the ladies; the men walked. Never was a marriage so popular; Mr. Sutton and Grace were the hero and the heroine of that little village world. Work seemed suspended at Compton that morning; the men and women crowded in and round the church. Flowers were everywhere; there was an arch of them over the old lych-gate; there was a carpet of them on the path which led to the church doors; and many a simple breast wished in thought, if not in word, that the whole journey of life might be to those feet like that short pathway, strewed with everything that was brightest and most beautiful.

Maud passed with the rest through the retiring throng. She stood beside her cousin at the altar. A few moments and the ceremony was over; and then, as if all tongues were let loose, a low murmur of congratulation and of conversation filled the chancel, whilst the names were being signed. Maud stood silent, and solemn thoughts were in her heart; she could not speak; she did not wish to be spoken to. Reverence for the place, invested to her so short a while ago with such sad associations,—the more serious thought which will force itself on the mind, regarding the most promising aspect of human happiness,—her own changed and lonely life,—all rose before her for an instant, and clouded with a shade of care her beautiful countenance. Never had she looked more changed from the haughty, unreflecting Miss Vivian of former days than at that moment.

She tried to shake such thoughts from her; she turned and looked down the church: head seemed to rise on head up to the furthest end of the little building.

Lady Isabel Wareing spoke to her.

'Can you tell me, Maud, who that is leaning against that pew?' she asked.

Maud looked up mechanically, but to the wrong side.

'No, not there, on this side,' said Lady Isabel; 'see, he is shaking hands with Mr. Sutton. How very handsome he is!'

'I am afraid I cannot,' said Maud.

He was tall, and, as Lady Isabel had said, very handsome, his complexion deeply bronzed, as though with long exposure to the weather; he had long moustaches and beard, and something of a foreign air; his face was turned a little from them as he conversed with the bridegroom.

There was something about him which touched some chord of memory. 'Where have I seen him?' Maud asked herself. He turned towards her; she knew him in an instant—the eyes were unmistakeable; he had inherited them from his mother, one of the most beautiful women of her day. They were large and clear, dark grey, full of varying life and expression. Her own eyes met them—there was mutual recognition. He half advanced, but others came between; there was a movement, a confusion, the bridal party were leaving the church. She saw him try to reach her before she was handed into the carriage, but it was impossible; another moment she was seated in her place, listening to and joining in, as far as her politeness could enable her, the prattle of Lady Isabel.

The wedding guests filled Lady Giffard's drawing-room; the bride was there, receiving all sorts of good wishes from every one in turn; there was a loud hum of conversation, above which might be heard the incessant sound of Lady Elizabeth Forrester's unsubdued voice.

Mrs. Butler was there, in her best dress and temper, Mr. Butler swelling with not unkind self-complacency. The Thompsons were present, and all the individuals who composed the dinner party which in our first chapter we attempted to describe, with the exception of the officers, and they were to be present at the ball in the evening. Many were here now in addition to the former party who have not and will not be described.

Mr. Sutton, moving through a miniature mob which had collected round the doorway, led forward to Lady Giffard the stranger who had been honoured in the church by the admiration of Lady Isabel Wareing.

'Allow me to present to you,' he said, 'my oldest friend—Lord Kingsford.'

Lady Giffard bowed, and expressed her happiness in seeing him—'a happiness,' she said, 'which she had scarcely ventured to hope for.'

'I only returned to England yesterday,' replied Lord Kingsford, 'and received Sutton's letter but just in time to answer it by my presence.'

Mr. Forrester was talking to Maud; he seemed to be able to get on perfectly now with her; his shyness, which had made him so uncommunicative a neighbour at the dinner party, where he had last met her, had melted before the softness and congenial thoughtfulness which now distinguished Maud.

Lord Kingsford longed to interrupt their *tête-à-tête*.

Mr. Butler, wandering about the apartment, in quest of some one on whom to inflict his platitudes, passed by Mr. Forrester just as there was a moment's pause in his conversation with Maud, and assailed him with some questions about county affairs.

Mr. Forrester was borne off against his will. Maud was left alone.

'Does Miss Vivian remember me?' asked a pleasant voice.

A secret consciousness told her that he was near, though she had not looked up.

'I cannot readily forget my friends,' murmured Maud, 'especially now, when they are somewhat fewer than they were.'

'It is a difficult task to forget,' said Lord Kingsford; 'I have been trying to learn it for two years, and have not succeeded yet.'

'And so, Lord Kingsford, you are a friend of Mr. Sutton; what a traveller you have been. I have a hundred questions to ask. What do you think of the Greek Church? How is your mother?'

'Extremely well, thank you, Lady Broadlands; I saw her last night.'

'And the Greek Church, what do you think of that?'

'You will see all my sentiments in my book of travels, *From Mullingar to Mosul*, it is called, I believe,' gravely replied Lord Kingsford. 'I must not tell you what I think, or you will not buy my book.'

A rush and crush into the dining-room for the wedding breakfast, during which Lady Broadlands, clinging to Lord Kingsford, contrived to give a rapid sketch of her opinions concerning Miss Vivian and the Emperor of Russia, American plants and absenteeism.

Lord Kingsford was separated from Maud, nor did he see her alone during the morning. He remained for the ball, and danced with her several times. It seemed so strange, after the quiet life which she had led so long, to find herself the centre of admiration once more in such a scene, with Lord Kingsford for her partner.

She had liked him always, but had never thought that his feelings towards her had been so deep as she had found of late that they had been. Her own sentiments, severely trained in the school of matchmaking and manœuvring, were not such in those days as to induce her to place a passing affection for an Irish viscount in the scale against an English earldom in perspective.

He talked cleverly and amusingly in the intervals of dancing, but gave no further insight into his own feelings towards her than he had done in the few moments which preceded the breakfast in the morning.

Maud felt languid and tired the next day, after her unwonted dissipation.

Captain Vivian was planting verbenas and geraniums in the

garden, with a view to the coming summer.

Maud sat alone in the little drawing-room, some scattered sheets before her of a poem which she was illustrating. It suited her this morning,—this vague, dreamy task.

The poem on which she was engaged was a short one of Alfred Tennyson's, called 'Circumstance;' a page was devoted to each line. She had come to that—

> 'Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease.'

She was hesitating how to treat it, and had just decided on an interior of an apartment in C—— Castle, which she vaguely remembered, for her scene; a fire of wood should burn between quaint andirons on the hearth, the knight who had appeared in her preceding pictures should sit in the most picturesque of curiously-carved old chairs, the lady upon a low stool at his feet. Her pencil was in her hand; she had not yet begun to transfer her fancy to the thick cream-tinted sheet before her, when the door was thrown open, and Annette announced Lord Kingsford. His visit was of considerable length, for it included a not very brief conversation with Maud, she bending over her drawing, and he standing over her, and watching her as she worked. We may here add, that in spite of these especial advantages which it enjoyed, this particular sheet never appeared in the series for which it was intended—it was spoilt by certain indistinct and unconsidered lines which it received on this occasion; another, begun and finished under less propitious circumstances, was afterwards substituted for it by Maud.

When Lord Kingsford had finished all he could possibly have to say with Miss Vivian, he joined her father in his garden, and induced Captain Vivian to suspend his horticultural pursuits for the full space of half-an-hour, as Annette, who watched them from one of the upper windows, can testify.

Then came luncheon, to which Lord Kingsford was invited, and for which he consented to remain. And then at last he departed.

Mr. and Mrs. Sutton returned after a very few weeks from their wedding tour. Lord Kingsford was the first guest who stayed with them at the newly-furnished Rectory. He seemed to find a peculiar charm in it at this period, for in a very short space of time he paid it several visits.

When Captain Vivian's verbenas were in their glory, and the laden wagons were bearing home the piled-up plenty of the harvest, there was another wedding at Compton, which must perforce conclude this true history of 'Maud Vivian'—a history which does not profess to describe the life of quiet usefulness and noble self-denials which still mark the bright career of Lady Kingsford.

G. F. P.



HOURS WITH THE MYSTICS.*

FEW readers of this magazine probably know anything about 'Mystics;' know even what the term means; but as it is plainly connected with the adjective 'mystical,' they probably suppose it to denote some sort of vague, dreamy, sentimental, and therefore useless and undesirable, personage. Nor can we blame them if they do so; for mysticism is a form of thought and feeling now all but extinct in England. There are probably not ten thorough mystics among all our millions; the mystic philosophers are very little read by our scholars, and read not for but in spite of their mysticism; and our popular theology has so completely rid itself of any mystic elements, that our divines look with utter disfavour upon it, use the word always as a term of opprobrium, and interpret the mystic expressions in our liturgy—which mostly occur in the Collects—according to the philosophy of Locke, really ignorant, it would seem, that they were written by Platonist mystics.

We do not blame them, either, save in as far as teachers of men are blameworthy for being ignorant of any form of thought which has ever had a living hold upon good and earnest men, and may therefore take hold of them again. But the English are not a mystic people, any more than the old Romans were; their habit of mind, their destiny in the world, are like those of the Romans, altogether practical; and who can be surprised if they do not think about what they are not called upon to think about?

Nevertheless, it is quite a mistake to suppose that mysticism is by its own nature unpractical. The greatest and most prosperous races of antiquity—the Egyptians, Babylonians, Hindoos, Greeks—had the mystic element as strong and living in them as the Germans have now; and certainly we cannot call them unpractical peoples. They fell and came to ruin—as the Germans seem but too likely to do—when their mysticism became unpractical: but their thought remained, to be translated into practice by sounder-hearted races than themselves. Rome learnt from Greece, and did, in some confused imperfect way, that which Greece only dreamed; just as future nations may act hereafter, nobly and usefully, on the truths which Germans discover, only to put in a book and smoke over. For they are terribly practical people, these mystics, quiet students and devotees as they may seem. They go, or seem to go, down to the roots of things, in a way; and lay foundations on which—be they sound or unsound—those who come after them cannot choose but build, as we are building now. For our forefathers were mystics for generations; they were mystics in the forests of Germany and in the dales of Norway; they were mystics in the convents and the universities of the middle ages; they were mystics, all the deepest and noblest minds of them, during the Elizabethan era.

Even now the few mystic writers of this island are exercising more influence on thought than any other men, for good or for evil. Coleridge and Alexander Knox have changed the minds, and with them the acts, of thousands; and when they are accused of having originated, unknowingly, the whole 'Tractarian' movement, those who have watched English thought carefully can only answer, that on the confession of the elder Tractarians themselves, the allegation is true: but that they originated a dozen other 'movements' beside in the most opposite directions, and that free-thinking Emersonians will be as ready as Romish perverts and good plain English churchmen to confess that the critical point of their life was determined by the writings of the fakeer of Highgate. At this very time, too, the only real mystic of any genius who is writing and teaching is exercising more practical influence, infusing more vigorous life into the minds of thousands of men and women, than all the other teachers of England put together; and has set rolling a ball which may in the next half century gather into

* *Hours with the Mystics.* By Robert Alfred Vaughan, B.A. Two Volumes. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1856.

an avalanche, perhaps utterly different in form, material, and direction, from all which he expects.

So much for mystics being unpractical. If we look faithfully into the meaning of their name, we shall see why, for good or for evil, they cannot be unpractical; why they, let them be the most self-absorbed of recluses, are the very men who sow the seeds of great schools, great national and political movements, even great religions.

A mystic—according to the Greek etymology—should signify one who is initiated into mysteries: one whose eyes are opened to see things which other people cannot see. And the true mystic, in all ages and countries, has believed that this was the case with him. He believes that there is an invisible world as well as a visible one—so do most men; but the mystic believes also that this same invisible world is not merely a supernumerary one world more, over and above the earth on which he lives, and the stars over his head, but that it is the cause of them and the ground of them; that it was the cause of them at first, and is the cause of them now, even to the budding of every flower, and the falling of every pebble to the ground; and therefore, that having been before this visible world, it will be after it, and endure just as real, living, and eternal, though matter were annihilated to-morrow.

'But, on this showing, every Christian, nay, every religious man, is a mystic; for he believes in an invisible world?' The answer is found in the plain fact, that good Christians here in England do not think so themselves; that they dislike and dread mysticism, would not understand it if it were preached to them; are more puzzled by those utterances of St. John, which mystics have always claimed as justifying their theories, than by any part of their bibles. There is a positive and conscious difference between popular metaphysics and mysticism; and it seems to lie in this: the invisible world in which Englishmen in general believe, is one which happens to be invisible now, but will not be so hereafter. When they speak of the other world, they mean a place which their bodily eyes will see some day, and could see now if they were allowed; when they speak of spirits, they mean ghosts who could, and perhaps do, make themselves visible to men's bodily eyes. We are not inquiring here whether they be right or wrong; we are only specifying a common form of human thought.

The mystic, on the other hand, believes that the invisible world is so by its very nature, and must be so for ever. He lives therein now, he holds, and will live in it through eternity: but he will see it never with any bodily eyes, not even with the eyes of any future 'glorified' body. It is *ipso facto* not to be seen, only to be believed in; never for him will 'faith be changed for sight,' as the popular theologians say that it will; for this invisible world is only to be 'spiritually discerned.'

This is the mystic idea, pure and simple; of course there are various grades of it, as there are of the popular one, for no man holds his own creed and nothing more; and it is good for him, in this piecemeal and shortsighted world, that he should not. Were he over-true to his own idea, he would become a fanatic, perhaps a madman. And so the modern evangelical of the Venn and Newton school, to whom mysticism is a pet neology and nehushtan, when he speaks of 'spiritual experiences,' uses the adjective in its purely mystic sense; while Bernard of Cluny, in his once famous hymn, *Hic breve vivitur*, mingles the two conceptions of the unseen world in inextricable confusion. Between these two extreme poles, in fact, we have every variety of thought, and it is good for us that we should have them; for no one man or school of men can grasp the whole truth, and every intermediate modification supplies some link in the great cycle of facts which its neighbours have overlooked.

In the minds who have held this belief, that the unseen world is the only real and eternal one, there has generally existed a belief, more or less confused, that the visible world is in some mysterious way a pattern or symbol of the invisible one; that its physical laws are the analogues of the spiritual laws of the eternal

world: a belief of which Mr. Vaughan seems to think lightly; though if it be untrue we can hardly see how that metaphoric illustration in which he indulges so freely, and which he often uses in a masterly and graceful way, can be anything but useless trifling. For what is a metaphor or a simile but a mere paralogism—having nothing to do with the matter in hand, and not to be allowed for a moment to influence the reader's judgment, unless there be some real and objective analogy—homology we should call it—between the physical phenomenon from which the symbol is taken, and the spiritual truth which it is meant to illustrate? What divineness, what logical weight, in our Lord's parables, unless He was by them trying to show His hearers that the laws which they saw at work in the lilies of the field, in the most common occupations of men, were but lower manifestations of the laws by which are governed the inmost workings of the human spirit? What triflers, on any other ground, were Socrates and Plato. What triflers, too, Shakspeare and Spenser. Indeed, we should say that it is the belief, conscious or unconscious, of the eternal correlation of the physical and spiritual worlds which alone constitutes the essence of a poet.

Of course this idea led, and would necessarily lead, to follies and fancies enough, as long as the phenomena of nature were not carefully studied, and her laws scientifically investigated; and all the dreams of Paracelsus or Van Helmont, Cardan or Crollius, Baptista Porta or Behmen, are but the natural and pardonable errors of minds which, while they felt deeply the sanctity and mystery of nature, had no Baconian philosophy to tell them what nature actually was, and what she actually said. But their idea lives still, and will live as long as the belief in a one God lives. The physical and spiritual worlds cannot be separated by an impassable gulf. They must, in some way or other, reflect each other, even in their minutest phenomena, for so only can they both reflect that absolute primæval Unity in whom they both live and move and have their being. Mr. Vaughan's object, however, has not been to work out in his book such problems as these. Had he done so, he would have made his readers understand better what mysticism is; he would have avoided several hasty epithets, by the use of which he has, we think, deceived himself into the notion that he has settled a matter by calling it a hard name; he would have explained, perhaps, to himself and to us, many strange and seemingly contradictory facts in the annals of mysticism. But he would also not have written so readable a book. On the whole he has taken the right course, though one wishes that he had carried it out more methodically.

A few friends, literate and comfortable men, and right-hearted Christians withal, meet together to talk over these same mystics, and to read papers and extracts which will give a general notion of the subject from the earliest historic times. The gentlemen talk about and about a little too much; they are a little too fond of illustrations of the popular pulpit style; they are often apt to say each his say, with very little care of what the previous speaker has uttered; in fact, these conversations are, as conversations, not good, but as centres of thought they are excellent. There is not a page nor a paragraph in which there is not something well worth recollecting, and often reflections very wise and weighty indeed, which show that, whether or not Mr. Vaughan has thoroughly grasped the subject of mysticism, he has grasped and made part of his own mind and heart many things far more practically important than mysticism, or any other form of thought; and no one ought to rise up from the perusal of his book, without finding himself, if not a better, at least a more thoughtful man, and perhaps a humbler one also, as he learns how many more struggles and doubts, discoveries, sorrows and joys, the human race has passed through, than are contained in his own private experience.

The true value of the book is, that though not exhaustive of the subject, it is suggestive. It affords the best, indeed the only general, sketch of the subject which we have in England, and gives therein boundless food for

future thought and reading; and the country parson, or the thoughtful professional man, who has no time to follow out the question for himself, much less to hunt out and examine original documents, may learn from these pages a thousand curious and interesting hints about men of like passions with himself, and about old times, the history of which—as of all times—was not the history of their kings and queens, but of the creeds and deeds of the 'masses' who worked, and failed, and sorrowed, and rejoiced again, unknown to fame. While whatsoever their own conclusions may be on the subject-matter of the book, they will hardly fail to admire the extraordinary variety and fulness of Mr. Vaughan's reading, and wonder when they hear—unless we are wrongly informed—that he is quite a young man,

How one small head could compass all
he knew.

He begins with the mysticism of the Hindoo Yogis. And to this, as we shall hereafter show, he hardly does justice; but we wish now to point out in detail the extended range of subjects, of each of which the book gives some general notion. From the Hindoos he passes to Philo and the neo-Platonists; from them to the pseudo-Dionysius, and the mysticism of the early Eastern Church. He then traces, shrewdly enough, the influence of the pseudo-Areopagite and the Easterns on the bolder and more practical minds of the Western Latins, and gives a sketch of Bernard and his Abbey of Clairvaux, which brings pleasantly enough before us the ways and works of a long-dead world, which was all but inconceivable to us till Mr. Carlyle disinterred it in his picture of Abbot Sampson, the hero of *Past and Present.*

We are next introduced to the mystic schoolmen, — Hugo, and Richard of St. Victor; and then to a far more interesting class of men, and one with which Mr. Vaughan has more sympathy than with any of his characters, perhaps because he knows more about them. His chapters on the German mysticism of the fourteenth century; his imaginary, yet fruitful chronicle of Adolf of Arnstein, with its glimpses of Meister Eckart, Suso, the 'Nameless Wild,' Ruysbroek, and Tauler himself, are admirable, if merely as historic studies, and should be, and we doubt not will be, read by many as practical commentaries on the *Theologia Germanica*, and on the selection from Tauler's *Sermons*, now in course of publication. Had all the book been written as these chapters are, we should not have had a word of complaint to make, save when we find the author passing over without a word of comment, utterances which, right or wrong, contain the very key-note and central idea of the men whom he is holding up to admiration, and as we think, of mysticism itself. There is, for instance, a paragraph attributed to Ruysbroek, in p. 275, vol. i., which, whether true or false—and we believe it to be essentially true—is so inexpressibly important, both in the subject which it treats, and in the way in which it treats it, that twenty pages of comment on it would not have been misdevoted. Yet it is passed by without a word.

Going forward to the age of the Reformation, the book then gives us a spirited glimpse of John Bokelson and the Munster Anabaptists, of Carlstadt and the Zurichian prophets, and then dwells at some length on the attempt of that day, to combine physical and spiritual science in occult philosophy. We have enough to make us wish to hear more of Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, and Behmen, with their alchemy, 'true magic,' doctrines of sympathies,* signatures of things, cabbala, and Gamahea, and the rest of that (now fallen) inverted pyramid of pseudo-science. His estimate of Behmen and his writings, we may observe in passing, is both sound and charitable, and speaks as much for Mr. Vaughan's heart as

* Why has Mr. Vaughan omitted to give us a few racy lines on Sir Matthew Hale's *Divine Contemplations of the Magnet*, Sir Kenelm Digby's *Weapon-Salve*, and Valentine Greatrake's *Magnetic Cures?* He should have told the world a little, too, about the strange phenomenon of the Jesuit Kircher, in whom Popery attempted to recover the very ground which Behmen and the Protestant nature-mystics were conquering from them.

for his head. Then we have a little about the Rosicrucians and the *Comte de Gabalis*, and the theory of the Rabbis, from whom the Rosicrucians borrowed so much, all told in the same lively manner, all utterly new to ninety-nine readers out of a hundred, all indicating, we are bound to say, a much more extensive reading than appears on the page itself.

From these he passes to the mysticism of the counter-Reformation, especially to the two great Spanish mystics, St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross. Here again he is new and interesting; but we must regret that he has not been as merciful to Theresa as he has to poor little John.

He then devotes some eighty pages—and very well employed they are—in detailing the strange and sad story of Madame Guyon, and the 'Quietist' movement at Louis Quatorze's court. Much of this he has taken, with all due acknowledgment, from Upham; but he has told the story most pleasantly, in his own way, and these pages will give a better notion of Fénélon, and of the 'Eagle' (for eagle, read vulture) 'of Meaux,' old Bossuet, than they are likely to find elsewhere in the same compass.

Following chronological order as nearly as he can, he next passes to George Fox and the early Quakers, introducing a curious—and in our own case quite novel—little episode concerning *The History of Hai Ebn Yokhdan*, a mediæval Arabian romance, which old Barclay seems to have got hold of and pressed into the service of his sect, taking it for literal truth.

The twelfth book is devoted to Swedenborg, and a very valuable little sketch it is, and one which goes far to clear up the moral character, and the reputation for sanity also, of that much calumniated philosopher, whom the world knows only as a dreaming false prophet, forgetting that even if he was that, he was also a sound and severe scientific labourer, to whom our modern physical science is most deeply indebted.

This is a short sketch of the contents of a book which is a really valuable addition to English literature, and which is as interesting as it is instructive. But Mr. Vaughan must forgive us if we tell him frankly that he has not exhausted the subject; that he has hardly defined mysticism at all—at least, has defined it by its outward results, and that without classifying them; and that he has not grasped the central idea of the subject. There were more things in these same mystics than are dreamt of in his philosophy; and he has missed seeing them, because he has put himself rather in the attitude of a judge than of an inquirer. He has not had respect and trust enough for the men and women of whom he writes, and is too much inclined to laugh at them, and treat them *de haut en bas*. He has trusted too much to his own great power of logical analysis, and his equally great power of illustration, and is therefore apt to mistake the being able to put a man's thoughts into words for him, for the being really able to understand him. To understand any man, we must have sympathy for him, even affection. No intellectual acuteness, no amount even of mere pity for his errors, will enable us to see the man from within, and put our own souls into the place of his soul. To do that, one must feel and confess within oneself the seeds of the very same errors which one reproves in him; one must have passed more or less through his temptations, doubts, hungers of heart and brain; and one cannot help questioning, as one reads Mr. Vaughan's book, whether he has really done this in the case of those of whom he writes. He should have remembered, too, how little any young man can have experienced of the terrible sorrows which branded into the hearts of these old devotees the truths to which they clung more than to life, while they too often warped their hearts into morbidity, and caused alike their folly and their wisdom. Gently indeed should we speak even of the dreams of some self-imagined 'Bride of Christ,' when we picture to ourselves the bitter agonies which must have been endured ere a human soul could develop so fantastically-diseased a growth. 'She was only a hysterical

nun.' Well, and what more tragical object, to those who will look patiently and lovingly at human nature, than a hysterical nun? She may have been driven into a convent by some disappointment in love. And has not disappointed affection been confessed, in all climes and ages, to enshroud its victim ever after, as it were, in a sanctuary of reverent pity? If sorrow 'broke her brains,' as well as broke her heart, shall we do aught but love her the more for her capacity of love? Or she may have entered the convent, as thousands did, in girlish simplicity, to escape from a world which she had not tried, before she had discovered that the world could give her something which the convent could not. What more tragical than her discovery in herself of a capacity for love which could never be satisfied within that prison?—and worse, when that capacity began to vindicate itself in strange forms of disease, seemingly to her supernatural, often agonizing, often degrading, and at the same time (strange contradiction) mixed itself up with her noblest thoughts, to ennoble them still more, and inspire her with a love for all that is fair and lofty, for self-devotion and self-sacrifice, such as she had never felt before? Shall we blame her—shall we even smile at her, if, after the dreadful question 'Is this the possession of a demon?' had alternated with 'Is this the inspiration of a god?' she settled down, as the only escape from madness and suicide, into the latter thought, and believed that she found in the ideal and perfect manhood of One whom she was told to revere and love as a God, and who had sacrificed his own life for her, a substitute for that merely human affection from which she was for ever debarred? Why blame her for not remembering that which was wanting, or making straight that which was crooked? Let God judge her, not we; and the fit critics of her conduct are not the easy gentlemanlike scholars, like Mr. Vaughan's Athertons and Gowers, discussing the 'aberrations of fanaticism' over wine and walnuts; or the gay girl, Kate; hardly even the happy mother, Mrs. Atherton: but those whose hairs are grey with sorrow; who have been softened at once and hardened in the fire of God; who have cried out of the bottomless deep like David, while lover and friend were hid away from them, and they lay amid the corpses of their dead hopes, dead health, dead joy, as on a ghastly battle-field, 'stript among the dead, like those who are wounded, and cut away from God's hands;' who have struggled drowning in the horrible mire of doubt, and have felt all God's billows and waves sweep over them, till they were weary of crying, and their sight failed for waiting so long upon God; and all the faith and prayer which was left was, 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, nor suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.' Be it understood however, for fear of any mistake, that we hold Mr. Vaughan to be simply and altogether right in his main idea. His one test for all these people, and all which they said or did, is—Were they made practically better men and women thereby? He sees clearly that the 'spiritual' is none other than the 'moral'—that which has to do with right and wrong; and he has a righteous contempt for everything and anything, however graceful and reverent, and artistic and devout, and celestial and super-celestial, except in as far as he finds it making men and women do better work in everyday life. Therefore he is altogether right at heart; and any criticisms of ours on his book are but *amantium iræ*.

And therefore we will protest against such a sketch as this, even of one of the least honourable of the middle-age saints:—

ATHERTON. Angela de Foligni, who made herself miserable—I must say something the converse of flourished—about the beginning of the fourteenth century, was a fine model pupil of this sort, a genuine daughter of St. Francis. Her mother, her husband, her children dead, she is alone and sorrowful. She betakes herself to violent devotion—falls ill—suffers incessant anguish from a complication of disorders—has rapturous consolations and terrific temptations—is dashed in a moment from a seat of glory above the empyrean . . .

Very amusing, is it not? To

have one's mother, husband, children die—the most commonplace sort of thing—what (over one's wine and walnuts) one describes as being 'alone and sorrowful.' Men who having tasted the blessings conveyed in those few words, have also found the horror conveyed in them, have no epithets for the state of mind in which such a fate would leave them. They simply pray that if that hour came, they might just have faith enough left not to curse God and die. Amusing, too, her falling ill, and suffering under a complication of disorders, especially if those disorders were the fruit of combined grief and widowhood. Amusing also her betaking herself to violent devotion. In the first place, if devotion be a good thing, could she have too much of it? If it be the way to make people good (as is commonly held by all Christian sects), could she become too good? The more important question which springs out of the fact, we will ask presently. 'She has rapturous consolations and terrific temptations.' Do you mean that the consolations came first, and that the temptations were a revulsion from 'spiritual' exaltation into 'spiritual' collapse and melancholy, or that the temptations came first, and the consolations came after to save her from madness and despair? Either may be the case; perhaps both were: but somewhat more of care should have been taken in expressing so important a spiritual sequence as either case exhibits.

It is twelve years and more since we studied the history of the 'B. Angela de Foligni,' and many another kindred saint; and we cannot recollect what were the terrific temptations, what was the floor of hell which the poor thing saw yawning beneath her feet. But we must ask Mr. Vaughan, has he ever read Bocaccio, or any of the Italian novelists up to the seventeenth century? And if so, can he not understand how Angela de Foligni, the lovely Italian widow of the fourteenth century, had her terrific temptations, to which if she had yielded she might have fallen to the lowest pit of hell, let that word mean what it may; and temptations all the more terrific because she saw every widow round her considering them no temptations at all, but yielding to them, going out to invite them in the most business-like, nay, duty-like, way? What if she had 'rapturous consolations?' What if she did pour out to One who was worthy not of less but of more affection than she offered in her passionate southern heart, in language which in our colder northerns would be mere hypocrisy, yet which she had been taught to believe lawful by that interpretation of the Canticles which (be it always remembered) is common to Evangelicals and to Romanists? What if even, in reward for her righteous belief, that what she saw all widows round her doing, was abominable and to be avoided at all risks, she were permitted to enjoy a passionate affection, which after all was not misplaced? There are mysteries in religion, as in all things, where it is better not to intrude behind the veil. Wisdom is justified of all her children, and folly may be justified of some of her children also. Let Mr. Vaughan consider Bocaccio, and reconsider his harshness to poor Angela; let him reconsider, too, his harshness to poor St. Brigitta,—in our eyes a beautiful and noble figure. A widow she, too—and what worlds of sorrow are there in that word, especially when applied to the pure deep-hearted Northern woman, as she was,—she leaves her Scandinavian pine-forests to worship and to give wherever she can, till she arrives at Rome, the centre of the universe, the seat of Christ's vicegerent, the city of God, the gate of Paradise. Thousands of weary miles she travels, through danger and sorrow—and when she finds it, behold, it is a lie and a sham; not the gate of Paradise, but the gate of Sodom and of hell. Was not that enough to madden her, if mad she became? What matter after that her 'angel dictated discourses on the Blessed Virgin,' 'bombastic invocations to the Saviour's eyes, ears, hair?'—they were at least the best objects of worship which the age gave her. In one thing she was right, and kept her first love. 'What was not quite so bad, she gives to the world a series of revelations, in which the vices of popes

and prelates are lashed unsparingly, and threatened with speedy judgment.' Not quite so bad. To us the whole phenomenon wears an utterly different aspect. At the risk of her life, at the risk of being burned alive—did any one ever consider what that means?—the noble Norsewoman, like an Alruna maid of old, hurls out her divine hereditary hatred of sin and filth and lies. At last she falls back on Christ himself as the only home for a homeless soul in such an evil time. And she is not burnt alive. The hand of One mightier than she is over her, and she is safe under the shadow of His wings, till her weary work is done and she goes home, her righteousness accepted for His sake: her folly, hysterics, dreams—call them by what base name we will—forgiven and forgotten for the sake of her many sorrows, and her faithfulness to the end.

Mr. Vaughan must reconsider these sketches; but he need not reconsider his admirable reflections on them, every word of which is true:—

What a condemning comment on the pretended tender mercies of the Church are those narratives which Rome delights to parade of the sufferings, mental and bodily, which her devotees were instructed to inflict upon themselves! I am reminded of the thirsting mule, which has, in some countries, to strike with its hoof among the spines of the cactus, and drink, with lamed foot and bleeding lips, the few drops of milk which ooze from the broken thorns. Affectionate suffering natures came to Rome for comfort; but her scanty kindness is only to be drawn with anguish from the cruel sharpness of asceticism. The worldly, the audacious, escape easily; but these pliant, excitable temperaments, so anxiously in earnest, may be made useful. The more dangerous, frightful, or unnatural their performances, the more profit for their keepers. Men and women are trained by torturing processes to deny their nature, and then they are exhibited to bring grist to the mill—like birds and beasts forced to postures and services against the laws of their being—like those who must perform perilous feats on ropes or with lions, nightly hazarding their lives to fill the pockets of a manager. The self-devotion of which Rome boasts so much is a self-devotion she has always thus made the most of for herself. Calculating men, who have thought only of the interest of the priesthood, have known well how best to stimulate and to display the spasmodic movements of a brainsick disinterestedness. I have not the shadow of a doubt that, once and again, some priest might have been seen, with cold grey eye, endeavouring to do a stroke of diplomacy by means of the enthusiastic Catharine, making the fancied ambassadress of heaven in reality the tool of a schemer. Such unquestionable virtues as these visionaries may some of them have possessed, cannot be fairly set down to the credit of the Church, which has used them all for mercenary or ambitious purposes, and infected them everywhere with a morbid character. Some of these mystics, floating down the great ecclesiastical current of the Middle Age, appear to me like the trees carried away by the inundation of some mighty tropical river. They drift along the stream, passive, lifeless, broken; yet they are covered with gay verdure, the aquatic plants hang and twine about the sodden timber and the draggled leaves, the trunk is a sailing garden of flowers. But the adornment is not that of nature—it is the decoration of another and a strange element; the roots are in the air; the boughs, which should be full of birds, are in the flood, covered by its alien products, swimming side by side with the alligator. So has this priestcraft swept its victims from their natural place and independent growth, to clothe them, in their helplessness, with a false spiritual adornment, neither scriptural nor human, but ecclesiastical—the native product of that overwhelming superstition which has subverted and enslaved their nature. The Church of Rome takes care that while simple souls think they are cultivating Christian graces, they shall be forging their own chains; that their attempts to honour God shall always dishonour, because they disenfranchise themselves. To be humble, to be obedient, to be charitable, under such direction, is to be contentedly ignorant, pitiably abject, and notoriously swindled.

Mr. Vaughan cannot be too severe upon the Romish priesthood. But it is one thing to dismiss with summary contempt men who, as they do, keep the keys of knowledge, and neither enter in themselves nor suffer others to enter, and quite another thing to apply the same summary jurisdiction to men who, under whatsoever confusions, are feeling earnestly and honestly after truth. And therefore we re-

gret exceedingly the mock trial which he has introduced into his Introduction. We regret it for his own sake; for it will drive away from the book—indeed, it has driven—thoughtful and reverent people who, having a strong though vague inclination toward the mystics, might be very profitably taught by the after pages to separate the evil from the good in the Bernards and Guyons whom they admire, they scarce know why; and will shock, too, scholars to whom Hindoo and Persian thoughts on these subjects are matters not of ridicule, but of solemn and earnest investigation. We do hope to see these pages vanish from a future edition, or if they be retained, put at the end and not at the beginning of the book. As it is, they are a needless stumbling-block upon the threshold.

Besides, the question is not so easily settled. Putting aside the flippancy of the passage, it involves something very like a *petitio principii* to ask offhand 'Does the man mean a living union of heart to Christ, a spiritual fellowship or converse with the Father, when he talks of the union of the believer with God—participation in the Divine nature?' For first, what we want to know is, the meaning of the words—what means 'living?' what 'union?' what 'heart?' They are terms common to the mystic and to the popular religionist, only differently interpreted; and in the meanings attributed to them lies nothing less than the whole world-old dispute between Nominalist and Realist; not yet to be settled in two lines by two gentlemen over their wine, much less ignored as a thing settled beyond all dispute already. If by 'living union of heart with'—Mr. Vaughan means 'identity of morals with'—let him say so: but let him bear in mind that all the great Evangelicals have meant much more than this by those words; that on the whole, instead of considering—as he seems to do, and we do—the moral and the spiritual as identical, they have put them in antithesis to each other, and looked down upon 'mere morality' just because it did not seem to them to involve that supernatural, transcendental, 'mystic' element which they considered that they found in Scripture. From Luther to Owen and Baxter, from them to Wesley, Cecil, and Venn, Newton, Bridges, the great Evangelical authorities would (not very clearly or consistently, for they were but poor metaphysicians, but honestly and earnestly) accept some modified form of the mystic's theory, even to the 'discerning in particular thoughts, frames, impulses, and inward witnessings, immediate communications from heaven.' Surely Mr. Vaughan must be aware that the majority of 'vital Christians' on this ground are among his mystic offenders; and that those who deny such possibilities are but too liable to be stigmatized as 'Pelagians' and 'Rationalists.' His friend Atherton is bound to show cause why those names are not to be applied to him, as he is bound to show what he means by 'living union with Christ,' and why he complains of the mystic for desiring 'participation in the Divine nature.' If he does so, he only desires what the New Testament formally, and word for word, promises him: whatsoever be the meaning of the term, he is not to be blamed for using it. Mr. Vaughan cannot have forgotten the many expressions, both of St. Paul and St. John, which do at first sight go far to justify the mystic, though they are but seldom heard, and more seldom boldly commented on, in modern pulpits,—of Christ being formed in men, dwelling in men; of God dwelling in man and man in God; of Christ being the life of men, of men living, and moving, and having their being in God; and many another passage. If these be mere metaphors, let the fact be stated, with due reasons for it. But there is no sin or shame in interpreting them in that literal and realist sense in which they seem at first sight to have been written. The first duty of a scholar who sets before himself to investigate the phenomena of 'mysticism,' so called, should be to answer these questions: Can there be a direct communication, above and beyond sense or consciousness, between the human spirit and God the Spirit? And if so, what are its conditions, where

its limits, to transcend which is to fall into 'mysticism?'

And it is just this which Mr. Vaughan fails in doing. In his sketch, for instance, of the mysticism of India, he gives us a very clear and (save in two points) sound summary of that 'round of notions, occurring to minds of similar make under similar circumstances,' which is 'common to mystics in ancient India and in modern Christendom.'

Summarily, I would say, this Hindoo mysticism—

(1.) Lays claim to disinterested love as opposed to a mercenary religion;

(2.) Reacts against the ceremonial prescription and pedantic literalism of the Vedas;

(3.) Identifies, in its pantheism, subject and object, worshipper and worshipped;

(4.) Aims at ultimate absorption in the Infinite;

(5.) Inculcates, as the way to this dissolution, absolute passivity, withdrawal into the inmost self, cessation of all the powers,—giving recipes for procuring this beatific torpor or trance;

(6.) Believes that eternity may thus be realized in time;

(7.) Has its mythical miraculous pretensions, *i.e.*, its theurgic department;

(8.) And, finally, advises the learner in this kind of religion to submit himself implicitly to a spiritual guide,—his Guru.

Against the two latter articles we except. The theurgic department of mysticism—unfortunately but too common—seems to us always to have been the despairing return to that ceremonialism which it had begun by shaking off, when it was disappointed in reaching its high aim by its proper method. The use of the Guru, or Father Confessor (which Mr. Vaughan confesses to be inconsistent with mysticism), is to be explained in the same way; he is a last refuge after disappointment.

But as for the first six counts. Is the Hindoo mystic a worse or a better man for holding them? Are they on the whole right or wrong? Is not disinterested love nobler than a mercenary religion? Is it not right to protest against ceremonial prescriptions, and to say, whether with David or with Aaron, 'Thinkest thou that He will eat bull's flesh, and drink the blood of goats. Sacrifice and burnt-offering thou wouldst not. . . . I come to do thy will, O God!' What is, even, if he will look calmly into it, the 'pantheistic identification of subject and object, worshipper and worshipped,' but the clumsy yet honest effort of the human mind to say to itself, 'Doing God's will is the real end and aim of man?' The Yogi looks round upon his fellow men, and sees that all their misery and shame come from self-will; he looks within, and finds that all which makes him miserable, angry, lustful, greedy after this and that, comes from the same self-will. And he asks himself, How shall I escape from this torment of self?—how shall I tame my wayward will, till it shall become one with the harmonious, beautiful, and absolute Will which made all things? At least, I will try to do it, whatever it shall cost me. I will give up all for which men live—wife and child, the sights, scents, sounds of this fair earth, all things, whatever they be, which men call enjoyment, I will make this life one long torture, if need be, but this rebel will of mine I will conquer. I ask for no reward. That may come in some future life. But what care I. I am now miserable by reason of the lusts which war in my members; the peace which I shall gain in being freed from them will be its own reward. After all I give up little. All these things round me—the primæval forest, and the sacred stream of Ganga, the mighty Himalaya, mount of God, ay, the illimitable vault of heaven above me, sun and stars—what are they but 'such stuff as dreams are made of?' Brahm thought, and they became something and somewhere. He may think again, and they will become nothing and nowhere. Are these eternal, greater than I, worth troubling my mind about? Nothing is eternal, but the Thought which made them, and will unmake them. They are only venerable in my eyes, because each of them is a thought of Brahm's. And I, too, have thought; I alone of all the kinds of living things. Am I not, then, akin to God? what better for me than to sit down and think, as Brahm thinks, and so enjoy my eternal heritage, leaving for those who cannot think, the passions and plea-

sures which they share in common with the beasts of the field? So I shall become more and more like Brahm; will his will, think his thoughts, till I lose utterly this house-fiend of self, and become one with God?

Is this a man to be despised? Is he a sickly dreamer, or a too valiant hero? and if any one be shocked at this last utterance, let him consider carefully the words which he may hear on Sunday; 'Then we dwell in Christ, and Christ in us; we are one with Christ, and Christ with us.' That belief is surely not a false one. Shall we abhor the Yogi because he has seen, sitting alone there amid idolatry and licentiousness, despotism and priestcraft, that the ideal goal of man is what we confess it to be in the communion service? Shall we not rather wonder and rejoice over the magnificent utterances in that Bagvat-Gita which Mr. Vaughan takes—as we do—for the text book of Hindoo mysticism, which proceed from the mouth of Crishna, the teacher human, and yet God himself.

There is nothing greater than I; all things hang on me, as precious gems upon a string. . . . . I am life in all things, and zeal in the zealous. I am the eternal seed of nature: I am the understanding of the wise, the glory of the proud, the strength of the strong, free from lust and anger. . . . . Those who trust in me know Brahm, the supreme and incorruptible. . . . . In this body I am the teacher of worship. He who thinks of me will find me. He who finds me returns not again to mortal birth. . . . . I am the sacrifice, I am the worship, I am the incense, I am the fire, I am the victim, I am the father and mother of the world; I am the road of the good, the comforter, the creator, the witness, the asylum, and the friend. They who serve other gods with a firm belief, involuntarily worship me. I am the same to all mankind. They who serve me in adoration are in me. If one whose ways are ever so evil serve me alone, he becometh of a virtuous spirit and obtaineth eternal happiness. Even women, and the tribes of Visga and Soodra, shall go the supreme journey, if they take sanctuary with me; how much more my holy servants the Brahmins and the Ragarshees! Consider this world as a finite and joyless place, and serve me.

There may be confused word scattered up and down here; there are still more confused words—not immoral ones—round them, which we have omitted; but we ask, once and for all, is this true, or is it not? Is there a being who answers to this description, or is there not? And if there be, was it not a light price to pay for the discovery of him 'to sit upon the sacred grass called koos, with his mind fixed on one object alone; keeping his head, neck, and body steady, without motion; his eyes fixed upon the point of his nose, looking at no other place around'—or any other simple, even childish, practical means of getting rid of the disturbing bustle and noise of the outward time-world, that he might see the eternal world which underlies it? What if the discovery be imperfect, the figure in my features erroneous? Is not the wonder to us, the honour to him, that the figure should be there at all? Inexplicable to us on any ground, save that one common to the Bagvat-Gita, to the gospel. 'He who seeks me shall find me.' What if he knew but in part, and saw through a glass darkly? Was there not One greater than he who, in the full light of inspiration, could but say the very same thing of himself, and look forward to a future life in which he would 'know even as he was known?'

It is well worth observing, too, that so far from the moral of this Bagvat-Gita issuing in mere contemplative Quietism, its purpose is essentially practical. It arises out of Arjoun's doubt whether he shall join in the battle which he sees raging below him; it results in his being commanded to join in it, and fight like a man. We cannot see, as Mr. Vaughan does, an 'unholy indifference' in the moral. Arjoun shrinks from fighting because friends and relatives are engaged on both sides, and he dreads hell if he kills one of them. The answer to his doubt is, after all, the only one which makes war permissible to a Christian, who looks on all men as his brothers:—

'You are a Ksahtree, a soldier; your duty is to fight. Do your duty, and leave the consequences of it to Him who commanded the duty. You cannot kill these men's souls any more than they can yours.

You can only kill their mortal bodies; the fate of their souls and yours depends on their moral state. Kill their bodies, then, if it be your duty, instead of tormenting yourself with scruples, which are not really scruples of conscience, only selfish fears of harm to yourself, and leave their souls to the care of Him who made them, and knows them, and cares more for them than you do.'

This seems to be the plain outcome of the teaching. What is it, *mutatis mutandis*, but the sermon, 'cold-blooded' or not, which every righteous soldier in the Crimea has had to preach to himself, day by day, for the last two years?

Yet the fact is undeniable that Hindoo mysticism has failed of practical result—that it has died down into brutal fakeerism. We look in vain, however, in Mr. Vaughan's chapter for an explanation of this fact, save his assertion, which we deny, that Hindoo mysticism was in essence and at its root wrong and rotten. Mr. Maurice (*Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*, p. 46) seems to point to a more charitable solution. 'The Hindoo' (he says) 'whatsoever vast discovery he may have made at an early period of a mysterious Teacher near him, working on his spirit, who is at the same time Lord over nature, began the search from himself—he had no other point from whence to begin—and therefore it ended in himself. The purification of his individual soul became practically his highest conceivable end; to carry out that he must separate from society. Yet the more he tries to escape self the more he finds self; for what are his thoughts about Brahm, his thoughts about Krishna, save his own thoughts? Is Brahm a projection of his own soul? To sink in him, does it mean to be nothing? Am I, after all, my own law? And hence the downward career into stupid indifferentism, even into Antinomian profligacy.'

The Hebrew, on the other hand, begins from the belief of an objective external God, but one who cares for more than his individual soul; as one who is the ever-present guide, and teacher, and ruler of his whole nation; who regards that nation as a whole, a one person, and that not merely one present generation, but all, past or future, as a one 'Israel;' lawgivers, prophets, priests, warriors. All classes are his ministers. He is essentially a political deity, who cares infinitely for the polity of a nation, and therefore bestows one upon them—'a law of Jehovah.' Gradually, under this teaching, the Hebrew rises to the very idea of an inward teacher, which the Yogi had, and to a far purer and clearer form of that idea; but he is not tempted by it to selfish individualism, or contemplative isolation, as long as he is true to the old Mosaic belief, that this being is the Political Deity, 'the King of Kings.' The Pharisee becomes a selfish individualist just because he has forgotten this; the Essene, a selfish 'mystic' for the same reason; Philo and the Jewish mystics of Alexandria lose in like manner all notion that Jehovah is the lawgiver, and ruler, and archetype of family and of national life. The early Christians retain the idea; they bring out the meaning of the old Jewish polity in its highest form; for that very reason they are able to bring out the meaning of the 'mystic' idea in its highest form also, without injury to their work as members of families, as citizens, as practical men of the world.

And here let us say boldly to Mr. Vaughan and to our readers—As long as 'the salvation of a man's own soul' is set forth in all pulpits as the first and last end and aim of mortal existence; as long as Christianity is dwelt on merely as influencing individuals each apart—as 'brands plucked, one here and another there, from the general burning,'—so long will mysticism, in its highest form, be the refuge of the strongest spirits, and in its more base and diseased forms the refuge of the weak and sentimental spirits. They will say, each in his own way—'You confess that there can be a direct relation, communion, inspiration, from God to my soul, as I sit alone in my chamber. You do not think that there is such between God and what you call the world; between Him and nations as wholes,—families, churches, schools of thought, as wholes; that He does not take a special interest, or exercise a special influence, over the

ways and works of men—over science, commerce, civilization, colonization, all which affects the earthly destinies of the race. All these you call secular; to admit His influence over them for their own sake (though of course He overrules them for the sake of his elect) savours of Pantheism. Is it so? Then we will give up the world. We will cling to the one fact which you confess to be certain about us, that we can take refuge in God, each in the loneliness of his chamber, from all the vain turmoil of a race which is hastening heedless into endless misery. You may call us mystics, or what you will. We will possess our souls in patience, and turn away our eyes from vanity. We will commune with our own hearts in solitude, and be still. We will not even mingle in your religious world, the world which you have invented for yourselves, after denying that God's human world is sacred; for it seems to us as full of intrigue, ambition, party-spirit, falsehood, bitterness, and ignorance, as the political world, or the fashionable world, or the scientific world; and we will have none of it. Leave us alone with God.'

This has been the true reason of mystical isolation in every age and country. So thought Macarius and the Christian fakeers of the Thebaid. So thought the mediæval monks and nuns. So thought the German Quietists when they revolted from the fierce degradation of decaying Lutheranism. So are hundreds thinking now; so may thousands think ere long. If the individualizing phase of Christianity which is now dominant shall long retain its ascendancy, and the creed of Dr. Cumming and Mr. Spurgeon become that of the British people, our purest and noblest spirits will act here, with regard to religion, as the purest and noblest in America have acted with regard to politics. They will withdraw each into the sanctuary of his own heart, and leave the battle-field to rival demagogues. They will do wrong, it may be. Isolation involves laziness, pride, cowardice; but if sober England, during the next half-century, should be astonished by an outburst of mysticism, as grand in some respects, as fantastic in others, as that of the thirteenth or the seventeenth centuries, the blame, if blame there be, will lie with those leaders of the public conscience who, after having debased alike the Church of England and the dissenting sects with a selfish individualism which was as foreign to the old Cromwellite Ironside, as to the High Church divine, have tried to debar their disciples from that peaceful and graceful mysticism which is the only excusable or tolerable form of a religion beginning and ending in self.

Let it be always borne in mind, that Quakerism was not a protest against, or a revulsion from, the Church of England, but from Calvinism. The steeple-houses, against which George Fox testified, were not served by Henry Mores, Cudworths, or Norrises: not even by dogmatist High-Churchmen, but by Calvinist ministers, who had ejected them. George Fox developed his own scheme, such as it was, because the popular Protestantism of his day failed to meet the deepest wants of his heart; because, as he used to say, it gave him 'a dead Christ,' and he required a 'living Christ.' Doctrines about who Christ is, he held, are not Christ himself. Doctrines about what he has done for man, are not He himself. Fox held, that if Christ be a living person, He must act (when he acted) directly on the most inward and central personality of him, George Fox; and his desire was satisfied by the discovery of the indwelling Logos, or rather by its re-discovery, after it had fallen into oblivion for centuries. Whether he were right or wrong, he is a fresh instance of a man's arriving, alone and unassisted, at the same idea at which mystics of all ages and countries have arrived; a fresh corroboration of our belief, that there must be some reality corresponding to a notion which has manifested itself so variously, and among so many thousands of every creed, and has yet arrived, by whatsoever different paths, at one and the same result.

That he was more or less right—that there is nothing in the essence of mysticism contrary to practical morality, Mr. Vaughan himself fully confesses. In his fair and liberal chapters on Fox and the Early

Quakers, he does full justice to their intense practical benevolence; to the important fact that Fox only lived to do good, of any and every kind, as often as a sorrow to be soothed, or an evil to be remedied, crossed his path. We only wish that he had also brought in the curious and affecting account of Fox's interview with Cromwell, in which he tells us (and we will take Fox's word against any man) that the Protector gave him to understand, almost with tears, that there was that in Fox's faith which he was seeking in vain from the 'ministers' around him.

All we ask of Mr. Vaughan is, not to be afraid of his own evident liking for Fox; of his own evident liking for Tauler and his school; not to put aside the question which their doctrines involve, with such half-utterances as—

The Quakers are wrong, I think, in separating particular movements and monitions as Divine. But, at the same time, the 'witness of the Spirit,' as regards our state before God, is something more, I believe, than the mere attestation to the written word.

As for the former of these two sentences, he may be quite right, for aught we know. But it must be said, on the other hand, that not merely Quakers, but decent men of every creed and age, have—we may dare to say, in proportion to their devoutness—believed in such monitions; and that it is hard to see how any man could have arrived at the belief that a living person was working on him, and not a mere unpersonal principle, law, or afflatus—(spirit of the universe, or other metaphor for hiding materialism)—unless by believing rightly or wrongly, in such monitions. For our only inductive conception of a living person demands that that person shall make himself felt by separate acts.

But against the second sentence we must protest. The question in hand is not whether this 'witness of the Spirit' is 'something more' than anything else. But whether it exists at all, and what it is. Why was the book written, save to help toward the solution of this very matter? The question all through has been—Can an immediate influence be exercised by the Spirit of God on the spirit of man? Mr. Vaughan assents, and says (we cannot see why) that there is no mysticism in such a belief. Be that as it may, what that influence is, and how exercised, is all through the *de quo agitur* of mysticism. Mr. Vaughan, however, seems here for awhile to be talking realism through an admirable page, well worth perusal (pp. 264-5). Yet his grasp is not sure. We soon find him saying what More and Fox would alike deny, that 'The story of Christ's life and death is our soul's food.' No; Christ himself is,—would the English Church and the mystic alike answer. And here again, the whole matter in dispute is (unconsciously to Mr. Vaughan) opened up in one word. And if this sentence does not bear directly on that problem, on what does it bear? It was therefore with extreme disappointment that on reading this, and saying to ourselves, 'Now we shall hear at last what Mr. Vaughan himself thinks on the matter,' we found that he literally turned the subject off, as if not worth investigation, by making the next speaker answer, *à propos* of nothing, that 'the traditional asceticism of the Friends is their fatal defect as a body.'

Why, too, has Mr. Vaughan devoted a few lines only to the great English Platonists, More, Norris, Smith of Jesus, Gale, and Cudworth? He says, indeed, that they are scarcely mystics, except in as far as Platonism is always in a measure mystical. In our sense of the word, they were all of them mystics, and of a very lofty type; but surely Henry More is a mystic in Mr. Vaughan's sense also. If the author of *Conjectura Cabbalistica* be not a mystical writer (he himself uses the term without shame), who is?

We hope to see much in this book condensed, much modified, much worked out, instead of being left fragmentary and embryotic; but whether our hope be fulfilled or not, a useful and honourable future is before the man who could write such a book as this is, in spite of all defects.

C. K.

SKETCHES ON THE NORTH COAST.

By a Naturalist.

No. IV.—The Yellow Sands.

Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente Luna:
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede.

HORACE was an Italian, and so he sang of the spring; had he lived in Scotland, he would have crowned the autumn after his fashion—with lilies and rose-buds, and clusters of purple grapes, mellow as its sunshine. Cockneys, indeed, would have come in his way—where would they not?—but the well-regulated mind *acquiesces* in the unexplained details of the economy of Providence. It is no doubt a perplexing fact that one half of our countrymen should wander annually over half the globe *without deriving a single genuine impression of enjoyment from anything* during the whole course of their travel: but the naturalist does not harden his heart with the knotty points of metaphysics. Indeed, he is for the most part, with certain little infirmities of his own, a kindly and good-hearted man: quarrels with no one, unless with him who, in his ignorance and cruelty, wantonly mars the good world that God has made: nay, even at times believes, perhaps, that his cockney brother, *did* inadvertently receive some devout impression which still serves to penetrate with a peculiar sweetness the meanness and poverty of his daily life. It is difficult—a man must be uncommonly perverse—to remain a bigot or a sectary in the presence of the amenities of nature. *They* at least inculcate that divine lesson of charity which the churches have forgot to teach—

The children sport upon the shore,
The mighty waters roll for evermore:

and he who with a pathos too bitter for tears discovers that even to himself 'a glory is departing from the earth,' which the returning summer does not bring back, will not think very hardly of any the most thick-headed of his brethren.

The romance of the moor has been recently disturbed, and even the Gor-cock has begun to lose the old racy *heatheriness*. Still there are many sequestered districts among the more remote Highlands, to which the tourist and the artist do not penetrate; and as the English sportsman, after 'his three weeks' pleasure in the Scottish woods,' is commonly across the Border by the beginning of October, a Northern naturalist may enjoy his hill-side without disturbance during the finest weather in the world. And the truth is, that for grouse-shooting, October and November are the best months of the year. In August the birds sit like chickens, and in September they are as wild as geese. But about the first or second week in October the packs break up into small detachments, and any pleasant morning after a hard *black* frost (for a white or hoar frost has a contrary effect), they will sit well within easy range of a cartridge. The cocks, moreover, are in splendid condition by this time,—very different in their ample folds of imperial purple from the ill-fed, ill-fledged, ill-favoured victims of the twelfth. Except at the beginning of the season they are proverbially shy, and the sportsman who is not daunted by the autumn frosts, which are sometimes hard enough on the hill-side, will have plenty of opportunities to test their vigilant sagacity. When the others are feeding or resting among the thick lairs of the heather, one always remains on the out-look, and you hear his hoarse warning *bark* sometimes a minute before the covey rises. There is a *peat-hag* near the summit of the lower moor, which is one of their favourite haunts during the late autumn, and where, as the banks on either side are sufficiently high to cover the approach of the sportsman, a fair shot may often be had at a pack. I remember on one occasion (having successfully practised upon them in this way the week before) being disappointed by

an ingenious *ruse*, which shows that they are not only naturally sagacious, but quite ready to profit by experience. There was in the middle of the cutting a stack of *peats*, which the crofters, engaged on an early harvest, had not yet had time to remove. As I came cautiously forward, I was annoyed by seeing what I took for a crow perched on the top of this stack, which, from its height, commanded the whole country, though the cutting itself in which it stood, and where I expected to find the birds feeding, was quite out of sight. I continued to move on, however, hoping that, if it was a reasonable rook, I might get within range before it noticed my approach; but I was still two hundred yards distant when, from the top of the stack, the shrill crow of a genuine moor-cock sounded the alarm, and the whole pack at once rose, and made the best of their way to the summit of a bare knoll, where for the rest of the day they were secure from the gun of the best stalker this side the Tweed.

Descending, after our baffled attack on the moor-fowl, from the hill-side towards the sea, we cross a considerable range of morass, broken up into great black pools, in which there are all kinds of venomous little reptiles, and on which the October sun casts a red and ghastly light. Covered with reeds, and rushes, and other kinds of water vegetation, with tufts of heather rooted here and there where the soil has acquired greater consistency, the place is much frequented by the teal and the common wild duck, who build their nests among the thick cover, and bring their young up in comparative seclusion,—as they are left unmolested until the twelfth, not to disturb the grouse, who, if the summer is dry, come down from the hill-side to the springs. The banks rise gradually around the south end of this lagoon, and ultimately form a very dreary and desolate-looking valley. The *braes*, lined with long rank heather,—red and white grasses floating deceitfully upon the morass,—a single poplar, blackened and stripped of all its leaves,—and the cold waters of a mountain tarn at the extremity, which the keen wind lashes whitely against the stones,—constitute together one of those simple yet intensely poetical combinations which Copley Fielding has probably rendered better on canvas than any other man. The tarn is much resorted to by many kinds of wild fowl in winter, and I seldom pass the spot without seeing a mallard rise from among the thick reeds that line the margin. One afternoon last autumn, concealed behind the embankment on the east side, I watched for a long time a great flock of those beautiful birds, who were swimming among the islands in the centre. When I first noticed them, they were behaving with perfect propriety. The reigning favourite—her feathers ruffled, and her wings extended—came sailing down towards us with the wind, and bending gracefully to her attendants on either side as she passed, reminded one of the dame of the Louis Quinze time, with her hoops and frills and ruffles and old-fashioned courtesies, performing, with the solemnity of a religious ceremony, a grave and sententious minuet. In two long lines in her wake,—gliding swiftly along without stirring a ripple on the smooth surface of the water,—followed the members of the court and the aristocracy. When they had neared the bank they turned with her again toward the centre of the loch, and there gathering round her in a ring, bowed and bobbed with the most ludicrous gravity; meanwhile, her majesty acknowledging their salutations in the distant, high-bred fashion which befits a royal lady. But ere the ceremony was quite over, a vagrant, democratic impulse seized on a sudden the fickle oligarchy, and the whole court dashed away wildly across the mere, utterly oblivious of the most ordinary dictates of etiquette. *Eheu Regina!* Whether she was naturally short-winded or merely then in the interesting way that ladies sometimes will be 'who love their lords,' may not now be surely ascertained, but she was quickly left behind, and after a little dignified puffing quietly gave in. The race continued, notwithstanding her defection, with unabated vigour

from one side of the loch to the other, but when three heats had been run, it became very evident that victory must remain with a lean and ill-favoured mallard, who had probably been in training for some time, and who had now distanced the rest of his competitors. This over, and heated by their exertions, they began their afternoon toilet,—ducking their heads into the water, and throwing it in little showery cascades over their wings, till they seemed so thoroughly drenched that nothing could ever dry them again. But in a wonderfully short time, with the aid of their broad brown bills, the moisture was pressed out of their plumage, and every feather skilfully and fastidiously arranged in its due order. Then, as the red flush of the sunset died upon the loch, and the dark shadow of the hills crept down and chilled the water, they spread themselves two by two across the tarn and among the islands,—the ladies coquettishly luring their dark-breasted swains to cosy nests among the rushes. In another hour they will be again on wing, making their way to the stubble-fields along the coast, and giving capital shots to the fowler as they beat past him through the silent air overhead, luminous with the light of the white harvest moon.

Between the moor and the manor-house lies a stretch of turnips and stubble, where partridges are sufficiently abundant. Partridge-shooting, however, is not an amusement much affected by the thorough sportsman, and except for domestic purposes, these are permitted to enjoy comparative immunity. Besides the partridge, one startles at times across the flats a delicate quail,—recalling bright visions of the park-like slopes of the Campagna, and it may be, also, old Harrison's assertion that it is the only animal besides man subject to the *falling sickness*,—and an energetic setter will occasionally induce a *corn-crake* to leave the kindly cover of the bean-field.

The patches of oat-stubble lying along the margin of the heather are much affected by grouse when the grain has been stacked; and if you follow the course of the deep drains which intersect them and carry off the winter rains, you may often succeed in securing a brace or two. So that in the absence of more legitimate sport, and with the extrinsic help of sandwiches and cigars, a bright autumn day may be spent, it must be confessed, not so unprofitably upon the stubble.

How delicious, moreover, are the bays and coves along the coast in the early autumn. The crisp sea-sand,—the crimson sea-weeds,—the beaten sward, with its hardy flowers,—the fields of yellow oats hanging precipitously along the brae-sides, which picturesque-looking bandits are reaping as their fathers have reaped them since the days of Hengist. The tarrock skims lightly along, and screams as the skua comes prowling round the cape,—high up, the gannet watches its prey, and arresting itself in mid-flight, dives with prodigious force, straight as an arrow, a hundred yards below the surface,—the terns, like dappled downs, are blown about the sky, or, balanced upon the breakers, weave their wings swiftly together. A gay and animated picture in the flush of the October sunlight,—a light which mingles in its rich and saddened tones the autumnal beauty and the autumnal decay.

This, for example, has been one of those delicious days whose charm is none the less exquisite because there are no words fit to arrest and perpetuate its peculiar loveliness. Hour after hour the waves broke upon the sandy beech with the same monotonous roll, though a perceptible change might be detected by the practised ear as the tide retreated from the land and again returned. The boat of a solitary fisherman, and a lustrously white bird—a gannet, or one of the larger gulls—lay the whole morning together near the centre of the bay. About noon, a large ship, with every inch of canvas spread, dropt lazily along to the south. As the day waned, and the tide ebbed, the gull and the fisher left their positions; small flocks of ducks beat in quickly towards the shore in single file; and once a pair of red-throated divers, in their petulant, coquettish

way, chased each other around the margin of the bay. High up upon the downs the lights began to twinkle,—a red, lurid glow showed where the village blacksmith plied his craft,—voices muffled by the twilight came down upon the shore, —and a wary heron flapped its unwieldy wings as it passed along to the pool where, until the grey of the morning, it will watch the retreating tide. And now, while the roar of the restless ocean rises up to them for ever, silently, one by one, the stars come out above the hills.

Boating is the favourite amusement on the Scotch coast during the summer and autumn, and the fine breezy days of September are specially fitted for its enjoyment. Later in the year the weather becomes stormy and uncertain, and earlier there are usually two or three hours of perfect calm during the best part of the day. Apart from the chance of being capsized,—a chance which lends to the pursuit a pleasing excitement of its own, and which is not to be altogether overlooked among the Orcadian squalls,—it is a glorious amusement; no fitter culture could English youth obtain to make them skilful workers and intrepid men, such as Englishmen always have been, and we may hope still are—perhaps from this immemorial fellowship with the sea. A light little craft is the *Lily*, lithe and slim as the Highland Lady Flora, to whom she is dedicated, with white downy sheets and long, raking, roguish-looking masts; so that when afloat, with her dense spray of canvas dashed by the sunshine or mantled by the breeze, a landsman might readily mistake her for a long-winged hooper bearing down swiftly from the Iberian frosts. A single fisher-boy with us to look to the foresail,—for the beautiful innocent is schooner-rigged,—the tiller in one hand, and the sheet of the mainsail loosely fastened on the lee-side,—the *Lily* leaps lightly from cover, unchecked by injudicious endeavours to keep her within a point of the wind, or to achieve any other impracticable experiment, for the darling is tender in the mouth, and is restive if not gently handled, at first. But now she is settled to her work, and with the bit between her teeth, and every muscle tight and straight, like Paganini's bow-string, she scuds away as though the 'warlock of the rosy west' were on her wake! Then for a while she lingers and hesitates, and sways to and fro, languidly, in very wantonness,—light and buoyant as a bubble upon the waves. But again the passion is upon her; brushing the foam behind her, she strikes her keel low and deep into the hissing water, and rushes right out upon the beaten sea, as the English chargers swept upon the Russian gunners! Smooth to-day is the rough German Ocean as that tideless main across which 'the snow-limbed Aphrodite' came smiling to her Paphian shrine; but the canvas is *taut*, and the water not an inch below the gun-wale, and sometimes a dash of spray breaks across the bow into our faces, for there is a stiff land breeze on the weather quarter, just enough to make us think of a reef should it freshen out of those white colossal clouds that are clambering across the Caithness hills. Frankly, is there not a delicious charm in the clear sea, the morning light, the watery wind, and an exultant sense of liberty, which beats the Red Republic, with its musty commonplaces, out of the field, as the frail boat, sustained by your own right hand, speeds away swiftly from the habitations of men, and the land behind you lessens and lessens till the sand-hills sink out of sight, and the water grows and grows till its blue line cuts the snow? So much so, that if a man had always such a pathway open to him to the free sea and the unfettered heaven, almost any excess of political tyranny—a Neapolitan despotism, a Russian serfdom—might be borne with comparative cheerfulness. For my own part, at least, I should think it a more efficacious antidote than that with which poor, quixotic, loyal-hearted Lovelace was forced to content himself in his damp cell at the Gatehouse:—

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage;

If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.*

But the sea is a treacherous plaything,—like the tiger, which, according to the old notion, fondles and caresses the victim it intends to devour. It is impossible to live on the coast without witnessing many painful and distressing scenes, and though these may not affect our love for the sea, still it is quite true that the more we come to know it the more we fear it. One of the most disastrous storms I remember happened about a dozen years ago at the fishing town on the other side of the Scamander. It was during the autumn herring season—towards

* Why is Lovelace's 'Lucasta' excluded from every edition of the English poets? There are fewer of the faults of the age—conceit, coxcombry, affected and violent imagery—in his poetry than in that of any of his contemporaries; and his smaller pieces especially are characterized by a measure of sweetness, grace, and natural simplicity which will allow them to stand a favourable comparison with any lyrics in our language. What can be more exquisite than these lines to Lucasta, entitled 'The Rose,'—lines as sweetly and richly-coloured as the *rose-lyric* in 'Maud'?

THE ROSE.

Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower;
From thy long cloudy bed,
Shoot forth thy damask head.

The startled blush of Flora!
The grief of pale Aurora,
Who will contest no more;
Haste, haste, to strew her floor.

Vermilion ball that's given
From lip to lip in heaven;
Love's couches coverlid;
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

Dear offspring of pleas'd Venus,
And jolly, plump Silenus;
Haste, haste, to deck the hair
Of th' only, sweetly fair.

See! rosy is her bower;
Her floor is all this flower:
Her bed a rosy nest
By a bed of roses press'd.

But early as she dresses
Why fly you her bright tresses?
Ah! I have found, I fear;
Because her cheeks are near.

Very musical, too, are the lines in which the poet conveys to Amarantha his behest, 'that she would dishevel her hair.'

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Ah! braid no more that shining hair!
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee let it fly.

Let it fly as unconfined
As its calm ravisher, the wind;
Who hath left his darling east
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest;
But neatly tangled at the best:
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled.

We trust that Mr. Bell, in the excellent and scholarly edition of the English Poets on which he is engaged, will not neglect so sweet a singer as Lovelace. 'Lucasta' and the posthumous poems were published at the Chiswick Press in 1817; but a limited number of copies only were printed, and the two small volumes are now extremely scarce.

the end of August, I think; and as the previous evening, though sultry, had been fine, the whole fleet, consisting of some two or three hundred boats, had put to sea. About eleven o'clock, however, the wind suddenly rose, and before midnight, when we went down to the harbour, it was blowing a gale from the east.

The pier-head was crowded by the wives and daughters of the fishers, who had come down to wait the return of the boats. Many an anxious heart beat there as the darkness thickened overhead, and the wind whistled ominously through the shrouds of the vessels in port. But there was little said—the dread of the coming catastrophe had stilled the constitutional loquacity of the sex. A bright light flashed out a little way into the darkness, and struck clearly against the massive wall that protected the entrance to the channel from the east. On this a harbour pilot was stationed, and as his shadow wavered and flickered in the glare, we could see distinctly the tough and weather-beaten form of the old tar, in his round hat and pilot jacket, peering curiously into the night. The wind continued to rise, and a white ghost-like line grew terribly distinct along the shore. The town clock was striking midnight, when a hail from the opposite side told us that the first boat was in sight. In another second it came within the flash of the light, and an interval of terrible suspense to all those who stood there followed. The blast was blowing right in shore, and the weather-pier of the harbour had to be fairly rounded before the sheet could be lowered—a feat which required no little nerve and hardihood. They were evidently brave and skilful fellows, however, who worked this boat. Through the heavy swell that would have borne them to destruction they held their own gallantly, and though they came in at prodigious speed, urged on by the swell and their great sail, which had only a single reef, they were past the light, and the pier-head, and the troubled faces, before the sheet came down. A hearty cheer greeted the men who had escaped, and as they answered the hail, 'What boat?' a poor young woman who stood beside us, white and speechless, burst into a passion of tears, and was taken away, sobbing hysterically, to meet the husband whom she had seen rescued as it were out of the jaws of death. But the excitement was not over, for this was only one of three hundred boats, manned by some fifteen hundred men, who were still out in the stormy darkness among the angry waves. A few minutes elapsed, and one after another four black sails struggled out of the profound gloom, and three of them succeeded in making the harbour; but the last was not so fortunate. The men on board, as it appeared, were 'green hands,'—men who had left their plough or their Highland sheep-farm to earn a few pounds during the two months of the autumn fishing. Just as they reached the point they lowered their sail, and the boat, instantly losing way, was at the mercy of the swell, which carried it with inconceivable rapidity towards the white line of surf. Their oars were of no avail against such odds, and though they strove gallantly to repair their error, it was evident from the first that they were drifting hopelessly to death. A rope, as they hurried past the pier-head, was thrown to them, but it snapped like a straw before it could be fastened. Past us they went—not thirty yards away,—the light streaming on the white horror of their faces as they struggled helplessly with their oars. The next swell bore them out of sight, and shivered the boat against the Witches' Rock. The craft now came crowding in so swiftly, that every quarter of an hour the harbour mouth was choked, and the tragedy just described repeated and repeated. At the same time the harbour light was extinguished by the violence of the gale, and a scene of confusion ensued—women weeping and fainting, men shouting and drowning, boats breaking away and dashing into the surf—which even Dante's pen could not describe.

When daylight dawned the whole of the fleet had either entered the harbour or been cast upon the shore. The wind fell just as the

first streaks appeared in the east, as suddenly as it had risen, and the sun rose brightly out of the treacherous water, and tinged with pink the fleecy shreds of cloud that lingered upon the horizon. Having seen the last boat enter, we walked down to the beach of the bay, which for more than a couple of miles was literally *black with boats* Many dead bodies lay on the shore—some as though they slept, but most of them scarred and mangled,—the arms thrown tightly back, the faces blue and ghastly, the mouth rigid, with the death froth upon the lips Every wave brought in a body—a heavy, inanimate mass, only to be distinguished, as it rocked to and fro, from the rest of the wreck by the blue shirting or the red handkerchief tied tightly round the waist In a pool of water which the tide had left on the sand we found the body of a man almost entirely naked, with a deep wound across the brow, which did not, however, so entirely disfigure his face as to prevent us recognising one of the hardiest seamen of the town He had evidently been prepared to swim when he found the crash inevitable, but the remorseless waves had cut the struggle short Half a mile further on we encountered a party of our fisher friends standing round their boat, which, with a great rent in one of its sides, lay half buried in the sand I was much struck by an incident which one of them related As they were rushing along before the gale in the open sea, the light of the small lantern hanging across the boat's bow flashed suddenly its clear light upon a large bird—one of the great northern divers, as they readily made out, for it was not more than a dozen yards from them, and they perfectly distinguished the white line of feathers that seams the black plumage of the back It was half way up the long swell on which they were rising, its head was cushioned upon its wing, and it lay in perfect security, sleeping quietly through the storm But as they passed it the light and the rushing foam broke its slumbers, and looking hastily around, it uttered its wild startled wail, and dived into the abyss

Altogether it was a memorable destruction, and will long be remembered with peculiar pain by the fishing population scattered along the north eastern seaboard of Scotland

SHIRLEY.



STANLEY'S SINAI AND PALESTINE.*

THOSE who are familiar with the writings of Canon Stanley might imagine the kind of work he would write on a subject so suited to him, and so fruitful in itself as the history and geography of Sinai and Palestine. It is a book *per se*, genial, original, sensible, lit up by a gentle enthusiasm, rich in unaffected learning, and clear of all those faults which make most travels in the Holy Land so wearisome and so unreal. There is perhaps a want of that philosophical power and thorough love of truth, which give the highest interest to books on great subjects. Occasionally we are tempted to ask what the proposition can be against which the writer thinks he is contending, and what evidence making in his favour he would regret as unsatisfactory. We could wish that he had asked himself more precisely what is the exact value of a certain degree of geographical accuracy as a guarantee of truth. Had Mr. Stanley written with a nicer logic and a more searching spirit of inquiry, he would have written a book of a higher and more permanent interest; but it must be confessed that he would probably not have written so pleasant a book, and certainly not so popular a one. When once we have made the deduction which candour forces us to admit with regard to this indistinctness of thought, we can find nothing in this admirable work which does not far exceed even all that the great promise of Mr. Stanley's earlier writings led us to expect. For the first time, the Holy Land is really brought near to us; for the first time we see it as it is and as it has been, and for the first time we have been made to feel that the history, the manners, and the literature of the Jews were in a wonderful degree the reflection of the land in which they lived. Other men have travelled there, and written their travels, and uttered reflections and speculations on all they saw, but Mr. Stanley has done so much more than this, that he may almost be said to have discovered Palestine for us. Henceforward, every book of the Old and New Testament, every incident in the lives of the saints and prophets of Judæa, will have a new meaning for us, because the country which witnessed their origin and occurrence has been trod and painted by a man of genius.

In the winter of 1852 and in the spring of 1853, accompanied by three friends, Mr. Stanley, to use his own language, 'visited the well-known scenes of sacred history in Egypt, Arabia, and Syria.' He does not attempt to give any detailed account of his travels, his object being to bring the recollections of his journey to bear on the question how the history and geography of the chosen people are related. He endeavours to show how far the geographical features of the Holy Land influenced the national character and the forms of national expression, what light it throws on particular events, and how a poetical and proverbial use has come to be made of the geography of Palestine so much beyond any other instance in the geography of the world. In a concluding passage of his preface, Mr. Stanley describes in language so forcible and eloquent the peculiar connexion which for the traveller in these regions binds together the spots he traverses and the history on which his thoughts are dwelling, that we must place an extract before our readers. Any one may be sure that an author who could thus seize the general character of his subject would write something worth reading when he arrives at the details of his task.

In fact, the whole journey, as it is usually taken by modern travellers, presents the course of the history in a living parable before us, to which no other journey or pilgrimage can present any parallel. In its successive scenes, as in a mirror, is faithfully reflected the dramatic unity and progress which so remarkably characterises the Sacred History. The primeval world of Egypt is with us, as with the Israelites, the starting-point—the contrast—of all that

* *Sinai and Palestine in Connection with their History.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. London: Murray. 1856.

follows. With us, as with them, the Pyramids recede, and the Desert begins, and the wilderness melts into the hills of Palestine, and Jerusalem is the climax of the long ascent, and the consummation of the Gospel History presents itself locally, no less than historically, as the end of the Law and the Prophets. And with us, too, as the glory of Palestine fades away into the 'common day' of Asia Minor and the Bosphorus, gleams of the Eastern light still continue—first in the Apostolical labours, then, fainter and dimmer, in the beginnings of ecclesiastical history,—Ephesus, Nicæa, Chalcedon, Constantinople; and the life of European scenery and of Western Christendom completes by its contrast what Egypt and the East had begun. In regular succession at 'sundry' and 'divers' places, no less than 'in sundry times and divers manners,' 'God spake in times past to our fathers;' and the local, as well as the historical diversity, is necessary to the ideal richness and completeness of the whole.

No part of the volume is more interesting than the introduction, which contains portions of letters written from Egypt. These letters are disjoined from the body of the work, as referring to a country not included in the title of the book; but they relate to a subject that is intimately connected with the history of the children of Israel. Even the outward features of Sinai and Palestine cannot, as Mr. Stanley truly remarks, be properly appreciated without some endeavour to conceive the aspect which the valley of the Nile, with its singular imagery and scenery, offered to the successive generations of the descendants of Jacob. Mr. Stanley has the faculty—partly natural, partly derived from long habit and laborious culture—of painting in a few words the salient features of a landscape, and impressing them on the memory of the reader. Directly he enters the Nile he begins to give us a profusion of happy expressions, not exactly epigrammatic, still less magniloquent, but vigorous because they are prompted by the eye that knows what to see, and uttered in a simple and intelligible manner. 'The first thing,' he tells us, 'that struck me, was the size of the Nile. One perceives what a sea-like stream it must have seemed to Greeks and Italians.' Of Cairo he says, that it leaves a deep feeling, that 'whatever there was of greatness or wisdom in those remote ages and those gigantic monuments, is now the inheritance not of the East, but of the West. The Nile, as it glides between the tombs of the Pharaohs and the city of the Caliphs, is indeed a boundary between the worlds.' The valley of the Nile has often been described, and there is nothing new to be said of it, but the old familiar description seems new when it is so well given as by Mr. Stanley. 'Immediately,' he says, 'above the brown and blue waters of the broad, calm, lake-like river rises a thick black bank of clod or mud, mostly in terraces. Green—unutterably green—mostly at the top of these banks, though sometimes creeping down to the water's edge, lies the land of Egypt.' At a later period of his journey he speaks of the sound of the ungreased wheels of the Nubian water-works, which in the distance is like the hum of a mosquito. 'How much,' he says, 'that hum tells you of the state of the country, if you inquire into all its causes. The high banks which prevent the floods, the tropical heats which call for the labour of oxen instead of men, the constant need of water, and the wild costume of the people.' We could find many passages like this, which show that Mr. Stanley travelled with eyes and ears open, and that all he heard and saw had a meaning for him, and may now, through his lively painting, become a part of the mental wealth of his countrymen.

Short as it is, Mr. Stanley's description of the ruins of Upper Egypt conveys a more vivid impression than many more extended accounts of that great region of wonders. Rameses, the great conqueror and builder, the scourge of Asia and the second founder of Thebes, seems to have had a peculiar interest for the imaginative traveller; and every time that an occasion arises for the mention of his name, some tribute is paid to the greatness of this glory of the early world. At Ipsambul, the features of Rameses are to be seen magnified to gigantic proportions, and repeated in three different statues. Mr. Stanley studied attentively the

countenance of the hero, and tells us that he noticed three peculiarities besides that of profound tranquillity, united perhaps with something of scorn: first, the length of the face, compared with that of most others that one sees in the sculptures; secondly, the curl of the tip of the nose; thirdly, the overlapping and fall of the under-lip. Elsewhere he dwells on the extraordinary contrast presented by the serenity and the savageness of the kings: 'Rameses, with the placid smile, grasping the shrieking captives by the hair; and Ammon, with the smile no less placid,' giving him the falchion to smite them. It is dangerous, perhaps, to substitute the impression which, without having seen these marble deities, we may conceive they would produce for that which their presence has actually awakened, or we should feel inclined to fancy Mr. Stanley was scarcely correct in saying that the 'whole impression is that gods and men were slow to move, slow to think; but when they did move or think, their work was done with the force and violence of giants.' Is not this to confound the actual with the ideal? Ancient Egyptians worked, not like giants but like men; not with any greater force than the Assyrians or Romans, perhaps not with greater than the followers of Alaric and Attila; certainly not with greater than those of Cortes or of Clive. But the Egyptians had a profound and poetical sense of the sublimity of repose; they had also a sense of the awe which vast size always awakens in man, and therefore they made their gods so grand in their solemn stillness, and with features so far beyond the features of men.

The majesty and the wonder of Thebes have been too often dwelt on for us to notice at length all that Mr. Stanley has to say of them, but we cannot pass over entirely in silence his eloquent picture of what in characteristic language he calls the 'tombs of the kings, the Westminster Abbey of Thebes; and the tombs of the princes and priests, its Canterbury Cathedral.' Nothing, he tells us, that had ever been said about them had prepared him for their extraordinary grandeur. Two ideas seemed to reign through the various sculptures: First, the endeavour to reproduce, as far as possible, the life of man, so that the mummy of the dead king, whether in his long sleep or on his awakening, might still be encompassed by the old familiar objects; secondly, the conducting the king to the world of death. Endless processions of jackal-headed gods and monstrous forms of genii, good and evil, increasing in number and complexity as the immense granite sarcophagus in which the king was to lie was approached, form the subject of the gorgeous decoration which is now so marvellous a spectacle to modern eyes. It is a curious fact, that although every precaution was taken in the construction of the tombs to disguise the situation of the sarcophagus, and though the tomb was closed up directly the king was buried, in no instance has the mummy been discovered by modern explorers. And yet the tombs themselves remain so fresh, so unaltered, so secure from the ravages of time or man, that they are not so much pages of history to us, as actual portions of the past let into the framework of the history of an age that is farther off from us than the age of Abraham and Isaac. Mr. Stanley points out the significance of these relics in the following observations:—

> To have seen the Tombs of Thebes is to have seen the Egyptians as they lived and moved before the eyes of Moses—is to have seen the utmost display of funereal grandeur which has ever possessed the human mind. To have seen the Royal Tombs is more than this—it is to have seen the whole religion of Egypt unfolded as it appeared to the greatest powers of Egypt, at the most solemn moments of their lives. And this can be explored only on the spot. Only a very small portion of the mythological pictures of the Tombs of the Kings has ever been represented in engravings. The mythology of Egypt, even now, strange to say, can be studied only in the caverns of the Valley of the Kings.

After he has passed the Red Sea, Mr. Stanley begins the proper subject of his work. He is in the Peninsula of Sinai. The interest which attaches to this peninsula is neces-

sarily inferior to that which makes the name of Judæa dear to every Christian heart; but the barren desert of Sinai, Mr. Stanley remarks, has this peculiar claim on our attention, that it witnessed the beginning of all that can properly be called history, and that the associations stamped on it by the wanderings of the Jews have not been obliterated or interfered with by the occurrence of any subsequent great events on the same ground. Our readers are probably aware that the exact route taken by the Jews is one of the great antiquarian and topographical puzzles which vex the learned. With his usual quiet sense, Mr. Stanley points out that one chief cause of the difficulty is, that each traveller takes one route only, and naturally wishes to prove that the Israelites wandered in exactly the same direction as he did. The learning requisite to understand the question is so minute, that we will not enter into the results at which Mr. Stanley thinks he may arrive, and gives, not by any means as certainties, but as probabilities, to be pronounced with diffidence. But his general description of the peninsula is so excellent and so suggestive, that we must notice its principal points.

Of the three geological elements which comprise the peninsula itself, the first and the most extensive is the northern table-land of limestone, which is known as the Desert of the 'Tîh,' or the Wanderings. This plateau is succeeded by the sandstone mountains which form the first approach to the higher Sinaitic range. A narrow belt of sand divides the table-land from the mountains, and this is the only place in the whole peninsula where sand is to be found. Our notion of a desert is so completely borrowed from the deserts of Africa, that we are apt to imagine that the wanderings of the Israelites took them through interminable wastes of sand. Whatever their other sufferings may have been, they at any rate escaped this. The mountains of the Tôr, as they are called, succeed the outlying hills, which are bordered by the sand; and it was among these mountains, rising in their highest points to the height of more than 9000 feet, that the law was given to Israel.

If we could look on these mountains from a point above them, so as to catch their whole configuration, we should see them form themselves into a triangle, skirted by three strips of level ground, from which rugged passes lead into the hills, beginning with a gradual slope, but ending in a staircase of rock, like (to use Mr. Stanley's comparison) the Puertas of the Andalusian table-land. The cluster itself consists of two formations, sandstone and granite or porphyry, the former constituting the northern, the latter the southern division. Sandstone and granite alike lend the strong red hue which, mixed with dark green, gives so remarkable an appearance to the scenery. Here and there long streaks of purple, running from top to bottom, diversify the colouring. Another feature of these mountains, only less peculiar than these singularities of hue, is the infinite complication of jagged peaks and varied ridges. The desolation that pervades them is complete. They are 'the Alps unclothed,' stripped of vegetation, and without any of those verdure-covered hollows which make bright spots in almost every great range of mountains. Their bareness and some peculiarity in the atmosphere produces a deep stillness and consequent reverberation in the human voice, which must be one of the most striking characteristics of Mount Sinai. Mysterious noises are said to be heard from the summits of the higher peaks, and every sound travels to an almost incredible distance. The valleys of this mountain range are the dry water-courses, for which we have no word, as they belong to a scenery so different from that of Europe, and which are therefore generally spoken of under their Arabian name, 'Wady.' These wadys give to the desert its boundaries, its form, and its means of communication. Clad in a thin coating of vegetation, they offer to the eye of the traveller the only spots of green which he can see, except where the few perennial springs create an oasis. Even this brief sketch of what Mr. Stanley

traces with a detailed and graphic picturesqueness, may serve to show how peculiar was the scenery, and how strange and solemn the region, in which the infancy of Israel as an independent nation was nursed.

A chapter on the general features of Palestine precedes the description of particular localities. The most striking characteristic of the Jews, that they were a secluded people, set apart from the rest of the world, is reflected in, as it was partly, no doubt, caused by, the physical structure and position of the land in which they lived. On the east, the great Assyrian desert formed a barrier in front of those nomadic tribes which were here the outpost of Israel; and the vast fissure of the Jordan valley must have acted as a deep interior trench. From Egypt, the inhabitants of Palestine were protected by 'that great and terrible wilderness' which rolled like a sea between the valley of the Nile and the valley of the Jordan. The two accessible sides were the west and north; but the west was only accessible by sea. On the northern frontier, the ranges of Lebanon afforded something of a protection; but the gate between the two ranges was open, and it was through the long valley of Cœla Syria that the hosts of Syrian and Assyrian conquerors found their way.

Two other features of the territory of Palestine immediately present themselves as intimately connected with its history—viz., its smallness and its central situation. The traveller, as Mr. Stanley observes, is surprised, even after all that he has heard, at passing in one long day from the capital of Judæa to that of Samaria, or at seeing within eight hours three such spots as Hebron, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem. Nor is the narrowness of the territory less remarkable than the smallness. From almost every high point in the country its whole breadth is visible; and the view embraces the purple wall of the Moab hills and the glittering waters of the Mediterranean. But this small territory derived from its central situation an importance beyond that arising from the natural advantages of its construction. It was on the high road from Babylon to Egypt, and was thus the prize for which these two great powers contended, as afterwards it was the scene of the contests between the descendants of Seleucus and the descendants of Ptolemy; and after the West rose as a new power antagonistic to the East, it became the battle-field of many a struggle between Rome and Asia. There was a typical, though not an exact physical, truth in the notion of the early Church, that Jerusalem was the centre of the earth.

Palestine is now so pre-eminently a land of ruins, it is so desolate and barren, that travellers are tempted to ask whether this can be indeed the land flowing with milk and honey. Mr. Stanley returns a two-fold answer. The Palestine we now see is not the Palestine on which Joshua entered. It was then held by a flourishing population, and was rich in a resource that, once gone, is replaced with difficulty — that of an abundant vegetation. The destruction of the great woods which once covered the mountains, has not only caused a loss in the want of timber and foliage, but has increased the drought, and thus brought on a wide-spread barrenness. Nor, in the second place, ought we to employ the notions of fertility derived from the moist and well-tilled valleys and plains of Western Europe as a standard by which to judge the natural wealth of Palestine. Compared with Egypt or Assyria, Palestine might well be called a land of promise. Egypt was dependent on a single river; a few yards divided the rich black mud of the Nile from the burning wastes of the Lybian Desert, while Palestine was emphatically a 'land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths, that spring out of plains and mountains.' The abundance of milk from its cattle on a thousand hills, of honey from its forests and its thymy shrubs, was to be seen in no other country among the civilized nations of the East.

The Holy Land presents an extraordinary variety of structure and temperature. 'Such a country,' says Mr. Stanley, 'furnished the natural theatre of a history and lite-

rature which was destined to spread into nations accustomed to the most various climates and imagery.' 'The life of a Bedouin tribe, of an agricultural people, of seafaring cities, the extremes of barbarism and of civilization, the aspects of plain and of mountain, a tropical, an eastern, and almost a northern climate, were all united.' Amidst this great diversity of the physical features, the predominant one was the mountainous character of the country. Palestine is a mass of mountains rising from the western level of the sea and the eastern level of the desert, and cut asunder by the valley of the Jordan from north to south, and the valley of Jezreel from east to west. Jerusalem is of nearly the same elevation as Skiddaw; and one striking consequence of the elevation of the whole mass of the country is, that every high point commands a wide prospect, and offers those extended views which met the eyes of Abraham and Lot, of Balaam and of Moses. The several heights were occupied by fenced cities. We hear of the 'cities great and walled up to heaven,' which terrified the Israelite spies. On these hills were the natural altars, the high-places which formed so conspicuous a feature in the established, as well as the idolatrous, worship of the twelve tribes. Curiously enough, too, the hills, not the lowlands, of Palestine were the most easy prey of the invader. The Israelites, a nation of infantry, were able to seize on the heights; but the places that were protected by the cavalry and chariots of the plain long resisted them. The valleys were the scenes of danger for the ancient Jew, and now the mountains are still the seats of security for the inhabitants of Judæa. The wandering Arabs ravage the plains, but do not attack the villages in the hills; and thus, in remarkable contrast to other half-civilized countries like Spain or Greece, the mountains of Palestine are the abodes of peace, and the valleys are exposed to ravage and robbery.

It is one of Mr. Stanley's excellences, that although he feels all the enthusiasm that scenery can inspire, he is not the victim of his sensibility, and rigidly adheres to unquestionable fact. He points out, for instance, that a person who could call the scenery of Palestine beautiful, must have very erroneous notions as to what constitutes beauty. 'The tangled and featureless hills of the lowlands of Scotland are perhaps the nearest likeness accessible to Englishmen, of the general landscape of Palestine south of the plain of Esdraelon.' The hills are rounded, and chiefly of a grey colour, and are, for the most part, bare of timber. The only brightness of colouring to relieve the eye is seen in the masses of wild flowers, and especially of scarlet anemones, tulips, and poppies that Spring scatters around. The trees are small and ineffective. Cedars are confined to Lebanon. Excepting on the tableland of Gilead, oaks only grow, and even in ancient times only grew, as solitary trees, or in very small groups, too small to give any character to the landscape. The palm, which the Roman coin has associated so intimately with the conquest of Judæa, is of very rare occurrence. So uniform is the prospect, so stunted the vegetation, that the eye takes anxious heed of every object that breaks the monotony, and fastens eagerly on a palm standing by itself, or on mountain-tops like those of Hermon or Tabor, which assume a bold and peculiar form.

When a book deserves nothing but eulogy, when the writer inspires constant confidence in his statements, and when the greater part of all that admits of question in his volume could only be questioned by travelling through the distant countries of which he writes, we have little to do in calling the attention of our readers to the work, but to select such portions as afford the best index of the whole, and to give a summary of their contents. This chapter on the general position and scenery of Palestine is perhaps that which, taken by itself, would most adequately show what the whole work is like, and we have therefore given, as much as possible in Mr. Stanley's language, what appear to us its principal contents. To follow the same plan where Mr. Stanley enters on the minute points of special localities, would lead us far beyond our limits; but we will

endeavour to indicate the chief topics of which he treats. We will do this briefly, for it is not a book of which we wish to save our readers the trouble of reading the contents; but rather one of which, the oftener and more carefully they read it, the more highly they will think.

Mr. Stanley begins with the tribe of Judah and the city of Jerusalem. The hill country of Judæa is the part of Palestine which best exemplifies its characteristic scenery—'the rounded hills, the broad valleys, the scanty vegetation, the villages or fortresses, sometimes standing, more frequently in ruins, on the hill-tops, the wells in every valley, the vestiges of terraces, whether for corn or wine.' Jerusalem is situated on the edge of one of the highest table-lands of the country. Made at once defensible and compact by the ravines that skirt three of its sides, and yet capable of growth by being open on the west, it seems designed by nature to be the capital of the country in which it stands. Except on the side of Olivet, it is not shut in by mountains, although the distant line of the Moab mountains seems to rise like a wall against invaders from the east. It was so situated with regard to the rest of the Holy Land, that 'every wanderer, every conqueror, every traveller, who has trod the central route of Palestine from north to south, must have passed through the table-land of Jerusalem.' In every approach to the city, the most striking feature is the long line of walls and towers. Jerusalem must at all times have needed fortifications, not only when it was a 'city of palaces,' but ever since it first rose as a place of refuge against the wandering tribes of the lowlands. When we pass the walls which still make Jerusalem strong, and give it its look of grey antiquity, every yard almost has its associations, and has been the scene, or the reputed scene, of some memorable event. We will not enter on those details of the interior, which can only be interesting when discussed at length, and will content ourselves with extracting a striking passage in which Mr. Stanley conveys his brief impressions of the Holy City.

Jerusalem is one of the few places of which the first impression is not the best. No doubt the first sight—the first moment when from the ridge of hills which divide the valley of Rephaim from the valley of Bethlehem one sees the white line crowning the horizon, and knows that it is Jerusalem—is a moment never to be forgotten. But there is nothing in the view itself to excite your feelings. Nor is there even when the Mount of Olives heaves in sight, nor when 'the horses' hoofs ring on the stones of the streets of Jerusalem.' Nor is there in the surrounding outline of hills on the distant horizon. Nebi-Samuel is indeed a high and distinguished point, and Ramah and Gibeah both stand out, but they and all the rest in some degree partake of that featureless character which belongs to all the hills of Judæa, as does Olivet itself. In one respect no one need quarrel with this first aspect of Jerusalem. So far as localities have any concern with religion, it is well to feel that Christianity, even in its first origin, was nurtured in no romantic scenery; that the discourses in the walks to and from Bethany, and in earlier times the Psalms and Prophecies of David and Isaiah, were not as in Greece the offspring of oracular cliffs and grottoes, but the simple outpouring of souls which thought of nothing but God and man. It is not, however, inconsistent with this view to add, that though not romantic—though at first sight bare and prosaic in the extreme,—there does at last grow up about Jerusalem a beauty as poetical as that which hangs over Athens and Rome.

From Judæa we proceed to the 'Heights and the Passes of Benjamin.' Its situation gave a considerable importance to this smallest of the tribes. None, except perhaps Manasseh, contained such important means of communication with the adjacent plains; none possessed such conspicuous heights, whether for defence or for high-places of worship. Of the eastern pass—for the passes all run from east to west or west to east—Jericho was the key. By this pass Joshua went into central Palestine after the fall of Jericho; along this pass Jonathan and his armour-bearer made their adventurous attack on the great host of the Philistines; and by this way Sennacherib passed with the armies of Assyria to meet his terrible overthrow in sight of the Holy City. The western passes of Beth-horon witnessed the great battle in which the five kings were smitten by the

arm of Joshua. The western passage led up to the sanctuary of Gibeon; the eastern to the still greater sanctuary of Bethel. Here Abraham saw the view which was to be what Pisgah was to Moses, when the father of the great nation looked to every quarter of the heavens, and heard that all he saw was to be the possession of his seed.

The narrow territory of Benjamin soon melts into the hills which reach to the plain of Esdraelon, and which are known by the name of the mountains of Ephraim. The connexion between the peculiarities of this mountain country and its history is, as in Judah, most strikingly exemplified by a view of its sacred and capital cities. The chief are Shiloh and Shechem. 'Perhaps,' says Mr. Stanley, in speaking of the former, 'there is no place in Palestine that more forcibly illustrates the remark in which I have contrasted the sacred localities of Palestine with those of Greece.' Delphi, and Lebadea, and the Styx are so strongly marked by every accompaniment of external nature as at once to proclaim their position as the natural, the inevitable seats of the oracles of the nation. But Shiloh is so utterly featureless, that from the time of Jerome till the year 1838 its real site was completely forgotten. Shiloh was selected as the seat of the sacred tent because it was the place of the last encampment of the wanderers, and has no other physical advantages for the establishment of a sanctuary than those of seclusion and a central situation. The chiefs of the new nation took up their permanent abode in the more attractive valley of Shechem. This, the first halting-place of Abraham, the first settlement of Jacob, the first capital of the Conquest, now the sanctuary of the small Samaritan sect, 'the oldest and the smallest in the world,' is situated in the widest and most beautiful of the plains of the Ephraimite mountains. One mass of corn extends unbroken by boundary or hedge, from the midst of which start up olive trees, and far away in the distance is caught the first glimpse of the snowy Hermon. Six miles from Shechem, following the course of the same green and watered valley, the traveller finds himself in a wide basin encircled with hills, where Omri built his palace, around which grew up, under the name of Samaria, the capital of the kingdom. 'It was,' says Mr. Stanley, 'as though Versailles had taken the place of Paris, or Windsor of London.'

We must omit to notice Mr. Stanley's description of the mountain plain, which contains, among other things, a valuable refutation of that kind of biblical interpretation which persists in saying that Tyre is ruined, although its importance is daily increasing, because we wish to say a few words with respect to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. There seems no end to the singularities which mark the course of the great river of Palestine, although they may all be traced to the depression of its channel. From leaving the Sea of Galilee, to its end, the Jordan adds hardly a single element of civilization to the long tract through which it rushes. The depth of the valley in the bottom of which it flows, prevents its waters escaping, like those of the Nile, to fertilize anything beyond its own immediate bed. Inside this deep groove, a tropical temperature calls out into almost unnatural vigour whatever vegetation receives the life-giving touch of the water, but withers up every particle of verdure beyond their reach. And the wonders of the Jordan are eclipsed by those of the Dead Sea. This curious inland lake, thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, is the most depressed sheet of water in the world. Its basin is a steaming cauldron, a 'bowl which, from the peculiar temperature and deep cavity in which it is situated, can never be filled to overflowing;' for the river cannot furnish a supply exceeding the demand made by the rapid evaporation. The general aspect of the Sea of Death, in all its desolation and sterility, has often been described, but never, perhaps, so well as in the following passage:—

Gradually, within the last mile from the Dead Sea, the river melts into its grave in a tame and sluggish stream, still, however, of sufficient force to carry its brown waters far into the bright green sea. Along the desert-shore, the white crust of salt indicates the cause

of its sterility. Thus the few living creatures which the Jordan washes down into its waters, are destroyed. Hence arises the unnatural buoyancy and the intolerable nausea to taste and touch, which raise to the highest pitch the contrast between its clear, bitter waves and the soft, fresh, turbid stream of its parent river. Strewn along its desolate margin lie the most striking memorials of this last conflict of life and death; trunks and branches of trees, torn down from the thickets of the river-jungle by the violence of the Jordan, thrust out into the sea, and thrown up again by its waves, dead and barren as itself. The dead beach—so unlike the shell-covered shores of the two seas between which it lies, the Sea of Tiberias and the Gulf of Akaba—shelves gradually into the calm waters. A deep haze—that which, to earlier ages, gave the appearance of 'the smoke going up for ever and ever,'—veils its southern extremity, and almost gives it the dim horizon of a real sea.

The northern portion of Palestine, that on which the traveller enters on descending from the hills of Manasseh, embraces two great spheres of interest: the Plain of Esdraelon and Galilee. The Plain of Esdraelon is a wide rent of about twelve miles in width, between the mass of southern Palestine, with its rounded and featureless hills, and the bolder mountains of the north, which are the outermost spurs of Lebanon. It consists of an uneven plain, running right from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea on the west, to the valley of the Jordan on the east; its widest and most central portion forming the Plain of Megiddo. 'Perhaps,' says Mr. Stanley, 'its greatest peculiarity is the sight of a prospect so wide, so long, and so rich, with so slight a trace of water; the Kishon is still within a few miles of its mouth a mere winter torrent.' Carmel rises on the south-west, and Tabor on the north-east. This plain was the great battle-field of Israel. Here Deborah and Barak fought against Sisera, here Gideon overthrew the Midianites, and here Saul fell, on the slopes of Gilboa, and Josiah lost the great battle of Megiddo. On the north of this plain rise the hills of Galilee, which, being a part of Hermon, partake of the jagged outline, of the varied vegetation, and of the high upland hollows, which characterize the Lebanon range. It is one peculiarity of the Galilean hills, as distinct from those of Ephraim or Judah, that they contain, or sustain, green basins of table-land just below their topmost ridges. Such a basin is Nazareth. Fifteen gently rounded hills meet in an enclosure, 'around which they rise, like the edge of a shell, to guard it from intrusion.' Its perfect seclusion constitutes its especial fitness for the scenes it witnessed. It is needless to say that the most important feature of the landscape of Galilee is its lake. Situated in a deep basin, it has a climate so much hotter than that of the adjacent highlands as to border its shores with a luxuriant and tropical vegetation. It is about as long as Windermere, but considerably broader. In the days of the Gospel history it was the centre of all kinds of activity. It was the seat of great fisheries. 'It was to the Roman Palestine almost what the manufacturing districts are to England;' and yet this lake, busy with the stir of men, was surrounded by desert solitude. Activity in the midst of repose was the characteristic of the scenes in which Christianity was first taught, as it is of the religion there preached, and of the life there exemplified and inculcated.

At the conclusion of the volume Mr. Stanley places a chapter on the connection of the localities of Palestine with the Gospel history and teaching. This chapter is, as it were, the reward he has earned for himself as an interpreter of Scripture, by his accurate observation, his feeling for the beauties and varieties of landscape, and his real acquaintance with his subject. He is enabled to illustrate the parables of Judæa, the parables of the Vineyard, the Fig-tree, the Shepherd, and the Good Samaritan, as well as those of Galilee, the parables drawn from the corn-fields, the birds and the fisheries, by numberless recollections of the country in which they were spoken. He shows how the obvious sights of the Sea of Galilee suggested the leading topics of the Sermon of the Mount, the city on the hill, the birds and

flowers, and the torrent. Lastly, he draws from all that he has said the natural conclusion, and makes us see how real this teaching was, how homely yet how universal, and how the human and the divine were united in it. The theme is one too sacred for us to touch on at length, and we must therefore leave it to our readers to go over it for themselves. No one can lay down Mr. Stanley's volume disappointed, and no one can fail to acknowledge that here he has found a book at once wise, charming, and instructive.

T. C. S.

PIUS IX. AND LORD PALMERSTON.*

M. DE MONTALEMBERT has written, as usual, a pamphlet, which, could it have been pronounced as a discourse from the tribune, would have produced what the French reporters used to call *sensation vive et prolongée*. It is a defence of Pius IX., lively, ingenious, and eloquent, constructed in the main in strict and sagacious adherence to the well-known Old Bailey practice of the counsel for an indefensible defendant, of abusing the plaintiff's attorney. In one point indeed M. de Montalembert has overstepped the limits of this prudent reserve, by complaining that the Congress of Paris, while announcing the non-intervention principle, nevertheless made itself a judge of absent and unrepresented sovereigns, and indulged an 'avid and world-wide public' with 'a criticism on their authority and a censure on their conduct,' (p. 8). For what does a congress of great powers assemble, but to discuss, criticise, and if need be censure the authority and conduct, of all members of the European family, on all matters important to their common welfare? The free expression of their collective opinion, so far from infringing, seems the only effective means of maintaining and enforcing the principle of non-intervention. That subjects worthy of discussion have been left unnoticed, may be regretted; but this does not impugn the correctness, and ought not to lessen the weight, of decisions deliberately given, each of which history and future ages ought to examine, and will consider, on its own individual merits.

For King Bomba—from an expression in p. 10—it appears that M. de Montalembert does not hold a brief; and the sum and substance of his charge against the Congress and Lord Palmerston is, that in a protocol of the Congress, and a speech of the Minister, the condition of affairs at Rome has been described as abnormal and unsatisfactory. Now the question raised by such a charge as this is precisely the question which M. de Montalembert's pamphlet most carefully and dexterously avoids. In not one of its seventy-two pages do we find his belief distinctly stated, although throughout it is implied, that the condition of Rome is either satisfactory or normal. He does not attempt to show the fallacy of the impression which prevails on the public mind, not only in England and Piedmont, but throughout the world, that if the French troops were withdrawn from Rome tomorrow, the Pope would be ejected next day, to be brought back in a few weeks by another army in the white uniform of Austria. He contents himself with sneering at a European Congress, presided over by a Minister whose name ends in *ski*, for taking no steps, making no signs towards the restoration of the nationality of Poland, with asserting that England's Indian and Ionian governments have rivalled the severities and atrocities perpetrated in Hungary and Italy, and with weaving an historical argument of needless length, to prove that the principle of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy has always been to bully the weak, and truckle to the strong; and that while he said in his haste that the King of Greece was a

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* *Pie IX. et Lord Palmerston.* Par le Comte de Ch. Montalembert. 2e Edition. Paris: Jacques Lecoffre. 1856.

liar and a cheat, and the Pope a tyrant, he turned, in a spirit of Christian patience, his left cheek —probably with his tongue in it—to the Yankee palm, which had so sonorously smitten the right. These sneers, assertions, arguments, may or may not be just and true, they at least raise questions fruitful of debate. But they are all foreign to the point at issue, and that so able a debater as M. de Montalembert should have taken refuge in them, and have so carefully given that point the go by, is to us one of the strongest proofs that that point at least will not bear discussion.

It is still more remarkable that M. de Montalembert should have cited the somewhat bombastic 'allocution' of Napoleon I. (p. 34), and the sensible speech of Lord Lansdowne (p. 29). Napoleon defends the position of the Pope as an independent temporal sovereign, on the ground that his spiritual decrees, pronounced at Rome, are received by those whom they concern with more readiness and less suspicion than if they were issued by a pontiff seated at Paris or Vienna. Lord Lansdowne says that all countries having Roman-Catholic subjects have a direct interest in the condition of the Roman States, and in taking care that the Pope is left to exercise his spiritual authority without the interference of other Powers. These reasonable opinions appear to us to make rather against than for the argument of M. de Montalembert, who wishes his readers to believe, what he will not himself venture to say, that the present condition of Rome is normal and satisfactory. To ordinary observers, a Pope, maintained in his capital by French bayonets, and delegating his authority in the Legations or elsewhere to Austrian generals, seems to be on the high road to, if not already arrived at, the state of dependence which the French emperor and the English statesman deprecated. A pontiff whose throne and revenues depend on the will of two emperors, must now and then find, we conceive, a good deal of difficulty in keeping imperial fingers out of the papal pie. He may, if he possess the genius of the Pauls and the Clements of other times, succeed in working upon the personal jealousies and interests of his powerful allies; but he can maintain his general independence only by sacrificing 'here a little and there a little' of his sovereign rights in matters sacred or secular. An ordinary man so situated will be as little likely to play his spiritual game off his own bat, as he would be under the arrangements of some new congress which might agree to place the tiara alternately on the heads of the archbishops of Paris or Vienna.

One of M. de Montalembert's strictures upon England and her parliament — strictures which we admit no one has more right than himself to make, after his liberal appreciation in a former work of the sterling qualities of our institutions —is well worthy of the attention of all the politicians, of whatever degree, to whose sense or nonsense spoken in the two Houses a free press gives a circulation which the mere writings even of men like M. de Montalembert can never command:—

> France, he says (p. 27), is by a great majority of her people, catholic. You boast, and justly boast, of your close alliance with her. Do you believe that your perpetual invectives against her religion will not in the long-run loosen that alliance? What would you think if the authorities, if the leading men of France, were always insulting and ridiculing the Anglican religion and its chief? Why should you suppose the French less thin-skinned than you in this matter?

We do not believe that either our present rulers, or any of our legislators likely to become our rulers, have ever insulted either the religion of France or its chief. To say that the condition of Rome, with the Roman pontiff maintained there solely by foreign steel, is 'abnormal and unsatisfactory,' is, we apprehend, no insult either to the Pope or to the French Roman Catholics. We are also inclined to suspect that there are other subjects on which our lively neighbours, even those of them who sincerely hold the faith as it is in Rome, would be more touchy, and would display what M. de Montalembert calls 'a more sensitive epidermis.' But we nevertheless recommend Mr. Spooner and

his friends to take the advice of this French gentleman, an enthusiast like themselves, who has endured political vicissitudes to them unknown; and who writes with a wit and a brilliancy which we, in our capacity of critics, should be well pleased occasionally to find in the lucubrations of Oxford, or Stoneyhurst, or Exeter-hall.

AYTOUN'S 'BOTHWELL.'*

An impatient public has been long on the tiptoe of expectation—looking for the coming of this poem. Its tardy appearance has been heralded by a considerable flourish of trumpets. Somewhat reversing the ordinary course of events, it has been reviewed before the 'profane vulgar' were in a position to estimate its merits. Like the offspring of royalty in the old time, its many excellences have been celebrated by a Northern contemporary, ere yet the world was gladdened by its advent. However, it has at last appeared, and possesses many claims to a careful judgment.

There is, as Lord Jeffrey observes, a sort of primogeniture about literary undertakings. A 'new member' always receives an indulgent hearing. We welcome every one who can add to our enjoyment or our information, warmly applaud success, and are gentle to failure. But when the endeavour is repeated, the reception must become slightly different. We are then called upon not to entertain hospitably a passing stranger, but to assign a definite place in our household to a permanent inmate. Dropping metaphor, the author of a second poetical effort puts forth claims to be recognised as a poet, and, therefore, to the highest honours which literature can afford. These honours must not be hastily conceded. Mr. Aytoun has already acquired for himself considerable reputation by the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*. They were uniformly vigorous—sometimes pathetic—their subject enlisted on their behalf a wide-spread feeling of romance—above all, there were not very many of them, and in consequence they attracted general admiration. He has now come before the public with greater pretensions. *Bothwell* claims to be a sustained poem in six parts; its author aspires to win the public suffrage as a poet. The birth of a new poem into the world is no light matter; and Mr. Aytoun can hardly think that he has justice done to his endeavours unless they be tested by a considerably higher standard than before.

'I have not deviated,' says Mr. Aytoun, in his preface, 'from what I consider to be historical truth.' The obscurity which hangs over the period to which the poem refers is sufficient to justify any peculiarity of opinion. Nor have we any wish to quarrel with our author's general estimate of Queen Mary's character. The current of fashion now sets against that unhappy princess. Blessed with happier fortunes, as, indeed, with sterner virtues, Elizabeth has become the favourite in the frequent contrast. All honour is due to the memory of our great queen; but we need not therefore deny all sympathy to her rival. Sadder life was never lived in this world than that of Mary. What man is there, of woman born, on whose lips words of condemnation will not falter as he recalls that pitiful story? Born to lofty fortunes, wedded to loftier still;—in earliest youth, queen of a rich and powerful nation, the idol of a gay and chivalrous court—sorrow might not come near her—the winds of heaven might not visit her too roughly—the future held in store only happiness, increasing with length of days. The bright picture soon faded. Torn, like a tender plant, from the nurture of sunny France, she is buffeted by the rude blasts of the inhospitable North. She is a widow while yet a girl—a monarch without a sceptre—a woman, with no man to love her. Scotland is in the throes of a great

* *Bothwell.* A Poem, in Six Parts. By W. Edmondstoune Aytoun, D.C.L. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1856.

convulsion—passing through one of those crises in a nation's life which require for their guidance the hardest head and the coldest heart that can be given to man. To rule the storm which raged around her, Mary's gentle and impulsive nature was all unequal. Treason cast an early gloom over her brief days of peace, not even lightened by the smile of the traitor; plots were hatched under lowering brows; loyalty was broken down by the denunciations of a young and rigorous faith. No knightly heart was found to succour. Her very affections became a curse, for Scotland held no man worthy of her love. They drove her into the arms of a petulant boy, a tyrant to her, a tool in the hands of others, with no force of character to redeem his feeble vices. With his death the tragedy deepens. Fiercer spirits advance upon the scene. The fair vision of purity, worthy a place in any poet's 'dream of fair women,' has passed away. A cloud gathers o'er her innocence; she rushes into follies which the vulgar can ascribe only to the wayward influences of undisciplined passion. She becomes the wife of a proud, rash, and profligate soldier—is rescued from his brutality by rebellion, and condemned to an unjust captivity. A moment's sunshine brings with it a last vain struggle. The struggle was short; and she fled from the rout of her army, seeking, for her shattered fortunes and her withered hopes, the generous sympathy of a sovereign, a cousin, and a woman. She found the living death of a hopeless prison—the bitterness of a brother levelling foul charges against her honour—the indignity of a rival sitting in judgment on her fame. The gloom of captivity darkens over her, hiding in its long agony what a weight of unavailing sorrow no man can tell. The cold policy of Elizabeth brought at last the longed-for end. The weary heart, chastened by suffering, hailed the sad repose of the block; and that serene welcome of death will for ever gain forgiveness from all who have learned so to know themselves as to feel pity for the weak and erring. Let our judgments lie lightly on the memory of one endowed with such dangerous gifts, tried by such arduous duties, visited by retribution so severe.

'Then gently scan your brother man,
  Still gentler sister woman—
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
  To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
  The moving why they do it;
And just as tamely can ye mark
  How far perhaps they rue it.'

One of Mary's worst acts was her marriage with the hero of this poem. Mr. Aytoun will have it, that this union was forced upon her. His only proofs are, that the statute of Bothwell's forfeiture declares his abduction of the queen to have been forcible, and that she was unhappy after the marriage. Statutes, like the authors of them, sometimes deceive. The Parliament could not very well have admitted that they were passing sentence of forfeiture for an act to which the queen herself had given consent. He might as well argue, that because the statute speaks of 'our dearest mother' and 'her august person,' therefore the framers of it were actuated by the most devoted loyalty. As to the other point, it was not only marriage with Bothwell which brought misery. 'She consulted her own inclination in marrying Darnley,' says Mr. Aytoun. After that union, also, we find the unhappy lady reproaching the tardiness of death. What, moreover, could have been Mary's motive, save her own wishes? It is absurd to pretend that she was forced to wed in order to avoid dishonour. The shadow of the coming wedlock had been long seen by all Scotland. It had been visible in the tardy steps with which justice had waited upon the murderers of Darnley. The queen's 'deplorable apathy and remissness,' to use the words of a warm advocate, elicited warning remonstrances from her ambassador in France, from the queen-mother, from her uncle the cardinal. The collusive trial occasioned wide-spread discontent, which the queen made no endeavour to appease. Bothwell's daring hopes, upon Mr. Aytoun's own showing, must have been known to Mary before the abduction; and these hopes were in no way checked. Honours were showered upon the licentious traitor. Ambassadors would have remonstrated. They

were refused an audience with levity, almost with insult. When that farce was being enacted, she opposed but a show of resistance to his violence, and made no appeal for help to the nobles who accompanied her. On her return she evinced no desire for revenge. A coalition of nobles, including a man so devoted to the crown as Sir R. Melvil, was formed to avert the catastrophe. Their assistance was rejected. On the other hand, what political gain could Mary promise to herself? An increase of power? Bothwell was the most unpopular man in Scotland. A councillor on whom to rely? He was infirm of purpose, and easy to deceive. She knew that the signatures to the 'Band' had been obtained by intrigue or violence, and that already many of them were expressly, all practically, disowned. It is foolish to dogmatise on the obscure politics of these troublous times. But we believe Mr. Aytoun's view to be untrue historically; we think it the least poetical, and the least creditable to Mary. To wed a man for motives of policy or fear, and lightly to discard him in his hour of danger, is not the part of a noble and affectionate disposition. It were far more true to poetry, and to the nature of women, to have represented her as loving a villain with misplaced attachment — retaining this love even while goaded by his cruelty to thoughts of suicide — parting with it only under the torment of affection rejected, and left to feed upon itself, which no human heart can long sustain, and even then holding by the unworthy object, till his safety could only be purchased by her desertion. Mr. Aytoun gives the following as the farewell scene:—

The tear was in Queen Mary's eye,
  As forth she held her hand.
'Then is the hour of parting nigh!
  For Bothwell, my command
Is that you go and save a life
That else were lost in useless strife.
Farewell! We may not meet again;
But I have passed such years of pain—
So many partings have I known,
That this poor heart has callous grown.
Farewell! If any thing there be
Which moves you when you think on me,
Believe that you are quite forgiven
By one who bids you pray to Heaven!
No soul alive so innocent
  But needs must beg at Mercy's door—
Farewell!'—She passed from out the tent.
  O God—I never saw her more!

We say nothing, at present, of the total want of anything like poetry in this passage. We look only to the absence of feeling. Whatever had been Bothwell's crimes, he was still Mary's husband; he was leaving her for ever—he was going to almost certain death; and she evinces, under these circumstances, less emotion than would be shown by most women at parting from a dog.

We believe, then, that Mary, in the matter of this marriage, acted of her own free will. Mr. Aytoun will, therefore, call us 'calumniators.' We plead not guilty to the charge. It is a melancholy reflection, but, we suspect, a true one, that those of the gentler sex who are most truly women, in tenderness, in a yearning for affection, in a vivid and romantic imagination, love not wisely, but too well. 'The strong necessity of loving' urges them into hasty attachments—they colour the object of them with a light coming only from the warm sunshine of their own hearts, they awake to find their exacting fondness repaid with indifference—to see the creation of their own fancy wither in the cold light of reality. Mary was essentially a woman in her crimes as in her virtues; and such we believe to be the true explanation of her infatuation for Bothwell.

In fact, all Mr. Aytoun's history is extremely assumptional. He vehemently attacks others upon this ground, while himself favouring us with some most remarkable theories. He tells us, without the slightest attempt at proof, that the ambition to become king, or regent, was always a ruling passion in the mind of Murray, and that a morbid love of treason induced Lethington to aid his friend to the fulfilment of these hopes. We are accordingly requested to believe that Mary's deposition had been aimed at from the first, and that, with a superhuman foresight, they devised the plan of blowing up her husband, in full confidence that she would sully her reputation by marrying the murderer. Cecil and Walsingham

would have been puppets in the hands of men who could so mould to their will the wayward course of human motives. We are no lovers of Scottish nobles. With some few exceptions, their conduct forms the blackest portion of this country's story. We are no enemies of the Scottish Queen. But a theory more unwarranted than this—one more exclusively supported by the assumptions which Mr. Aytoun condemns in others, we never remember to have seen travestieing the name of history. Mr. Aytoun *may* be right. But why those who, without proof, attach such deep criminality to great statesmen should vindicate for themselves the name of cavaliers, while they brand as 'calumniators' those who with proof, and pretty strong proof too, gently indicate that a woman may have been led astray by passion, we confess ourselves unable to discover. But we beg pardon of our readers for having detained them so long with Mr. Aytoun's historic fancies. Our immediate business is with his poetry.

The scene of the poem is laid in the castle of Malmoe. The plot—if plot it can be called, which plot is none—consists in a long monologue by Bothwell on the Past and Present—a review of the varied scenes of his life, with interludes of execration on the destiny which has brought him to his dungeon, and the Danish 'kernes' who keep him there. Few periods of history supply such material for poetic treatment as the romantic history of Queen Mary. But we cannot think Mr. Aytoun has been fortunate in the view which he has taken of his subject. Mary herself is frequently introduced, but always as subservient to her rude lover. She never lives and moves before us. Of her actions we are told little—of her character we learn nothing. The stately Murray, with a gloom upon his brow—perhaps the shadow of his early death—perhaps the stamp of ambition, it may be, of remorse,—the fiercer energy of Morton, the dark and wily Lethington, the frank and chivalrous Grange, and, greatest of all, Knox, his whole soul possessed by religious zeal, appear before us only as names to be vilified by a reckless desperado. There is nothing attractive in the spectacle of an unscrupulous ruffian relieving the fitting penalty of his crime, by hailing down curses upon his foes, and raging with an impotent desire for vengeance. Bothwell was emphatically a bold, bad man, with no one redeeming quality, save that mere physical courage which man shares in common with the brutes. Of that intellectual valour which rises equal to sudden danger, and calmly confronting it, conquers or falls with honour, he had not a trace. His miserable weakness on Carberry Hill deprives him of his last chance for sympathy. Even among the Scottish nobles of that time, stained like their descendants for at least two generations, with cruelty and mean treachery, Bothwell obtained a preeminence in crime. 'I fear there are in the world,' says the most acute of living observers, 'some insensible and callous natures, that do become, at last, utterly and irredeemably bad,'* and such a nature was Bothwell's. But a picture of a character like this, without any relief, would have been unbearable. Mr. Aytoun relieves it by dwelling upon the punishment which has fallen upon him, by omitting all mention of his brutal conduct towards his queen bride, and by depicting him as moved throughout by the purest love for that unhappy lady. The first method is fair enough, and it is skilfully brought under our notice at the very opening of the poem. But we altogether object to the last two. Bothwell's brutality forms Mary's only excuse for deserting him as she did, and to conceal this is to do her great injustice. History has, on this point, been more favourable to Mary than her self-elected champion. The author of the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, with all his nationality, has sacrificed the memory of his queen to his own exigencies, as the poet of a villain hero. To depict Bothwell, however, as actuated by devoted love, is a sin of positive commission.

* Preface to *Oliver Twist*.

His passion is thus expressed in some very tender lines:—

I worshipped; and as pure a heart
To her, I swear, was mine,
As ever breathed a truthful vow
Before Saint Mary's shrine:
I thought of her, as of a star
Within the heavens above,
That such as I might gaze upon,
But never dare to love.

And again:—

But he whom Mary's love had raised
To such a high degree,
The lord and husband of her heart,
The father soon to be,
The man who, in the hour of pain,
Should still have kept her side—
How paid he back the matchless debt,
How did he tend his bride?
Why, had he never left her room,
But, like the grooms of yore,
To lay him on the rushes down
His lady's nest before,
To guard her all the live-long night,
And slumber scarce till dawn,
When her dear voice, so low and sweet,
Like breathings of a fawn,
Told that the time of rest was o'er,
And then a simple hymn
Arose, as if an angel led
The choir of seraphim—
Would such a service have been more
Than he was bound to give?
Nay, if he dared to make it less,
Deserved the boy to live!

To make Bothwell speak thus is to represent him as capable of the truest and most self-denied affection that ever dignified the heart of man. Such an affection few can attain to; it never could have existed in a breast where no other manly virtue found a moment's dwelling-place. A graver offence cannot be committed against morality than to assign such holy feelings to one black with every conceivable crime. The plea of dramatic consistency may be set up. The question has been of late widely discussed, whether a poet has a right to select as a hero the victim of morbid fancies, and that the keeping of the character may be preserved, to give forth sentiments corresponding to it, as if the author's own. We believe that a writer of fiction has no such right. He claims it, in virtue of a new and strange canon of criticism, against which we would enter an earnest protest. Right and wrong are things far too sacred to be thus trifled with. Mankind are very prone to confound them; and no man can be allowed to aid such a tendency for the sake of effect. But even this poor defence can avail Mr. Aytoun nothing. Others may gloss over weaknesses or crimes for the sake of consistency; Bothwell has been adorned with impossible virtues, as if in order to be inconsistent. The object has certainly been attained. These flowers of fair sentiment are but awkward adornments for the Border ruffian. He is very uneasy under their unwonted shelter. He is far more at home in his cursing, to which, to do him justice, he very soon returns. To disregard the respect due to morality for the sake of artistic propriety we must condemn as wrong. But what can we say when such disregard succeeds only in achieving an artistic blunder?

We cannot esteem this a light matter. It was the charge of all others most justly levelled against Byron; from whom, indeed, we suspect Mr. Aytoun to have occasionally borrowed vigour of expression, as well as immorality of idea. Men are often curious compounds of good and evil. But Bothwell's character was no mixed one. Vice had come to him by inheritance, and throughout life never departed from him. In the first canto of *Don Juan* we are requested to believe that a thoroughly abandoned woman could write a letter to her lover breathing a spirit of the most exalted affection. In *Bothwell* we are requested to believe that a man, steeped to the lips in all kinds of iniquity, could cherish in his heart a love, of which the purity and devotion would not have misbeseemed a Bayard or a Sidney. Thus are the distinctions between right and wrong confounded; men believe that neither springs from any settled principle, but that one succeeds the other like wave to wave, according to the chances of impulse. Public opinion is, in these points, prone to a false charity. It is very fond of discerning good in things essentially evil. It is owing to this feeling that French novels are so much read—that the clap-trap of *Jack Sheppard*, and the pruriency of the *Traviata* hold a place upon our stage. We

should not have expected the correct muse of Mr. Aytoun to have countenanced a tendency so dangerous. Especially must such delineations be disallowed with regard to historical characters. That History can ever be 'Philosophy teaching by example,' is, we suspect, a vain imagination. But she renders her greatest service when she enables us to judge of our human nature by the actions which she records; when she incites us to admire warmly, and condemn with reluctance, but yet without morbid sympathy. Poetry must not be permitted to reverse the salutary lessons of her sterner sister.

Bothwell's reminiscences recur to his mind divided into six parts or cantos. The first, and unquestionably the best, contains, amid much lamentation over his own fate, a review of Queen Mary's first years of sovereignty—her marriage with Darnley and the murder of Riccio. Mr. Aytoun does not love Elizabeth. But we forgive his dislike of our great princess, when he contrasts the rivals only in such nursery rhymes as these:—

Mary, the bright and peerless moon
  That shines aloft in heaven—
Elizabeth, the envious cloud
  That o'er its disc is driven.
What mattered it that flattering knaves
  Proclaimed her Beauty's Queen,
And swore in verse and fulsome rhyme,
That never since the birth of time,
  Was such an angel seen?
Each morn and eve, her mirror gave
  Their wretched words the lie;
And though she fain would have believed,
  She could not close her eye.

In all poetry not heroic, in which the actors are mere men and women, there must be great reality of human passion, if the heart of the reader is to be touched. Few scenes could have presented better opportunities for such treatment than the murder of Riccio. Mary, and a faithful few are together in fancied security. Light flashes suddenly through the gloom of the antique chamber; there is a trampling of horse—a loud confusion of voices—a clang of approaching armour; the parted arras reveals the mailed conspirators—Ruthven ghastly with disease, Darnley pale with conflicting emotions; their gloomy silence strikes a vague foreboding—a moment of suspense, and then, the dire result. What a scene for a skilful painter! Let us see what it becomes under the hand of Mr. Aytoun:—

I caught my sword, and hurried out
  Along the passage dim.
But O, the shriek that thrilled me then—
  The accents of despair,
The man's imploring agony,
  The woman's frantic prayer!
'Oh, for the love of God and Christ,
  Have mercy—mercy—I!
O mistress—Queen, protect me yet,
  I am not fit to die!'
'O God, stand by me, Darnley—you—
  My husband! will you see
Black murder in my presence here!
  O God! he turns from me!
Back—villains, back! you shall not strike,
  Unless you slay me too.
O help! help! help! they kill the Queen!
  Help! help! O nobles—you—
O Ruthven—Douglas—as you trust
  For mercy in your need,
For Christ's dear sake, be satisfied—
  Do not this monstrous deed!
I'll yield—O yes! I'll break with France,
  Do anything you will,
But spare him—spare him—spare him, friends!
  Why should you seek to kill?
O God! Unloose me, Darnley! shame!
  Let go my arm, thou knave!
To me—to me—all Scottish hearts—
  Help! Murder!—Come and save!'

Beyond the ordinary resources of dashes, and marks of interjection, Mr. Aytoun has invented a new way of expressing deep emotion,—that of putting the personal pronoun at the end of a line, alone in unaccustomed glory; as in the exclamation—'Have mercy—mercy—I!' 'Stand by me Darnley—You!' This discovery, combined with a free use of the names of the first and second persons of the Trinity, constitutes the sole pretension to power in a description of this awful scene. We doubt whether any one could read this passage aloud without being moved by an emotion generally regarded as the very contrary of pity or of horror.

Part the Second includes Bothwell's discharge of his duties as warden, and describes a single combat between him and a noted freebooter, evidently modelled upon the fight of Roderick Dhu and James Fitz-James. The commencement of

the fray is described in Mr. Aytoun's interjectional style :—

Short parley passed between us twain—
  'Thou art the Warden?' 'Ay!
Thou Elliot of the Park?' 'I am.'
  'Wilt yield thee?' 'Come and try!'

Bothwell having survived the struggle, though sorely wounded, is tempted to crime, first by a visit from Mary, secondly, by hints from Maitland of Lethington. But men visible in the flesh are not enough, so Bothwell sees a ghost. The arrival of this supernatural tempter is thus described :—

'Tis strange what freaks the fancy plays,
  When sense is shut by sleep;
How a vague horror thrills the frame,
  And awful sounds and deep
Boom on the ear, as if the earth
  Moaned in her central caves
Beneath the weight of buried men,
  And stirred them in their graves!
That night, as on my bed I lay,
  The terror passed on me;
It wrung my heart, it froze my blood,
  It forced my eyes to see
The spectral fire upon the hearth,
  The arras' stiffened fold.
The gaunt, mute figures on its web,
  In tarnished silk and gold—
All there—no motion—but a step
  Was creaking on the stair;
It made me pant, it made me gasp—
  Who was it sought me there?
I saw my sword beside the bed,
  I could not stretch my arm,
I could not stir, I could not cry,
  I lay beneath a charm.
The door swung slowly on its hinge,
  And in a figure came,
In form and face like Lethington,
  Most like, yet not the same.

This spirit, though coming in such a questionable shape, does not stay for questioning, but at once takes Bothwell to the top of 'old Craigmillar's keep;' there shows him a column of fire surmounted by a crown, and contrary to the usual habit of such visitants, volunteers an exhortation to seize upon it. The victim inwardly consents; whereupon the vision passes into a meteor, which bursts over the Kirk-of-Field—prophetic of the coming woe.

Parts III. and IV. we must pass with a rapid step. In them the plot drags its slow length along through abundance of wearisome details. The death of Darnley is described in most prosaic strains; the wiles of Lethington, in order to hasten Bothwell's marriage with the Queen, are, perhaps, unavoidably tedious. In Part V. even the abduction of Queen Mary gives no life to the action. That the reader may be able to judge of what he must be prepared to expect for about 100 pages, and throughout the tedium of nearly 2100 lines, we will extract a few passages, neither better nor worse, so far as we can see, than any which precede or follow them. Bothwell arrives from the festivities of Holyrood upon the scene of his crime :—

'Ormiston!'
'Welcome, Lord Earl! Aha! you look
  As though you doubt my prudence sore;
John Hepburn, here, as from a book,
  Hath preached to me an hour and more!
He would have beaten Knox or Craig,
  Had he been for the pulpit bred:
But—to be honest—I required
  Some little fire to warm my head—
To still my doubts—and that is done.
  For surely when a man is led,
His mind should be his leader's. Mine
  Is all made up and fortified;
I mean to action for to-night—
  Beyond it 'tis for you to guard.
You need not look for Morton's aid,
  He'd spring you with your own petard.
But what of that? the way is clear,
  Lacks nothing but a willing hand;
And Ormiston is ready here
  To move or strike at your command.'

And so on. Bothwell's prospects of succeeding in his high-placed love are thus discussed :—

'I tell thee, man, their names are here;
  They urge my marriage with the Queen.'
'Hath she consented?' 'No—'tis clear
  Some little space must intervene:
She has not thrown her weeds aside.'
  'She knows your purpose?' 'She may guess.'
'What! do you count upon a bride
  Before her lips have answered, Yes?
Never spoke I with courtly dame,
But women are throughout the same;
The lowest lass in Teviotdale
That goes a-milking with her pail,
Is mistress of her heart and hand,
And will not yield them at command.
Lovers must bend, and fawn, and sue
  To maids of low or high degree;
The wooing may be rough 'tis true,
  Yet, nathless, wooing there must be.
That parchment no assurance gives—
  I see not how it aids your aim.
You are not free: your Countess lives;

She may refuse to waive her claim.
Come now—be frank with me, my Lord!
Something of courtly craft I know—
Who brought you this? for, by my word,
I hold him less your friend than foe.'

As a preliminary to the fulfilment of the hero's wishes, a divorce from his present wife is requisite. That event is alluded to in the following touching lines:—

'Poor Lady Jean! I loved her not,
Yet never wished her with the dead.
She was a vixen from her birth,
Ready with tears, of temper keen;
But though she often stirred my mirth,
She never waked a touch of spleen.
Divorce was easy. She and I,
Like ill-assorted birds, could part,
Without a ceremonial sigh,
Or fiction of an aching heart.'

Elsewhere he describes the same lady as 'a trembling, sickly, shrewish dame,' but adds that—

'Never brooked she scathe or scorn
While she was Bothwell's bride.'

On the whole, we suspect Bothwell was better mated with his 'vixen,' than with his 'young and spotless Queen,' before whom, he says—

'I, who had seldom bent the knee
At mass, or yet at prayer,
Bowed down in homage at her feet
And paid my worship there.'

We congratulate 'Lady Jean' on her readiness to tears, and her keenness of temper. They seem to have preserved her from 'scathe and scorn' during her days of wedlock, and they at last procured for her the happy release of a divorce; while this 'lily of the land'—this goddess compelling idolatry, was in a short month driven by her devout worshipper to thoughts of suicide.

In Part V., after the abduction of Mary is accomplished, a long dialogue ensues between the Queen and her rebel subject, in which we look, and look vainly, for some vigour of passion. Outraged majesty can rise to no higher strain of indignation than this:—

Then rose she up; and on her brow
Was stamped the Stuart frown:—
'By all the saints in heaven, I vow,
This man would bear me down!
He prates of love, as if my hand
Were but a sworder's prize,
That any ruffian in the land,
Might challenge or despise!
What mad ambition prompts you, sir,
To utter this to me?
What word of mine has raised your hopes
In such a wild degree?
I gave you trust, because I deemed
Your honour free from stain;
I raised you to the highest place
That subject could attain,
Because I thought you brave and true,
And fittest to command,
When murder stalked in open day,
And treason shook the land.
Are these your thanks for all my grace,
Is this your knightly vow?
Fie, Bothwell! hide your perjured face—
There's falsehood on your brow.'

In the sixth and last Part, Mr. Aytoun recovers the inspiration which has been absent ever since the conclusion of the first. Like all the poem, it is overloaded with tiresome details and explanatory conversations, but it hurries the reader on to the end with considerable spirit. The following lines would not have dishonoured Scott:—

By heaven, it was a glorious sight,
When the sun started from the sea,
And in the vivid morning light
The long blue waves were rolling free!
But little time had I to gaze
Upon the ocean's kindling face,
Or mark the breakers in the bay—
For other thoughts were mine that day.
I stood upon the topmost tower:
From wood, and shaw, and brake, and bower,
I heard the trumpet's blithesome sound,
I heard the tuck of drum;
And, bearing for the castle mound,
I saw the squadrons come.
Each baron, sheathed from head to heel
In glorious panoply of steel,
Rode stalwartly before his band,
The bravest yeomen of the land.
There were the pennons that in fight
Had flashed across the Southron's sight—
There were the spears that bore the brunt,
And bristled in the battle's front
On many a bloody day.
The swords that through the hostile press,
When steeds were plunging masterless,
Had hewn their desperate way!
O, gallant hearts! what joy to ride,
Your lord and leader, prince and guide,
With you around me and beside,
But once in battle fray!

On the field of battle, Bothwell is smitten as with an avenging Ate,

which paralyses the fierce soldier into vacillation, almost into cowardice. Ormiston, so long his unreasoning follower, cannot rouse him, and finally deserts his fortunes with the touching reproach:—

> 'God help thee, then,
> I'll see thy face no more!
> Like water spilt upon the plain,
> Not to be gathered up again
> Is the old love I bore.
> Best I forget thee, Bothwell! Yet
> 'Tis not so easy to forget;
> For, at the latest hour, I see
> I've lost a life in following thee.'

Betrayed by his army and deserted by his wife, he hastens, a hopeless fugitive, from the fatal hill: no place of refuge is found, save the dungeon of the Dane, where madness awaits him,—the fearful yet fitting close to that uncontrolled career.

It is obvious from this sketch that the readers of *Bothwell* must anticipate nothing of the interest which is afforded by the development of a plot. No little current of true affection smoothly running, or greatly crossed, gratifies that love of story-telling which lies deep in the heart of every one. Nothing relieves Bothwell's enumeration of events already perfectly known. There is no invention—nothing but a series of panoramic sketches. Mr. Aytoun may have estimated his own powers rightly in denying himself this source of attraction. Still, the work is hurt by this denial. It is impossible to avoid the contrast with the picturesque metrical tales of Scott. In default of this, it was open to Mr. Aytoun to have made his poem the development, not of a plot, but of a character. Had Bothwell stood out from the canvas a living and consistent creation, we should have forgiven the galvanic movements of the other automata, whom it were absurd to call characters. As to them, we know nothing, save that Maitland was a subtle statesman, Ormiston a willing ruffian, Queen Mary a graceful phantom, whose beauty forms the motive of the action. All this would have been little. The *dramatis personæ* in *Richard III.*, though of course real and life-like, are yet entirely subservient to him. But Mr. Aytoun has given us no character at all. We can hardly tell whether or not he ever set before him such an object; but, at all events, he has not achieved it. The poem is the drama of a life: but unfortunately presented to us without the slightest dramatic power. Bothwell has no distinct features. He is a Proteus of moral emotion, passing through all its stages, from the purest affection to the deepest and most deliberate villany; but none of them being a part of his nature. They do not come out of his mind, but pass fitfully across it, as the breath dims the mirror for a moment, and then fades from its surface. He is a mere kaleidoscope of feeling; a mouthpiece for the utterance of sentiments ingeniously contrived so as to be at once perfectly commonplace and absolutely inconsistent.

We find, then, neither plot nor character, which can vindicate for these sometimes spirited verses the name of a poem. We have further hinted that, even as they are, they very frequently become tiresome; and this arises from the necessity which Mr. Aytoun has imposed upon himself of working out the details of Bothwell's life, in order to support certain historical opinions. To show forth minutely all the springs of human action, is to run a great risk of tediousness. The danger may be avoided by detached scenes so brilliant in colouring that the reader without difficulty supplies the link. The poetical critic of *Blackwood* would hardly take example by *Maud*. But Mr. Aytoun might have learned a lesson from the *Giaour*. He has preferred to face the difficulty, and give us in full all the working of the puppet-show. To face difficulties is the prerogative of a man of genius; to overcome them is his duty. Mr. Aytoun has only succeeded in asserting his prerogative.

In a poem so obviously formed upon the model of Scott, we had anticipated some good description of nature. And, to our mind, in the present age of 'earnestness,' and 'subjectivity,' and 'passion,' when descriptive poetry is too commonly under-rated, any fresh glimpses of the external world would have been very welcome.

The following are, we regret to say, the only attempts at this in the whole poem:—

The sun is bright, the day is warm,
  The breeze is blowing free—
Come, I will rouse me from my lair,
  And look upon the sea:
'Tis clear and blue, with here and there
  A little fleck of foam;
And yonder glides a stately ship,
  Bound on her voyage home.
The fishers, on the scanty sward,
  Spread out their nets to dry,
And whistle o'er their lazy task
  In happy vacancy.
Swift by the window skims the tern,
  On light and glancing wing,
And every sound that rises up
  Gives token of the spring.
Fair is the sight, yet strange to me;
  No memories I recall,
While gazing on the headland cliffs,
  And waves that leap and fall;
No visions of my boyish days
  Or manhood's sterner prime
    Arise from yonder watery waste
  To cheer me for a time.
For I was reared among the hills,
  Within a Border home,
Where sweeping from their narrow glens,
  The mountain torrents come;
And well I know the bonny braes
  Where the first primrose blows,
And shrinking tufts of violets
  Rise from the melting snows,
Ere yet the hazel leaf is out,
  Or birches grow their green,
Or, on the sad and sullen ash,
  A kindling bud is seen.

And again:

Methinks I can recall the scene,
  That bright and sunny day;
The Pentlands in their early green
  Like giant warders lay.
Upon the bursting woods below
  The pleasant sunbeams fell;
Far off, one streak of lazy snow
  Yet lingered in a dell.
The westlin' winds blew soft and sweet,
  The meads were fair to see;
Yet went I not the spring to greet
  Beneath the trysting-tree.

Descriptive poetry is of two kinds. It may be the representation of nature, taking no colours from the mind of the beholder—a mere enumeration of rocks and trees, and streams and flowers, apart from all feeling which the wonders of creation are calculated to excite—a sort of Dutch school of poetry, in which outward objects are, as it were, mechanically calotyped, not thoughtfully delineated. But it is a higher range of art when we have not the book only, but the interpretation, when the mind of the poet, open to all the genial ministrations of the majesty of the hill, and the richness of the valley, and the 'melodies of winds and woods and waters,' is impelled to show these forth again to others, by a love which cannot rest in beholding, nor be satisfied with describing; when we have, in short, that deep feeling of nature's influences which intensifies every line of Wordsworth, and which glows, different, yet the same, throughout the third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold*:—

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me, and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion?

This last style of description has been carried to perfection by modern bards. Poetry, when thus interpreting nature, attains perhaps her loftiest sphere. But of this Mr. Aytoun has shown no conception. He lacks altogether the devotion with which the true poet contemplates the external world; he has not reached even to the healthy and unspeculative love of Scott, far less any such depth as we have a right to demand from a true poet; he never rises beyond the calotyping. In fact, the want felt in this one particular, as, indeed, throughout the whole work, is a want of thought.

Our extracts have been already numerous; yet we must, in justice, spare room for some of Mr. Aytoun's more meritorious efforts. Various passages are scattered up and down, marked by considerable vigour or beauty. We must quote a few specimens of both kinds of excellence:—

        He said no more,
For at the instant flashed the glare,
And with a hoarse infernal roar
A blaze went up and filled the air!
Rafters, and stones, and bodies rose
In one quick gush of blinding flame,
And down, and down, amidst the dark,
Hurtling on every side they came.
Surely the devil tarried near,
To make the blast more fierce and fell,
For never pealed on human ear
So dreadful and so dire a knell.
The heavens took up the earth's dismay,
The thunder bellowed overhead;
Steep called to steep. Away, away!—
Then fear fell on me, and I fled.

Unfortunately the lines which follow these weaken their effect terribly—a commonplace description of Bothwell being terrified by old crones and half-naked burghers while running back to Holyrood. The following are two very beautiful passages:—

Ascension morn ! I hear the bells
Ring from the village far away:
How solemnly that music tells
The mystic story of the day!
Fainter and fainter come the chimes,
As though they melted into air,
Like voices of the ancient times,
Like whispers of ascending prayer!
So sweet and gentle sound they yet
That I who never bent the knee,
Can listen on, and half forget
That heaven's bright door is shut for me.
Yes, universal as the dew,
Which falls alike on field and fen,
Comes the wide summons to the true,
The false, the best, and worst of men.

And still better:—

I've heard that poison-sprinkled flowers
Are sweeter in perfume
Than when, untouched by deadly dew,
They opened in their bloom.*

* * * *

I've heard that with the witches' song,
Though harsh and rude it be,
There blends a wild mysterious strain
Of weirdest harmony,
So that the listener, far away,
Must needs approach the ring,
Where, on the savage Lapland moors,
The demon chorus sing.
And I believe the devil's voice
Sinks deeper in the ear,
Than any whispers sent from heaven,
However soft and clear.

Such morsels as these are few and far between. If to the above quotations we add the beginning and end of Part I., we shall have specified nearly all that can be quoted as eminently good in the compass of two hundred and twenty pages. Such an infrequent occurrence of excellences can never entitle *Bothwell* to rank as a poem, or raise Mr. Aytoun to the dignity of a poet.

'A poet,' says one well able to answer the question, 'is a man endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind.'† 'What is poetry?' asks the greatest critic of the last generation. 'It is the true exhibition, in musical and metrical speech, of the thoughts of humanity when coloured by the feelings, throughout the whole range of the physical, moral, intellectual, and spiritual regions of being.'‡ Mr. Aytoun has shown nothing of the poet, save an occasional approach to tenderness,—has produced nothing of poetry, save metrical speech sometimes becoming musical. That tenderness he has exhibited in the character of an unredeemed ruffian, while his metrical speech has been unfortunately chosen. He has confined himself almost exclusively to the pure ballad measure, which, though equal to the expression of every variety of feeling within its own limits, becomes monotonous, and even comical when continued through the length of a whole poem. Mr. Aytoun is, moreover, afflicted with a fatal facility of versification, which, finding expression in a very easy metre, has led to weakness, triviality, and tediousness. The following is not very forcible:—

Short was his say and incomplete;
For, as he cleared his throat,
An Armstrong had him by the feet,
A Johnstone by the coat.

We cannot but regret the presence of such imbecilities as 'The Greeks—I think they call them that;" such an anti-climax as to speak of flames 'ascending, striding, bickering still,' such false English as 'Blood seems to *rankle* in my eyes,' and such a meaningless combination of words as

—Spire and crown
Shut, like the lightning's *leap*.

Nor does this rhyme-spinning confine itself to the dreary wastes of hopeless mediocrity through which the exhausted reader struggles in Parts II., III., and IV.; its presence constantly intrudes, marring the few passages of a higher aim. It has, at page 57, successfully destroyed some reflections on ambi-

* We have here omitted four meaningless lines, which destroy, by their untruth and inappropriateness, the whole force of the passage.

† Wordsworth. Preface to second edition. ‡ *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, vol. iv.

tion, which otherwise might have been good. The whole production bears evident marks of haste; in the conclusion particularly, where the madness of the hero is foreshadowed, and the weariness of the reader consummated, a want of the *labor limæ* is sadly traceable.

We have already hinted that Mr. Aytoun's inspiration seems at times to spring from strange fountains. We altogether acquit him of intentional plagiarism; for we suspect that his imitations are unavoidable, that his genius, like the moon, is essentially a reflector. As yet, he has in no instance shown any originality of conception: he has always been following a lead. The idea of his *Lays* was borrowed from Mr. Macaulay. *Bothwell* is evidently built upon the model of Scott. We venture to prophesy that Mr. Aytoun's future literary efforts will, in like manner, be adaptations to his own purposes of some notion which has already proved successful in other hands. If, therefore, the true poet is indeed a *maker*, and if it be his work to bring into the world a new creation, we need hesitate little in denying Mr. Aytoun's claim to that title. In the case before us—unlike the *Lays*—perfection of treatment does not redeem poverty of invention. Mr. Aytoun's imagination—capable of a vigorous ballad—is all unequal to the conduct of a sustained poem. In fact, *Bothwell* is marked throughout by fatal deficiencies. There is a want of story, a want of character, a want of poetic treatment—above all, a want of anything like intellectual strength. There is not one thought in the whole book beyond the capacity of a forward child.

Yet, with all this, there is a sufficient amount of excellence to please readers a little below the average. The tone is, in the main, healthy: we have no false views of life, no deifying 'passion' as an excuse for selfish crime, no morbid feeling—in a word, no spasm. This is slight praise, but unhappily, in our day, these negative excellences acquire an undue importance from the prevalence of the opposite evils. Above all, in *Bothwell* and in the *Lays* alike, Mr. Aytoun has been very wise after his kind. He has appealed, in both, to a sort of modernized Jacobitism, which yet lingers, very safe, very harmless, and very absurd, in some romantic Scottish bosoms. We fancy him an enthusiastic Scottish grievance-monger. Hence, all the unicorn-nationality of the north will extend its shield over him. Excitable Celts will extol him as second only to Ossian; but our calmer Saxon temperaments, and our more unbiassed judgments, will gladly accept Mr. Aytoun's contributions to literature as conferring a considerable amount of pleasure upon a large class of readers—will recognise in him a very clear second-rate ability, but will regard the question as to whether he is a man of genius and a true poet as too far removed from the world of reality to claim any serious discussion, save, perhaps, from some ghostly group of the shadows of departed schoolmen.

A well-known story tells us of an ingenious mechanist who once called many men together to behold how, upon wings of his own construction, he could fly away, and be at rest. He sprang, accordingly, from the summit of a hill into the circumambient ether, and—fell headlong into the lake below. But the pinions which had failed him in mid-air sufficed now to keep him on the surface. Mr. Aytoun has reversed this process. He prudently tried the water first. There the wings of politics and parodies have been found a reliable support. Emboldened by successful experience, he has essayed a flight into the upper regions—has aspired to become a dweller with the birds of song. We applaud the bold endeavour, but are constrained to add, with regret, that it has proved a vain one. Let Mr. Aytoun content himself with the water. There he floats secure, sometimes not ungracefully—but let him not affect the purer element.

JACK SEPOY.

WHAT cabalistic virtue lies in the word Jack? We see a short, broad, ugly sailor, in a state of beastly drunkenness, rolling about the street; we shrink from him in disgust, till somebody observes, 'There goes poor Jack, drunk as usual,' and our feelings are suddenly and completely changed. Disgust is exchanged for pity, loathing for compassionate sympathy; it is no longer a drunken vagabond that we behold, but poor Jack Tar, to whom an extra glass of grog, when he can get it, is as much a matter of course, as to burn, slay, sink, or otherwise destroy his country's enemies when he catches them; to whom drunkenness is almost a professional necessity,—such a multitude of sins does the word 'Jack' cover. Falstaff has a hold on the sympathies of us all; but when he wants to move us most, he is poor *Jack* Falstaff—honest *Jack* Falstaff; we feel that it is indeed a case of vanish old *Jack*, and vanish all the world. We know not what cunning friend of the Hindu first claimed the benefit of this monosyllable for the sepoy, but he enjoys it now, and has done so for some time. The name in this case, no less than that of the British sailor, carries with it agreeable associations, is in fact rather an epithet of endearment. In this sense it may be said to be the reverse of nigger. 'Those rascally niggers!' is the indignant exclamation of the unfledged ensign, when he finds some veteran of Lord Lake's time smiling at his inexperience. 'Good fellows, the Jacks, sir, if properly treated,' is the fond and deliberate verdict of the greyheaded colonel, who has known them for nearly half a century.

Soldiers are at a premium just now; and perhaps when all due enthusiasm has been expended on the British grenadier, there will still be some small store of interest left on behalf of the Indian sepoy. The day has been, and may be again ere long, when these brown warriors have taken a part in other than Asiatic warfare. Should the troubled course of events lead to any interruption of our mail and passenger transit through Egypt, should the valley of the Nile become again the theatre of war, it may be seen, on nearer fields than those of Ferozeshah or Chillianwallah, that the descendants of the sepoys who fought in Africa under Sir David Baird are not degenerate. But the Jacks have an interest for us, even now, remote as they are, and, we trust, will remain.

We know something of the barrack life of an English soldier—what do we suppose that of a sepoy is like? See the gallant 75th Regiment of Native Infantry upon parade. Those white pantaloons, red coats, white cross belts, and upright collars, the brown musket, and glittering bayonets—what difference do we perceive between the 75th N.I., and H.M. 100th Regiment of Foot? In uniform and equipment absolutely none, except that the sepoy wears a Kilmarnock cap instead of the Albert hat, and is perhaps no loser by the exchange. As regards the men, supposing the two regiments to contain exactly the same number of soldiers, and to be drawn up in line, one behind the other, the 75th will overtop the 100th more than an inch; you shall see their brown moustached visages rising behind and above the white regulation-shaved faces of the Europeans; but the line of the latter shall overlap that of the former by perhaps half a company—the Hindu being tall and narrow, the Englishman short and broad. Put the two regiments through their exercise, you will hear the same English word of command given to both; and if the sepoy regiment is well-officered, and has a good adjutant, the performance of the two will be so much upon a par as to leave no fair room for invidious comparison. Look to the colours of the two regiments, or to the breasts of the men in each, you will find the same thrilling names distinguishing the former, the same honourable medals adorning the latter; and you will come to the conclusion that the sepoy is the same creature as a European soldier, save only the difference of the

moustache, the complexion, and the Albert hat. But now parade is over, follow the European to his *barracks*, the native to his *lines* (already, observe, names begin to differ), and pursue the comparison there. The Europeans, ranged in companies, breakfast at the call of a bugle, on food first inspected by the officer of the day; they dine, they drink tea in the same methodical manner, and these three meals are the great and important events of the day. The intervals are filled up, perhaps in reading, perhaps working at some trade, perhaps getting up amateur theatricals, perhaps (I fear I must add) at the canteen in getting drunk. Belts are laid aside, the Albert shako is hung on a peg, the jacket is unbuttoned, perhaps taken off, otherwise the dress is retained—that is to say, the uniform still forms the substantive portion of the soldier's costume, even off parade.

Let us follow 'the Jacks' to their lines, and let us especially watch the movements of that company—say the grenadiers; and among those tall and stalwart grenadiers let us still more particularly watch the course of that hero of the corps, whom you see there on the extreme right of the front rank, towering by half a head over the English officer who marches beside him, and rejoicing in the Brahminical name of Ram Sewak. The company reaches its private parade ground, and is there dismissed. The men go to their lines, that little row of mud huts, each containing three or four soldiers. Now, what is Ram Sewak's first occupation? Like the English soldier, he lays aside his weapons of war; like him he unfastens his breast-plate and removes the pipeclay waist and cross-belt; like him he takes off his coat, but unlike him he proceeds to divest himself of his shoes—not his stockings, for he has none—of that which answers to him for a shirt, and lastly of—I must write it—his trousers. Let it not be supposed, however, that this process reduces Ram Sewak—as it assuredly would his European comrade—to a state of nature; beneath that detested garment, the donning of which is the severest sacrifice which the recruit is called upon to make at the altar of discipline, beneath that is coiled in ample folds, as ample as the hostile adjutant can be induced to tolerate, the sacred *dotee*, the one article of linen raiment which stands between a Hindu and the air of Heaven. This garment, rudely compressed beneath the injurious trousers, now assumes its natural drapery-like appearance, and in like manner Ram Sewak, removing his regulation cap, proceeds to set at liberty his *back hair*. Then, having completed his negative toilet, he starts up like a liberated slave, stretches himself, leaps in the air as though to prove his recovered freedom, then draws himself up to his full height—looking more of a man and (hear it, oh, spirit of pipeclay) not one jot the less a soldier; —he cleans his belt, he furbishes his arms with most puerile and military attention: no soldier in the world is so scrupulous as your Brahmin in the great military virtue of cleanliness; and having thus done the duty he owes to the state, proceeds to the discharge of that which he owes to himself. He takes his lotah—his small brass cup—and goes with it to the well. There he finds many of the other Brahmins and high Hindus of the regiment, each armed with his own bright brass *lotah*, come upon the same cleanly errand. Each man draws his water from the well, and, be the weather hot or cold, performs his ablutions, an act not merely of personal convenience but of religious duty. The one care is to perform the necessary complement of washings and involutions, the one anxiety to escape pollution or coming in contact during the performance of the act with any thing or any man common or unclean, that is to say, of inferior caste, steering safely through this peril with greater ease because in the Bengal army no sepoys of inferior caste are admitted. Ram Sewak returns to his hut a cleaner and, in his own eyes, a holier man, and there proceeds to make preparations for the one great event of a Hindu's life—that event in which his hopes, his fears, his religion, are all concentrated—his dinner. No regimental cook may prepare his meal, no arbitrary bugle summon him to it, no ill-assorted

herd of messmates share it with him; his own hands construct the earthen fire-place, his own hands knead the bread and bake it, and pour the ghee—odious to English, but dearest of all delicacies to Hindu stomach—which constitute his simple, very frugal, but to his mind, and still more to that of less fortunate, less well provided Hindus, sumptuous repast. Perhaps half-a-dozen Brahmins of the same caste of his own company, perhaps of his own village, who years ago enlisted together with him, form his mess, cook with him, and finally consummate the highest social act of Oriental life by eating with him. The gallant soldiers make their easy dress if possible a little easier, till the least conceivable restraint is left upon the free movement of their muscular pliant limbs, and, seated on the ground, proceed—to gorge. For there is no false shame about a Hindu in this respect—he eats once a day only, but then he eats like a serpent, till he is almost insensible. Stuff, stuff, he goes on till at last nature can endure no more; and, with a smile of bland enjoyment, he announces to his companions that '*Pet bhurgiyci*,' in plain English, he has got a bellyfull. They declare themselves to be in a like happy state, and so hookahs are lighted, and easier than easy postures are adopted, and Ram Sewak and his friends enjoy that other dear delight of Eastern, not to say Western, mortals—gossip. Not such gossip however as would edify Mrs. Marpeace; no character is blackened, no friend is maligned, no guilt is gloated over, no innocence is calumniated; the price of flour, the stoppages of the next pay-day, the accumulated savings of the year, the prospect of batta for the last campaign, the accidents of caste, how Gunga Pandy has tumbled into a pool of dirty water and lost his caste in consequence, and is to give a dinner to get it back again; perhaps the last news, now some twelve months old, from their native village, the tidings which Sall Sing is to bring from there on his return from furlough next year, till which time frugal Jack will wait patiently, and never think of incurring a criminal expenditure of three halfpence, in consideration of which he might in a week's time have all he wanted to know by post; perhaps the new station to which the corps is ordered, speculation as to what kind of air and water will be found there; perhaps the character of the commanding officer, the temper of a newly joined ensign, with a good-natured joke at some of his inexperienced blunders; perhaps, too, for Jack is a true soldier, the glories of the last or the hopes of the next campaign,—these are the subjects of conversation, salted, it may be, by the occasional utterance of some very aged joke, which has done duty in the grenadier company any time these last fifty years, but is always good to draw a laugh still from blithe and simple-hearted Jack.

Gradually conversation subsides and torpor ensues, a state which Ram Sewak himself would dignify by the higher name of meditation. For hours he will sit there in a state of serene enjoyment, smoking and ruminating, looking like a philosopher and feeling like a gorged boa-constrictor, unless some hated evening drill bugle is heard; then he gets up with a sigh, and with pain and grief wriggles into his scarcely consenting trousers, and with a fierce effort buckles his bursting belt, and takes his musket and goes sleepily on parade, where the colonel wonders why the regiment is so much less smart than it was in the morning. Or as the cool evening descends, he will select some brother Brahmin as his companion to go with him into the neighbouring city 'to see the world.' Very mild are the jests which entertain Ram Sewak and Sall Sing, as, hand in hand like two school-girls, they walk down to the city; very mild, to an Oxford under-graduate, would appear their notion of seeing the world. But the tattoo beats, and Ram Sewak is too good a soldier to be absent at the roll-call, and he retires again to his hut, where he sits with his brethren, smoking, talking, sleeping alternately, still somewhat under the influence of that prodigious dinner, till the night is far spent, and he draws his blanket well over his head and fairly goes to sleep till the

morning reveillé wakes him, and with a start and a yawn and a stretch, Jack is himself again.

But evil accidents will occur to mar the even tenor of this peaceful life, and of these caste is the fruitful cause. For if in his morning ablution, poor Ram Sewak's lotah was inadvertently used by some passing inferior Hindu; or if in that evening walk to the city he incurred the luckless fate of Gunga Pandy, and fell into a dirty pool: or if, in an hour of ill-advised dissipation he suffered some low caste *cahar* to partake of his hookah, then there is for him no convivial meeting, no social meal. He goes indeed at the wonted hour to the well-known place where his messmates are assembled, expecting his good company; they see him, and shout out, 'Hey, Ram Sewak!' in tones expressive of welcome; but he, with downcast air and faltering voice, relates his transgression. Do they try to talk away the misfortune? do they say, 'Well, never mind, Ram Sewak; it is a pity, old fellow, but it can't be helped; sit down, and we'll say nothing about it?' Nothing of the kind is said, nor does the unfortunate Ram Sewak expect it. They condole with him, indeed, with as much sincere pity as we all are said to feel for the misfortunes of our best friends, especially those by which we ourselves are to profit, but they let him depart, and he goes back to his solitary hut, to eat his solitary dinner and smoke his solitary pipe till the fraternity of his caste in the regiment shall have met, and decided how large an 'offering to the poor—in other words, how big a dinner to themselves—may serve to expiate Ram Sewah's offence, and win him back his caste. Ram Sewak is a popular man, and will get off easily. Were he disliked, or had there been no such *faux pas* committed for a length of time, and the Brahmins in the company were getting hungry, in that case his pay would be heavily mortgaged for some time to come.

In due time, Ram Sewak becomes a *havildar* or serjeant, and wears stripes and a sash; and again in due time he becomes an officer and receives a commission, full of flattering assurances from the Supreme Government, and wears a gold collar round his neck, and has no more sentry duty to perform, and wears tails to his coat, and carries a sword which he cannot use, instead of a musket which he can, and receives a great deal more money than he can spend (as is right, after long service), and in other respects is much in the same position as when he was a private. At last, when he is seventy years old, and has served the Government for fifty, he retires on his well-earned pension; goes back as a matter of course to the village which he left as a boy; finds it, thanks to the conservatism of the East, still unchanged,—his old parents perhaps dead and gone; but the old village families, the old village officers, the old village landmarks, the old village disputes, interests, lawsuits, hopes and fears, and there he sits in peace and quietness, glad to welcome occasionally some comrade on furlough, and talk over with him the regiment and old friends in it, and there he eats, and smokes, and ruminates, and dies.

Poor Gunga Pandy, his contemporary in the service, his rear rank man in the company, does not live to attain the like *otium cum dignitate*. He is taken ill one day, after a more than ordinarily portentous meal; he goes into hospital; then Ram Sewak and other of his fellow soldiers assiduously visit him, but he grows worse and dies, and the doctor reports to the commanding officer that 'Gunga Pandy, of the grenadier company, is dead,' and the commanding officer issues a somewhat superfluous order, 'that Gunga Pandy, of the grenadier company, should be struck off the strength of the regiment,' and a pyre is erected across the nullah which bounds the cantonment, and then poor Gunga Pandy is carried and decently burnt; and the officer of his company misses him a few days afterwards on parade, and asks for him, and is told that he is dead, and sums up his merits in the expressive epitaph—'Poor old Jack!'

W. D. A.

FRANCE BEFORE AND SINCE THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.*

THE author of this work is already favourably known to the European public. A Frenchman by birth, and the son of a French prefect under the Restoration, M. de Tocqueville was born in Paris in 1805. His early education, which commenced under the Empire, finished under the reign of Louis XVIII. He was called to the French bar in the year 1826, and immediately afterwards appointed *Juge Auditeur* at Versailles. These functionaries were suppressed in the year 1830, at which epoch M. de Tocqueville inscribed his name on the roll of Parisian advocates. In this expectant and trying position he did not long continue. In 1831 he was appointed, by the Government of Louis Philippe, in conjunction with his friend, M. Gustave de Beaumont, to a Commission of Inquiry into the Penitentiary System of the United States; and on his return published the result of his labours. This work gained for its author the Monthyon Prize, and admission as a Member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. A more celebrated series of volumes was yet to issue from the young advocate's pen. This was the work *De la Démocratie en Amérique*, which, if we remember rightly, was published by Gosselin, in 1836. Within less than a year the volume ran through six or seven editions, and enjoyed a popularity and repute which endure to the present day. It is emphatically the best, and indeed we may say the only profound work which has appeared on America, and it is not less distinguished by its pre-eminent ability than by its tone of manly candour. *La Démocratie en Amérique* opened not merely the French Academy, but the Chamber of Deputies to its able and accomplished author. Soon after its publication, the electors of the tenth arrondissement of Paris elected M. de Tocqueville to become their member—an honour which he declined, in order to present himself before the constituency of Valognes. In the first attempt in the Département de la Manche, M. de Tocqueville was unsuccessful. It was not till 1839, when occupied in writing a second portion of the work on *Démocratie en Amérique*, that he was returned to the Chamber. After his election he devoted himself arduously to his duties, giving his principal attention to colonial and foreign topics, and to questions relative to penitentiaries, secondary punishments, and popular education. Though not a fervent or popular speaker, yet the extent of his information, the elevation of his views, the solidity of his attainments, and the integrity of his character, caused De Tocqueville to be always listened to with respectful attention under the extinct parliamentary system. When the Government of Louis Philippe perished so unaccountably in February, 1848, the character of the man pointed him out as a fitting representative under a new system, and he was returned to the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies. For a short period in 1850 he filled the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs; but his official life was far too short to afford any indication of a peculiar fitness for the office. In the opinion of those very competent to judge, however, M. de Tocqueville was considered to have many of the qualifications essential to a due discharge of the duties of the office.

Since the period of the *coup d'état*, in December, 1851, M. de Tocqueville has, like the majority of the statesmen and men of letters in France, wholly withdrawn from public affairs, and lived in complete retirement. That he has not lived idly or unprofitably is apparent from the appearance of the able and instructive work which has been recently published.

* *On the State of Society in France before the Revolution of* 1789, *and on the Causes which led to that Event.* By Alexis de Tocqueville, Member of the French Academy. Translated by Henry Reeve. London: John Murray. 1856.

M. de Tocqueville does not profess to give a history of the French Revolution. That history has been already written several scores of times by men variously gifted, and at least half-a-dozen times with more than ordinary success. The volume before us is rather a commentary or a study on the French Revolution, than a history of events. It is a theory of M. de Tocqueville, that though the French in 1789 submitted to every species of constraint to fashion themselves otherwise than their fathers were, yet that they have succeeded less than was supposed abroad or at home. He holds that they have unconsciously retained most of the sentiments, habits, and opinions, by means of which they effected the destruction of the ancient fabric of their Government. The professed object of M. de Tocqueville in the present publication is, to use his own language, to reach the core of society under the old monarchy. For this purpose he has read over the literature which the eighteenth century produced, has investigated the public documents, the reports of the meetings of the States and the Provincial Assemblies, and the Instructions drawn up by the Three Orders in 1789. Not satisfied with these efforts, M. de Tocqueville has examined the archives of the Great Intendencies, particularly that of Tours, and there he has found the whole structure of the old monarchy, and copious information as to the state of society. In the France of that bygone day, he has discovered, he tells us, many of the characteristic features of the France of 1856. 'Everywhere,' he says, 'I found the roots of the existing state of society deeply embedded in the old soil.' The French Revolution, he maintains, has had two totally distinct phases. In the first phase, the French sought to abolish everything; in the second, to resume a portion of what had been relinquished. The design and peculiar object of M. de Tocqueville is to show why the Revolution broke out in France sooner than elsewhere; why it sprang spontaneously from society, and how the old monarchy came to fall so suddenly.

At some future time, if health and strength be spared to him, M. de Tocqueville promises to show by what a strange destiny the French people was led to relinquish its first aim, and to aspire only to become the servants of a hard taskmaster, who concentrated all the powers of the nation, suppressed its liberties, putting in their place a bastard freedom, and calling sovereignty of the people the suffrages of electors who could neither inform themselves nor concert their operations. This system interpreted the assent of mute and enslaved assemblies into a free voting of the taxes. While thus robbing the nation of the right of self-government, of law, of freedom of thought, of speech, of the pen, and of all the most precious of the conquests of 1789, it still dared to call itself a government by the national will. There was, indeed, a good deal of foreign conquest, and what is called military glory, incident to the first Imperial system; but a subsequent generation of Frenchmen has lived to witness the extinction of freedom of thought, of speech, and of the press, without the perilous and sanguinary compensation of either foreign conquest or glory at home.

M. de Tocqueville seems to apprehend that many will accuse him of showing in the book before us a very unseasonable love of freedom—a thing for which, it is said, no one any longer cares in France. We assure him, however, that his love of freedom will more fully recommend his work to the favourable consideration of Englishmen all over the world. More than twenty years ago, M. de Tocqueville remarked, in his work on America, that the men of the present day are impelled by an unknown force to the destruction of aristocracy; yet he observes, it is perfectly clear that of all the communities in the world, those which will always be least able permanently to escape from absolute government are precisely the communities in which aristocracy has ceased to exist, and can never exist again. Despotism, he observes, nowhere produces more pernicious effects than in these same communities, for more than any other form

of government, despotism favours the growth of all the vices to which such societies are specially liable. In countries where there is no freedom, men, being no longer connected together by any ties of caste or family, are inclined to think of nothing but their private interests, extinguishing all public virtue in considerations of self. Where the will of one man is now, as in a neighbouring country, law, every one is stimulated either by the fear of falling or by an eagerness to rise. As men are only distinguished by money, the desire to be rich at any cost is the chief consideration. The pursuit of lucre and of mere material pleasures is in despotic communities the prevalent passion — a passion diffused through, and enervating and degrading, both high and low. It is freedom alone, as M. de Tocqueville remarks, which can effectually counteract the vices which are natural to such communities. Freedom alone, he eloquently observes, can tear them from the worship of money and the petty squabbles of their private interests.

M. de Tocqueville does not deny that democratic communities, like France, which are not free, may be rich, refined, adorned, magnificent, powerful, by the weight of the uniform mass; they may contain many good fathers of families, honest traders, estimable men of property; but in such societies, he truly avers, there never will be found a great citizen, or, above all, a great people. Where equality of condition and despotic power are combined, the hearts and the intellects of men sink to a low level. These were the opinions entertained by a profound observer twenty years ago, and everything M. de Tocqueville has recently seen in France serves but to confirm his views. After an autocratic and uncontrolled sway has existed for nearly five years, he asks his countrymen, in his preliminary notice, where is the man who by nature has so mean a soul as to prefer dependence on the caprices of one of his fellow creatures, to obedience to laws which he has himself contributed to establish? The present ruler of France does not deny the excellence of freedom, but he wishes to keep it all to himself, and to maintain that Frenchmen are utterly unworthy of it. In this he shows what a low estimate he entertains for Frenchmen; for, as M. de Tocqueville observes, the taste a man may show for absolute government, bears an exact ratio to the contempt he may profess for his countrymen.

M. de Tocqueville maintains that the fundamental and final object of the first French Revolution was not, as has been supposed, the destruction of religious authority. It was, he truly observes, in the character of a political institution, far more than in that of a religious doctrine, that Christianity had inspired such fierce hatreds. It was not because the priests assumed authority over the world to come, as because they were landlords, tithe-owners, and administrators here below. We have seen in 1856, and indeed in every day that has passed since 1848, that in the same measure as the Roman-Catholic clergy has separated itself more and more from all that formerly fell with it, the Romish Church and its priests have re-established their ascendancy over the minds of men in France.

In clearing away the ruins produced by the Revolution of 1789, there appears a huge central power springing spontaneously out of these ruins, which has attracted and absorbed into unity all fractions of authority and influence. The governments founded on this power are more perishable, but a hundred times more powerful, than any of those which it overthrew. It is this central power which has destroyed immunities and abolished privileges—which has confounded ranks and equalized classes—which has superseded the aristocracy by public functionaries, local franchises by uniform enactments, and the diversity of authority by unity and indivisibility.

One of the reasons why feudal rights had become more odious to the people in France than in any other country, arose from the fact that serfdom had been abolished among our Gallic neighbours long before it had been abolished in Germany and other portions of the Continent. The French peasant had not only ceased to be a serf.

He had become an owner of land, and clung as pertinaciously to the soil as the Irish cottier tenant of fifty or sixty years ago. Many people in this country, who are not thoroughly acquainted with the history of France, have believed that the subdivision of landed property in that country dates from the Revolution of 1789, and was only the result of that revolution. The very contrary is demonstrated by M. de Tocqueville. Twenty years before the first Revolution the agricultural societies of France deprecated the excessive subdivision of the soil. The division of inheritances, said M. Turgot, is such, that what sufficed for a single family is shared between five or six children. Necker, a few years later, said there were in France an immensity of small rural properties; and M. de Tocqueville states that he met with the following expressions in a secret report made to one of the provincial intendants a few years before the Revolution:—

Inheritances are divided in an equal and alarming manner, and as every one wishes to have something of everything and everywhere, the plots of land are infinitely divided and perpetually subdivided.

Nearly a century ago, the love of the peasant in France for property in land was intense. When Arthur Young first visited France, seventy years ago, nothing struck him more than the great subdivision of the soil. He states that half the soil of France belonged to the peasantry in fee, and that he had no idea of such a state of things. M. de Tocqueville asserts that such a condition of affairs existed nowhere but in France, or in the immediate neighbourhood of France. In this, however, he is mistaken. Very small farms and subdivisions of land existed in Tuscany and in the Grand Duchy of Lucca, in Switzerland, in Catalonia, in the Basque Provinces, and in the Republic of Andorre; and also in Flanders and in the Pays de Liège, close to the French frontiers.

M. de Tocqueville holds it to be a mistake that the French nobility or the *seigneurs* governed the peasantry. After examining the question very minutely, he comes to the conclusion that the affairs of the parish were managed by a certain number of parochial officers, who were no longer the agents of the manor or domain, and whom the lord no longer selected. Some of these persons were nominated by the intendant of the province, others were elected by the peasants themselves. The duty of these authorities was to assess the taxes, to repair the church, to build schools, to convoke and preside over the vestry or parochial meeting. Though there was not then, and is not now, in France, any poor-law system as we understand it in England, yet the parochial officers attended to the property of the parish, and determined the application of it; they sued and were sued in its name. Unlike our parochial officers, however, they were subject to the control of the central power. The *seigneur* was only an inhabitant of the parish, differing in rank—not in power—from the body of the community. The *seigneur* is only the principal inhabitant, was the instruction given by the intendants to their sub-delegates. The French nobility had in truth lost its hold on public affairs, except in the administration of justice. The principal nobles, as M. de Tocqueville states, retained the right of having judges who decided suits in their name, and it may be further stated that these judgeships very uniformly went in families, so that there was a *noblesse de robe*. The power of the Crown, more especially since the time of Richelieu, had limited and subdued the seignorial jurisdiction. Many of the seignorial rights of France had vanished or undergone a transformation antecedent to 1789. All the rights then in existence might be reduced to a small number of leading heads. Though the traces of *corvées*, or seignorial labour rents, may be almost everywhere detected, yet they were in 1789 at least half extinguished. It is true that *seigneurs* levied dues on fairs and markets, and had the exclusive right of sporting, but most of the tolls on roads had been reduced or abolished. The peasant was compelled to grind at the seignorial mill, and to crush his grapes at the lord's wine-press.

The spiritual lords of the soil enjoyed also similar advantages, for the Church had in a great measure incorporated itself with the feudal system. A convent had generally the lordship of the village in which it stood. The Church held serfs in the only part of France in which they still existed, and ecclesiastical landlords levied their labour rents, their dues on fairs and markets, and were paid for their ovens, their mills, their wine-presses, and their Bulls, when used by the faithful. Nearly everywhere in Europe (M. de Tocqueville says throughout Europe, but this is a mistake, for Switzerland, Holland, Catalonia, and Biscay ought to be excepted) similar feudal rights existed, and in most of the Continental States they were more onerous than in France. How, he then asks, is it that the feudal rights excited so intense a hatred in France? The two most important causes of the phenomenon M. de Tocqueville holds to be that the French peasant had become an owner of the soil, and had escaped from the government of the great landlords. When it is remembered that the French peasant has been for more than a century enamoured of the soil—that he would spend all his savings to purchase it at any price, his hatred of seignorial rights may be more easily understood. In pursuance of seignorial rights, he was called from his furrow, and compelled to work for the lord, without wages; in accordance with these rights, he was forbidden to defend his young crops from their game. Thus his profits and his labour were interfered with by the lord, while the Black Hussar of the Church carried away the profit of his fields in the guise of tithe. It is impossible to picture the stores of hatred and envy which feudal rights—and especially the feudal rights of the clergy—generated among our neighbours. The destruction of a portion of feudalism in France, rendered a hundred times more odious that portion which survived in 1789.

M. de Tocqueville endeavours to show—and we think successfully—that administrative centralization was an institution anterior to the Revolution of 1789. He maintains that it is not an achievement of the Revolution, but that it is a product of the former institutions of France, and the only one that could be made to adapt itself to the new social condition brought about by the Revolution. M. de Tocqueville holds that in the centre of the kingdom, and close to the throne, there had been formed an administrative body, called the King's Council, in which every power was united. Though some of its functions were of recent date, it was a supreme court of justice and an administrative tribunal. It possessed also a legislative power. It was not composed of men of rank, but of intendants or persons versed in the management of business. The intendant was in possession of the reality of Government. He had his fortune to make. He was chosen by the Government, was subject to dismissal, and exercised his functions neither by election, birth, nor purchase of office. Beneath him was a sub-delegate, always a plebeian, and not seldom the intendant was a newly-created noble. Law observed that France, having neither parliaments, nor estates, nor governors, was ruled by thirty intendants. It is, said he, upon thirty Masters of Requests that the evil or good, the sterility or fertility of the provinces depend.

M. de Tocqueville sufficiently proves that what he calls the administrative tutelage of France was also an institution existing anterior to the first Revolution. But, nevertheless, municipal freedom outlived the feudal system, for long after the landlords had ceased to be the rulers of the country districts, the towns retained the right of self-government. In some of the towns, down to the close of the seventeenth century, the magistrates were elected by, and responsible to the whole people, forming small democratic commonwealths. Where Louis XI. curtailed the municipal liberties of the towns, it was because he was alarmed by their democratic character. Where Louis XIV. destroyed them, it was for fiscal reasons, and with a view to obtain money. Cases have occurred where the French Crown has over and over again re-sold to towns the right of electing their magistrates.

In most instances, the government of the towns of France was vested in two assemblies. These formed the executive body of the community, termed the *Corps de la Ville*, equivalent to our corporations. The municipal officers never received any stipend, but were remunerated by exemptions from taxation and by privileges. The second assembly was equivalent to our livery. According to the researches of M. de Tocqueville, this general assembly, or livery, frequently consisted, in the fifteenth century, of the whole population; and even at the end of the seventeenth century, the same state of things might sometimes be met with. In the eighteenth century, the people ceased to meet in general assembly, nor was the body anywhere elected by the bulk of the community, or impressed with its spirit. It was invariably composed of *notables*, some of whom sat in virtue of a personal right. This proves the truth of the profound remark of Madame de Stael, 'That it is liberty which is ancient, and despotism only that is modern.'

It is one of the homages paid to freedom, that almost all the princes who strangled or destroyed it have, from Augustus down to Louis Napoleon, made efforts to preserve the forms of liberty. But as our author remarks, and as probably will speedily appear in a neighbouring kingdom, it is impossible to prolong false appearances where the reality has departed.

It will excite the surprise of those who consider the present administrative tutelage of France a novelty, to be told, that in the eighteenth century the towns could neither establish an octroi, nor levy a rate, nor mortgage, nor sell, nor sue, nor farm their property, nor administer that property, nor employ their surplus revenues, without an Order in Council.

Under the social condition of France (says M. de Tocqueville), anterior to the Revolution of 1789, as well as at the present day, there was no city, town, borough, village, or hamlet in the kingdom—there was neither hospital, church, fabric, religious house, nor college which could have an independent will in the management of its private affairs, or which could administer its own property according to its own choice. Then, as now, the executive administration held the whole French people in tutelage.

By many theorists it is held that the modern law of France has removed the administration of justice from those political institutions into which it had been improperly allowed to penetrate before the first Revolution; but if this be so to some extent, it is also true that the Government has continually invaded the proper sphere of the judicial authorities. And nothing, as M. de Tocqueville observes, more depraves mankind, and tends to render them more revolutionary and servile, than the intervention of judicial authority in administrative business.

It should seem, if we are to judge from the example of France, that when a people has destroyed aristocracy in its social constitution, it is always sliding into centralization. Everything under such a system tends to unity. The deduction made by M. de Tocqueville from the data afforded by his country is, 'that the democratic revolution served to consolidate the centralized administration, and centralization seemed so naturally to find its place in the society which the Revolution had formed, that it might easily be taken for its offspring.'

The Ministers of the Crown in France, more than half a century before the first Revolution, formed the design of regulating everything from Paris. No doubt there was unity in the best sense of the word in the great Empire of Charlemagne; but the unity prevailing in his time differed from the mechanical and violent centralization operated by Richelieu and Louis XIV., and also from the harassing intermeddling of the present day. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, not a charitable workshop could be established in a distant province of France, until the Comptroller-General had fixed the cost, drawn up the scheme, and chosen the site. If a mendicity-house or a refuge was to be erected, the Minister must be informed of the name of the beggars, when they arrived, and when they departed.

I have remarked (says M. de Tocque-

ville), after having examined a mass of provincial archives, that it always took at least a year before a parish could obtain leave to repair its steeple or to rebuild the parsonage. More frequently, two or three years elapsed before the demand was granted.

As the Government, to use the words of M. de Tocqueville, assumed the place of Providence, every one in his individual necessities invoked its aid. In the archives of the intendancies are to be found the petitions of peasants praying to be indemnified for the loss of their cattle, of landowners asking for assistance, of manufacturers soliciting privileges or loans. The nobles, too, were often importunate solicitants. There is truly nothing new under the sun. In the archives of prefects and sub-prefects of the present day may be found self-seekers more numerous, asking favours not widely dissimilar. Licences for *Bureaux de Tabac* are as much and more shamelessly sought for in 1856, than under the old *régime*. In the collection of papers published in 1848 and 1849, we have seen that M. Guizot was asked for a *Bureau de Tabac*, for her French maid, by an English lady of title; and we dare say there are hundreds of *soi-disant* ladies now in France who have asked similar favours of the Imperial Government. The uncontrolled Government of one man has the inevitable tendency of making all men self-seekers, and of rendering them indifferent to their common fate.

No one can have passed a month, or even a week, in Paris, among the adherents of the present Emperor, without perceiving the voracious appetite for place which devours all Frenchmen. The writer before us holds that it is a mistake to suppose that this feeling has arisen since the Revolution of 1789. Its birth, he alleges, dates several centuries back, and it is a feeling which has constantly gained strength. Places under the old Government, which had been growing for a thousand years, were not, however, more numerous than under Louis Napoleon, first President of the Republic, and now Emperor. The number of petty places, as M. de Tocqueville says, under the *Vieille Cour* was almost infinite; yet it may be well doubted if such servility—if such utter prostration of the will, mind, and understanding, as is now required of the servile subjects of the Empire, then obtained. Between 1693 and 1790, it has been reckoned that 40,000 places were created; yet a far greater number now exist under the ex-President of a Republic expanded into a full-blown Emperor.

I have counted (says M. de Tocqueville), that in 1750, in a provincial town of moderate size, no less than 109 persons were engaged in the administration of justice, and 126 in the execution of the judgments delivered by them.

This no doubt appears an inordinate number. Yet we have little doubt that if M. de Tocqueville examined in 1857 the archives of 1856, he would find that the number of *employés* in the present year is far greater than it was in 1756.

The desire to have a Government place in France is now as great or greater than ever it was; the only difference is that places were formerly openly vendible, and were sold by the Government, whereas now they are covertly sold or trafficked *sous cape*. 'A man no longer,' says M. de Tocqueville, 'pays his money in order to purchase a place, he does more, he sells himself.' The vanity of the middle classes, he remarks, has been for three centuries kept on the stretch, and directed to the acquisition of public employments, and thus the passion for place became the source of revolutions and of servitude. The best kings of France, as well as the worst, sold offices, so that venality became, so to speak, one of the institutions of the country.

The following observations on the nobility of France appear to us so full of truth that we extract them:

At the commencement of the Revolution, that nobility of France which was about to fall with the throne held towards the king, and still more towards the king's agents, an attitude far higher and language far more free than the middle class, which was so soon to overthrow the monarchy. Almost all the guarantees against the abuse of power which France possessed during the thirty-seven years of her representative Government, were already loudly demanded by the nobles. It must ever be

deplored that, instead of bending that nobility to the discipline of the law, it was uprooted and struck to the earth. By that act the nation was deprived of a necessary portion of its substance, and *a wound was given to freedom which will never be healed.* A class which has marched for ages in the first rank has acquired, in this long and uncontested exercise of greatness, a certain loftiness of heart, a natural confidence in its strength, and a habit of being looked-up to, which makes it the most resisting element in the frame of society. Not only is its own disposition manly, but its example serves to augment the manliness of every other class. By extirpating such an order, its very enemies are enervated. Nothing can ever completely replace it; it can be born no more; it may recover its title and estates, not the soul of its progenitors.

There is nothing truer, than that all the customs and habits of the middle ages in France afforded guarantees for, and protests in favour of, liberty. Whether we look to the popular assemblies of 1356, the States of Blois, the *garde bourgeoise*, the risings of the various trades and corporations, the troubles of the League and Fronde, and the rebellions of Armagnac, we shall ever find stormy protests against anything like blind acquiescence to authority, whether that authority was founded on right or might. It should also be observed, that the elective system prevailed in the Church, in the *communes*, in the corporations. The vast clerical organization of France was altogether founded on a system of election. The humblest curate or the highest archbishop was appointed by the suffrage of his fellows. Bishops, abbots, grand-masters, canons, all derived their power and authority from the members of their own order. The Church, in a word, was a great republic, having its assemblies or councils, deliberating on the common weal of the great spiritual corporation, by the voice of its individual members. The great councils of the Church were representative, and in a measure republican. To the last days of the ancient monarchy, the Roman-Catholic Church in France retained her periodical assemblies.

The lower clergy, as M. de Tocqueville truly states, enjoyed the protection of solid guarantees against the tyranny of their superiors, and were not prepared for passive obedience to the Sovereign by the uncontrolled despotism of the bishop. The spirit of the priesthood, too, was not, as now, fashioned to political servility, or to ultra-montanism. On the contrary, there was scarcely a parish priest, and not one in a thousand among the minor clergy, who did not cling to the Gallican liberties. It is different in 1856. The mass of the Romish ecclesiastics in France are now the spiritual janissaries of ultra-montanism, and the servile adulators of the Emperor and the Empire. M. de Tocqueville holds that this religious and political servility has arisen from this: that the Catholic clergy, being deprived of all participation in landed property, and their incomes converted into salaries, the interests of the Papacy and of the temporal ruler are alone promoted. A Romish priest, the subject of a foreign authority, and who in the land in which he sojourns has no family, can be linked to the soil only by the tie of landed property. M. de Tocqueville is no enemy, but a warm supporter, of religion, and has no prejudices against—whatever his prejudices may be in favour of—the Roman-Catholic faith. But he sees clearly enough that the conscience of a Popish priest binds him to the Pope, and his stipend to the Sovereign. The real country of such a sacerdotal slave is his church. In every political question he considers but the status of his own profession. If Mother Church be free, prosperous, and dominant, what matters it to him how it fares with the rest of the world?

The mass of the French antecedent to the first Revolution were, it is likely, more lax in their habits and more vehement in their feelings and opinions, than the French of the present day; but they were not, to use the epithet of this writer, so temperately and decorously sensual as the subjects of Louis Napoleon. They sought to be renowned rather than rich. They did not allow the greed of gain to absorb every faculty of their minds, or the pursuit of comfort and luxury to absorb every faculty of their souls.

The chase after lucre was often abandoned for higher and more refined enjoyments. Men did not spend their days on the Stock Exchange and the Bourse, or their nights in creating specious or altogether sham joint-stock companies, agricultural, commercial, and social, to come out at a high premium, thus rigging the market, defrauding the unwary, and enriching themselves. Frenchmen of sixty, seventy, or eighty years ago were not wholly sordid, sensual, and self-seeking. They had other objects than money before their eyes, and did not take '*Rem, quocumque modo rem*' for their stereotyped motto.

M. de Tocqueville does not, in his ingenious work, lay, we think, sufficient stress on the liberty which the French enjoyed by being governed through *Prudhommes* and by *Prévots*. Philip le Bel, even before his coronation, granted, *comme joyeux avènement*, to the inhabitants of Breteuil, the right of being governed by two *Prudhommes*, elected every year.* In truth, these yearly elections of *Prudhommes*, *Sénéchaux*, and *Prévots* nourished in every town a knot of small republics. The fiscal and pecuniary wants of sovereigns, for wars and other expenditure, forced the French kings into concessions favourable to liberty. '*Une charte,*' says Hénault, '*permit aux serfs de la Lanquedoc de se racheter de la servitude moyennant un cens annuel payé au trésor royal.*'† In the reign of *Louis le Hutin* there is an ordonnance to the following effect:—

Nous considerant que notre Royaume est nommé le Royaume de France et voulant que la chose en vérité soit accordant, par déliberation de notre grand conseil, avons ordonné et ordonnons que dans notre royaume tout serviteur soit ramené à franchise, à bonne et honorable condition, et pour ce commandons et mandons que vous alliez à tous les lieux, villes et communautés, que la dite franchise vous tratiez avec eux, sont certaines compositions par lesquelles suffisante récompensation nous doit être faite et nous promettons ou nous tiendrons et feront tenir les lettres que vous donnerez.‡

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it should be also observed, that the minor clergy and the monks made common cause with the popular interests. '*Les clercs du bas étage, les moines surtout, faisaient cause commune avec les intérêts populaires,*' says a writer who has paid particular attention to the subject.

The servile apologists of the autocratic system now prevailing in France, would have us believe that a representative system in France is a modern innovation. But we may here observe, that from the period of the concession of aids by the *états généraux* the grand principles of a representative system were consecrated. The taxes were equal, and levied without distinction of class.

D'abord (says Capefigue) l'égale répartition des impôts sur toutes les classes, sans privilége pour les nobles et gens d'église ni même pour le roi; le vote annuel des subsides et la necessité de réunir les états pour en obtenir de nouveaux; la perception de l'impôt coupée aux délégués de l'assemblée populaire; une specialité de service de telle manière que le produit ne pût s'appliquer qu'à l'objet pour lequel il était voté, le roi même et ses officiers ne pouvant par lettres speciales lui donner une autre destination enfin la révision des dépenses et l'examen des comptes par les délégués des états.§

Every student of French history is well aware that so early as the fourteenth century, the *impôt* was refused by more than one province. Though Paris yielded in June, 1355, Picardy and Normandy refused. The speech of the Count d'Harcourt to the burgesses and commonalty of Rouen is on record. '*Ah ça bonnes gens,*' he exclaimed, '*vous seriez bien serfs si vous accordiez cette gabelle; si Dieu m'aide elle ne courra jamais dans mon pays, et il n'y aura homme si hardi qui l'ose mettre sur mes terres.*'‖

It is one of the theories of M. de Tocqueville—and it appears a theory supported by fact—that the French aimed at reform before liberty, and that the taste for political liberty was the last to manifest itself and the first to disappear. His estimate of

* *Collect. du Louvre*, tom. viii. p. 24. † *Abrégé Chronologique.*
‡ *Cod. Louvre*, tom. i. p. 583. § *Histoire Constitutionelle*, tom. ii. p. 380.
‖ *Chron. de St. Dénis*, 1356.

the Political Economists or *Physiocrates* appears to us to be just. They have left less conspicuous traces in French history than the French philosophers, and they contributed less to the Revolution. But the true character of that event may be best studied in their works. The institutions, the subjects of the criticisms and attacks of the Economists, were the first annihilated, and changes recommended by these writers were the first adopted. The Economists declaimed against privilege and diversity in custom. 'They would adore equality,' says M. de Tocqueville, 'even in servitude.' Everything that interfered with their designs was to be crushed. For plighted faith, for private rights, they cared nothing. Yet they were men of gentle and peaceful lives, upright, able, and amiable. Two of them, indeed, were men of transcendant ability and virtue—M. de Turgot and the Abbé Morellet. The sole guarantee invented by the Economists against the abuse of power, was education—as though education could supply the place of all political securities. Such nonsense is talked by some of the sect now, and half-a-dozen of them, with De Cormenin, the ex-Carlist, and Michel Chévalier, the ex-St. Simonian, at their head, have gone over, bag and baggage, to autocratic imperialism. There is some excuse for the backsliding of these men without consistency or elevation, when it is known that Turgot, who ranks so immeasurably above them, for a long time thought that a particular kind of State instruction was the chief political security. 'The State can do with men what it pleases,' said Bodeau. This proposition includes most of the theories of the Economists. The peculiar form of tyranny called democratic despotism, unknown to the middle ages, was familiar to these writers. This power is thus admirably characterized by M. de Tocqueville:—

This unlimited social power which the Economists conceived, differed from every other power by its origin and its nature. It did not flow directly from the Deity; it did not rest on tradition; it was an impersonal power; it was not called the King, but the State; it was not the inheritance of a family, but the product and the representative of all. No gradations in society, no distinctions of classes, no fixed ranks, a people composed of individuals nearly alike and entirely equal—this confused mass being recognised as the only legitimate sovereign, *but carefully deprived of all the faculties which could enable it to direct or even to superintend its own government.* ABOVE THIS MASS, A SINGLE DELEGATE, CHARGED TO DO EVERYTHING IN ITS NAME, WITHOUT CONSULTING IT. To control this delegate, public opinion deprived of its organs; to arrest him, revolutions but no laws. IN PRINCIPLE, A SUBORDINATE AGENT; in FACT, A MASTER.

In the last sentence, the actual state of the French nation is pithily yet pregnantly described. It is a curious yet a certain fact, that theories of Socialism are contemporary with the first French school of Economists. The first article in the code of Socialism says, 'Nothing in society shall belong in singular property to any one;' and the same theory obtains among the Jesuits, who enjoy their property in common. M. de Tocqueville quotes from a book published at the time Quesnay founded his school, that towns will be erected on the same plan, that all private buildings will be alike, that at five years of age all children will be taken from their parents, and brought up in common, at the cost of their parents; and he remarks, 'Such a book might have been written yesterday: it is a hundred years old. So true it is that Centralization and Socialism are products of the same soil.'

There can be no doubt that the French of the present day resemble more the Economists of 1750 than their fathers in 1789. Their passion for equality is as strong as that of the Economists, and their taste for real freedom as question able. What the French now desire and long for with a vehement longing, are material advantages—luxurious living, wealth, and abundance of worldly goods. Freedom has brought to England these and many other blessings—it has brought to our land comfort, wealth, moral, intellectual, and material improvements. But there are times when freedom temporarily distrusts the possession of these blessings, and there are other times, as M. de Tocqueville remarks,

when despotism alone can confer the ephemeral enjoyment of them. Such is the case now in France, and therefore French speculators and sordid shopkeepers cling to an autocrat. But as the eminent publicist before us remarks, the men who prize freedom only for such things as these, are not the men who have ever long preserved it. The following passages are boldly thought, and even in the translation beautifully expressed:—

The desire of introducing political freedom in the midst of institutions and opinions essentially alien or adverse to it, but which were already established in the habits or sanctioned by the taste of the French themselves, is the main cause of the abortive attempts at free government which have succeeded each other in France for more than sixty years, and which have been followed by such disastrous revolutions, that, wearied by so many efforts, disgusted by so laborious and so sterile a work, abandoning their second intentions for their original aim, many Frenchmen have arrived at the conclusion, that to live as equals under a master is, after all, not without some charm. I have often asked myself what is the source of that passion for political freedom which in all ages has been the fruitful mother of the greatest things which mankind have achieved, and in what feelings that passion strikes root, and finds its nourishment. It is evident that when nations are ill directed, they soon conceive the wish to govern themselves; but this love of independence, which only springs up under the influence of certain transient evils produced by despotism, is never lasting; it passes away with the accident that gave rise to it, and what seemed to be the love of freedom was no more than the hatred of a master. That which at all times has so strongly attached the affection of certain men, is the attraction of freedom itself; its native charms, independent of its gifts; the pleasure of speaking, acting, and treading without restraint under no master but God and the law. He who seeks in freedom aught but herself is fit only to serve. There are nations who have indefatigably pursued her through every sort of peril and hardship. They loved her, not for her material gifts—they regard herself as a gift so precious and so necessary that no other could console them for the loss of that which consoles them for the loss of everything else. Others grow weary of freedom in the midst of their prosperity; they allow her to be snatched without resistance from their hands, lest they should sacrifice by an effort that well-being which she has bestowed upon them.

We have always held that the French people is one of the noblest and most easily led in the whole world, if properly managed. This is exactly the view taken by M. de Tocqueville.

The French people (says he), which is the greatest and the most docile in the world, so long as it remains in its natural frame of mind, becomes the most barbarous as it is roused by violent passions.

France has, since the first Revolution in 1789, witnessed several other revolutions, which have changed the structure of her Government. Many of these revolutions have been sudden, and brought about by force, yet the disorganization they have occasioned has been neither long nor general. Why is this? We leave M. de Tocqueville to reply.

The reason is, that since 1789 the administrative constitution of France has remained standing amidst the ruins of her political constitutions. The person of the sovereign or the form of the government was changed, but the daily course of affairs was neither interrupted nor disturbed; every man still remained submissive in the small concerns which interested himself, to the rules and usages with which he was already familiar; he was dependent on the secondary powers to which it had always been his custom to defer, and in most cases he had still to do with the very same agents; for if at each revolution the administration was decapitated, its trunk still remained unmutilated and alive.

The two leading passions of France are, the love of equality, and, after equality has been achieved, the desire to live not only equal, but free. At the period preceding the Revolution, these passions combined, and nothing could withstand their force. But when the generation which had commenced and achieved the Revolution was destroyed or enervated, the nation began to look after a master. So soon as that master was found, he discovered prodigious facilities for consolidating his authority, and by seeming to continue the revolution, to strangle and destroy it. The progress of the first Bonaparte is

thus perspicuously sketched by M. de Tocqueville:—

Centralization was disentangled from the ruins and re-established; and as, while this system rose once more, everything by which it had been before limited was destroyed from the bowels of the nation which had just overthrown monarchy, a power suddenly came forth, more extended, more comprehensive, more absolute than that which had been ever exercised by any of the French kings. This enterprise appeared strangely audacious and its success unparalleled, because men were thinking of what they saw, and had forgotten what they had seen. The dominator fell, but all that was most substantial in his work remained standing; his government had perished, but the administration survived; and every time that an attempt has since been made to strike down absolute power, all that has been done is to place a head of Liberty on a servile body. Several times from the commencement of the Revolution to the present day, the passion of liberty has been seen in France to expire, to revive, and then to expire again—again to revive. During the whole of this period, the passion for equality has never ceased to occupy its deep-seated place in the heart of the French people. Whilst the love of freedom changes its aspect, wanes, and waxes, that other passion is still the same, ever attracted to the same object with the same indiscriminating order.

The contrasts and extravagances of his countrymen are happily exposed in the following extract, which is the last we shall make from these volumes.

Was there ever any nation on the face of the earth (says M. de Tocqueville), so full of contrasts and so extreme in all its actions; more swayed by sensations, less by principles—led therefore always to do either worse or better than was expected of it; sometimes below the common level of humanity, sometimes greatly above it; a people to-day the declared enemy of all obedience, tomorrow serving with a sort of passion which the nations best adapted for servitude cannot attain; guided by a thread so long as no one resists, ungovernable when the example of resistance has once been given; always deceiving its masters, who fear it either too little or too much; never so free that it is hopeless to enslave it, or so enslaved that it may not break the yoke again; apt for all things, but excelling only in war; adoring chance, force, success, splendour, and noise more than true glory; more capable of heroism than of virtue, of genius than of good sense; ready to conceive immense designs rather than to consummate great undertakings; the most brilliant and the most dangerous of the nations of Europe, and the best fitted to become by turns an object of admiration, of hatred, of pity, of terror, but never of indifference? Such a nation could alone give birth to a revolution so sudden, so radical, so impetuous in its course, and yet so full of reactions, of contradictory incidents, and of contrary examples.

The appearance of this well-thought and well-reasoned work at this moment is most timely. M. de Tocqueville has spoken in a grave and earnest manner—mournfully, truthfully, and with the eloquence and ardour of the deepest conviction. His wise words will not sleep in the ears of his countrymen, and may in the fulness of time produce effects more lasting than many now suppose.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1856.

THE BASHI-BAZOUKS.

SOME few weeks since, in a leading article adverting to this force, the *Times* informed us that 'there was something so irresistibly ludicrous in everything connected with 'the Bashi-Bazouks,'—nay, in the very name itself—that it seemed impossible to treat the subject with gravity, as seen from any point of view.' We quote from memory, and cannot therefore take upon ourselves to answer for the exact words, but such was the substance of a sentence calculated, we submit, to throw more than their fair share of ridicule upon the Irregular Horse.

That this description of cavalry is not entirely to be depended upon when unsupported by regular troops, and opposed to an enemy thoroughly disciplined and versed in the real science of war, we willingly concede; but that irregulars, from their very constitution, must be utterly useless and incapable, we as unhesitatingly deny; and yet we have heard many sensible men and thoroughly good officers stoutly uphold the latter proposition. To such we would merely mention 'Tait's Horse,' a force that, under the command of that judicious and distinguished leader, did as efficient service during our Indian campaign as any Queen's regiment of Light Cavalry, or indeed any regiment of any service in the world, and were as notorious for their discipline and good conduct on the march, as for their steadiness and gallantry in the field. No greater compliment could have been paid their commander than the offer made him by the British Government, to go out and raise a force of Irregular Cavalry in Turkey, upon the same system as that which he had found to answer so admirably in India,—an offer that Colonel Tait, for reasons of his own, decided upon refusing; nor are we inclined to believe that he has ever yet had cause to regret his decision.

It will be recollected that our sad deficiency in cavalry at the Alma, where we counted scarcely 900 sabres, almost neutralized the effects of that heroic victory—a deed-of-arms unrivalled perhaps in history, save by the bloody repulse of Inkermann. Commissions and Reports have also kept alive in men's minds the sufferings of our troopers, men and horses, during the melancholy winter of 1854; and when spring once more shed her smiles upon the camp of the besiegers, their cavalry was indeed reduced to a pitiable state. We have heard more than one distinguished officer complain that the Cossacks so hemmed in and harassed 'our people, that it was hardly practicable to get ground enough for a foot-race,' when the men were inclined to forget the hardships and miseries of the siege in those sports which reminded them of home. This, of course, was a mere *façon de parler;* but at the same time there is no doubt that the outposts and videttes of that wary, shifting foe were constantly venturing unpleasantly near, and that our soldiers felt keenly the want of some corresponding force which might become, so to speak, the eyes, ears, and 'feelers' of the army. A bright thought suddenly sprung up at the War Office, where such exotics are indeed rare, and seldom reach maturity till too late. 'Why should we, too, not have Cossacks of our own?' reflected the noble Lord at the head of the War department. 'Many good officers are out of employment; why not raise a force that shall give them ample pay, much labour, and a fair chance of distinction? Catherans are best opposed to catherans; if the Czar moves a pawn, why must we sacrifice a knight? 'gin a body meet a body comin' to the camp,' it is best that the 'bodies' should be equally worthless. The Russians

have their Cossacks; I, too, will have my Bashi-Bazouks.' So Spring-gardens was ere long besieged by aspiring warriors, bearded and grim, in lacquered boots, whose sole desire was 'blood' and extremely liberal pay and allowances. All who were in debt, all who were in hot water, all who were in difficulties, grasped at the opportunity thus offered. The corps was officered ere it was yet manned; and if you met your friend walking down Pall Mall, somewhat fiercer than usual, with a redundancy of hair, you naturally accosted him with the salutation, 'Why, you look as if you belonged to the Bashi-Bazouks!'

Then came the inquiry from the mouths of a discerning public, 'What *are* the Bashi-Bazouks?' and *Punch* answered, as he always does, ludicrously to the purpose: 'A Bashi-Bazouk,' quoth the jester, 'is one who wears a 'shocking bad hat;' so the public laughed, and took *Punch's* word for it, without turning to their Turkish vocabularies to ascertain how literally he had translated the term.

The language spoken by 'the Johnnies' is so little known to John Bull himself, is so difficult of acquirement,* and so crabbed in its construction, that we need hardly apologize to our readers for explaining how the word *Bash*, literally interpreted, signifies 'head,' and is used constantly with the same meaning as our own word *captain*. Thus in the Turkish army an 'on-bashi,' or head of ten, answers to our corporal; a 'yuz-bashi,' or head of a hundred, to our captain; and a 'bin-bashi,' or head of a thousand, to the French *chef de bataillon*, or what was originally our own lieutenant-colonel. The 'bash' is therefore the chief or commandant of any assemblage. 'Bazouk' means 'uneven,' 'abnormal,' 'irregular;' so that the two words taken together signify that which has no established head or is under no regular command From the innate corruption of language, Bashi-Bazouk has come to mean, not only a member of a desultory mob, but even a private individual; this, however, only in contradistinction to a soldier, as we ourselves might use the term 'civilian;' and it is no uncommon thing to hear a Turk relate that he has met a certain number of 'Bashi-Bazouks,' without in the slightest degree meaning to cast an aspersion on the character of such wayfarers, or even to infer that they were less respectable members of society than himself.

Since the war, however, the term has by consent been restricted to that band of irregulars who entered the service of the Sultan without choosing to enlist in his regular army,—a determination which those who know how sumptuously that regular army is fed, and how honestly and munificently paid, are not surprised at any sensible Mussulman adopting. A handful of rice, a pinch of tobacco, and four piastres (about 10*d.* sterling) per month—the food being adulterated, the pay *always* in arrear—is hardly a fair recompence for the purchase of an able-bodied man, limbs and life and all; added to which, the clothing is never issued at the stated intervals, and many a march has been made by the Sultan's army literally barefooted and with scarcely a rag to cover them.

And here let me put in a word for the Turkish soldier. Of all philosophers in the world, he is the most admirable. Patient of toil, hunger, privation, misery of every description, he never grumbles, and he never mutinies. He may not be smart on sentry,—and truly, a Turkish sentinel lounging on his

* Not only is the written language entirely different from the vernacular, the former consisting almost entirely of Arabic, whilst the latter is Turkish *pure*—but the five vowels are wholly omitted, and can only be guessed at by a previous familiarity with the language, and by the drift of the context. This practice, of course, much enhances the difficulties of a beginner, and for ten Europeans that *speak* Turkish, scarce one can *read* it. The proportion of those who can *write* it, again, would be nearer one in a hundred. Even amongst well-educated Turks, few have any grammatical or scientific acquaintance with their own language, and no two can ever be found to agree upon the proper pronunciation of a word. Added to this, their habit of slurring over the liquids and changing them at will to gutturals, makes it almost hopeless to imitate correctly their constantly-varied articulation.

post, his firelock resting against the wall, himself perhaps smoking a cigarette, is a ludicrous and unmilitary spectacle enough,—but yet that same idler is all eyes and ears before an enemy. He may not be well 'set up,' for his robust round-shouldered frame and strong bowed legs can never be drilled to look like the square, symmetrical Englishman, or the dapper, brisk *soldat de la France.* He may have confused ideas about time, and be little intelligent as to occurrences which do not come within the scope of his daily duty; but for all that he is a thorough soldier at heart. He will make extraordinary marches, and never complain of fatigue; on arrival at his bivouac, his officer will show him where he must lie down, perhaps in a pool of wet, with the remains of a threadbare coat only to cover him. Nothing has come up but the powder, and even his miserable ration of rice he must go without; and he says 'peki' (very well) with an expression of respectful resignation that is truly touching. We ourselves witnessed a regiment of Egyptians at Schoumla, who had not received clothing for two years, and were eighteen months in arrears of pay, and yet they were doing their duty with an alacrity and obedience beyond all praise. So much for the infantry soldier; the cavalry man is perhaps even superior in his department. All Turks are naturally good horsemen, and what is more, good horse-masters; and the Eastern origin peeps out even amongst the lowest of the natives. We were riding one moonlight night on the shores of the Bosphorus, with a common groom from Constantinople as our guide. We entered into conversation with him as to his tastes and predilections. What did he like best in the world? A horse. What next? A rose! And after those two, a woman. Ask the first post-boy, omnibus-driver, or corresponding cad that you meet with in England the same question, and see if he gives you so simple and so poetical an answer.

But whatever the Turkish trooper may think of roses and women, his affection for his horse is of the tenderest and most careful description. On dismounting, he will lead him about for hours, and never leave him under any temptation till he is perfectly dry and comfortable, and has been fed and laid down. His habit also of unsaddling but once in the twenty-four hours, and that only for an hour or two, guards him against the dreaded injury of a 'sore back,' that curse of all mounted men; and his little charger lies down with his saddle on, and sleeps as contentedly and as composedly as a dog. Hence it is that Turkish cavalry can perform such extraordinary marches, and bring such numerical force into the field. Is locomotion the forte of our English Dragoon, splendid as he is? Let those who accompanied the reconnaissance of that dashing officer, Lord Cardigan, into the Dobrudscha, answer the question.

Doubtless the Turks are a warlike race. If we consult their history, we shall find that they have always been soldiers, and nothing but soldiers. They have never had arts, they have never had manufactures, they have never so much as translated the word 'progress;' and yet, despite the mailed chivalry of Hungary, they were once at the very gates of Vienna. Their temperance and simplicity of habits make them essentially a military nation. When soldiers are forbidden by their religion to drink anything stronger than water, and adhere conscientiously to the prohibition, one of the greatest enemies to discipline with which officers have to contend is at once done away with; and a force in which no man ever gets drunk, is a force in which there is seldom a punishment. It is not the sword that will sweep Turkey from the face of the earth: that she is predestined to fall, we believe to be the opinion of most far-seeing statesmen; but if fighting alone would keep her head above water, the crimson flag might wave for many a long year at the Golden Horn. No; the less we say of Turkish *officers* the better; but the Turkish *soldier* is a rare specimen of his class. Led by those in whom he has confidence, what will he not attempt?—what will he not endure? Witness the bloody campaigns on the Danube—witness the dogged, matchless defence of Kars.

But to return to the Bashi-Bazouks. There are three phases in which we may contemplate this much-talked-of, much-maligned, and also much-overrated force—the picturesque, the ludicrous, and the utilitarian. Let us take them first in their picturesque light.

It is a beautiful evening in spring, and the plains of Bulgaria are blushing in one of those *orange* sunsets so peculiar to Turkey. We are at the close of our second day's journey, and have had nearly enough of endless plains and Turkish post-horses; nor are we by any means sorry to find ourselves approaching that curious basin in which is situated the well-fortified town of Schoumla,—by the way, one of the strongest places in Europe. The sun is very near the horizon, and in less than an hour we hope to reach our billets. Save our own party, not a figure have we seen for hours, since we left Yeni-bazaar, our last posting station, and a village remarkable only for having once been Lord Cardigan's head-quarters. Suddenly, right in front of us, as though he had started out of the earth, appears a mounted warrior, his flowing garments and the symmetrical form of his steed defining themselves clearly against the evening sky. For an instant he stands motionless as a statue, then suddenly wheeling, and brandishing aloft a long lance, around the head of which waves a plume of feathers, he disappears. Scarcely is he gone before another figure, apparently identical with his comrade, is seen on our right; then a third on our left; presently half-a-dozen together; and as we surmount the slope that intervenes between us and Schoumla, we are surrounded by some two hundred of these irregulars, galloping, shrieking, wheeling like hawks upon the wing, and giving us welcome in their own fashion, which, however respectfully it may be intended, is somewhat undisciplined and alarming. The greatest compliment a Bashi-Bazouk can pay you, is to gallop up as hard as ever he can lay legs to the ground, till within an inch of your nose, when he either pulls up dead short, or shaves close by you without touching, though the current of air, like the wind of a shot, completely scatters your ideas, wheeling his horse with a dexterity which is admirable in the equestrian, but, we cannot help thinking, most prejudicial to the soundness of the animal he rides.

Like all other Orientals, he uses a frightfully severe bit, with an extremely high *port*, and an iron ring passing round the lower jaw in lieu of a curb. With such an instrument, the touch of a finger is sufficient to produce intense pain; and the consequence is, that every horse so ridden acquires a habit of going in a confined position, with an unnatural strain upon his hind-legs and quarters, which, in nine cases out of ten, produces unsoundness. When we purchase an English horse, we look at his *fore*-legs; when a Turkish, we examine his *hind* ones. Without this command of his horse, it would be impossible for the Turkish cavalier to indulge in those feats of horsemanship on which he so prides himself, and which consist in galloping furiously at score, stopping dead short from extreme speed, wheeling and turning in the smallest possible space, and otherwise executing such manœuvres as would thoroughly break down any beast but his own in the first ten minutes, more especially on hard ground, for which he shows the most supreme contempt; and the consequence of this tuition is, that *every* Eastern horse goes with his head up, has no *natural* pace but a gallop—for his walk is a sort of fidgetty, fractious amble—and requires to be ridden with the lightest possible hand and the most implicit confidence, of which we are bound to admit he proves himself deserving. When ridden in an English bridle, and by a quiet horseman, he becomes in a short time as tractable and pleasant as any animal in the world.

So the Bashi-Bazouks plunge and snort and shout all round us, and we have time to examine the dress and accoutrements of these fine specimens of their class; for they have not sent out their *worst* men and horses to welcome and give us a first impression of the force.

Let us take that handsome swarthy fellow who has just reduced his steed

from the pace of a race-horse to the stillness of a statue. He is a *Yuz-Bashi*, or captain of a troop in an Arab regiment; and indeed there is a wild smack of the desert in the whole bearing and appearance of the man. True to our instincts, we turn our attention *first* towards his horse—a long, low, magnificent chesnut stallion, with all the marks of his noble blood in his lean characteristic head, his short quivering ears, and game wild eye; whilst his large thighs and joints, his full marble neck and deep ribs, betoken enormous strength and endurance in the smallest possible compass. Such an animal will travel a hundred miles a day in the desert for four or five consecutive days, and bear the extremes of heat and cold, the hardships of hunger and thirst, with a patience and power of *resistance* which is unknown to the meaner brethren of his kind. But then he can count quarterings with any German baron of the Empire; nay, his pedigree is as well authenticated and as carefully preserved as his master's own, who, a true Bedouin, esteems his blood the purest in the world. See how richly he has decorated his favourite—the bridle is adorned all over with chains and tassels, and the head-piece radiant with bosses of brass; a plume of horse-hair dyed scarlet descends from his throat-lash, and reaches to the horse's knees; he tosses it about as though he too were proud of his finery: the saddle is covered with crimson cloth, and the housings embroidered with gold, and sown with seed-pearls. Think of that, fair ladies! who have read of the Bashi-Bazouks and shuddered,—pearls for a horse, and those, too, scattered with no niggard hand. But he has not spent all his worldly wealth entirely on the chesnut, though you may depend upon it he has left none at home. He could march from hence to the end of the world without going back to pack up his things; for he carries not only his wardrobe, but his whole personal property, on his own and his horse's back. His costume consists of a close-fitting scarlet jerkin, embroidered with gold; an over-jacket, fastened at the neck, but otherwise streaming loose behind him, sleeves and all, like a Hussar's pelisse, also of scarlet, richly embroidered with the costly metal; a pair of voluminous 'shulwars,' or trousers, of a green hue—because, forsooth, our dandy counts kin with the Prophet—tucked into a pair of light yellow boots; the whole surmounted by a gaudy silk handkerchief twisted round his head, with long ends flapping over his cheeks and shoulders, so as to protect from the sun all but his eyes, nose, and beard—the latter scanty and thin, but trimmed with peculiar care: a tiger's tail encircles his brows like a coronet, and is supposed to denote the fierce and warlike character of the wearer; whilst further to enhance his terrors, he has wound round his body a magnificent shawl, in which he carries a knife, a yataghan, a scimetar, and two, if not three, brace of splendidly-mounted but somewhat uncertain pistols. At his back hangs a murderous-looking carbine, and in his hand he brandishes a long light lance. Ere we have half inspected him, he is off again at score, jousting and imitating the game of the *jereed* with his fellows: and it is not till we have nearly reached the gates of Schoumla that the men, who have by this time breathed their horses and got rid of some of their own exuberant spirits, form into something like order, and march in to the sound of their '*tum-tums*,' an instrument which, with the class of performers who practise upon it, seems peculiar to the Bashi-Bazouks.

The *tum-tum* is a small sheepskin drum, carried at the saddle-bow, and capable of producing but two melancholy and monotonous notes, which continue without intermission, and appear to afford intense gratification to these wild Eastern horsemen. There are two of these to every regiment, and they are under the charge of two half-witted individuals, who, like the jesters of the middle ages, often conceal a vast amount of fun and shrewdness under the mask of folly, and whose grotesque dress and constant buffooneries afford much amusement to their comrades. The gravity for which the Turkish character is so conspicuous is, after all, but skin-

deep, and is a good deal assumed in presence of the Giaour, probably with a view of impressing on him the superior wisdom and discretion of the sons of Osman. The Turks, in their own private life and amongst their intimate friends, display much jocose humour, and what we ourselves call 'fun;' and although their jests will not bear interpreting, there is no little real wit and good-natured badinage to be elicited from their every-day conversation.

It is quite dark as we enter the gates of Schoumla, and plunge knee-deep into the sea of mud which at that season of the year constitutes the streets of the town. We have now seen the Bashi-Bazouk in his picturesque character—shall we examine him as he descends into the ludicrous? Long lines of horsemen are drawn out on the plain within a mile of Schoumla; at a short distance their array is imposing and magnificent in the extreme. Many-coloured standards wave in the breeze—long lances glitter in the sun—man and horse stand motionless and on their best behaviour; for an English Major-General has come all the way from Constantinople to inspect them, and all are on their mettle to deserve the Ferik-Pasha's approbation. What ground to manœuvre; soft, without being deep—guiltless of furrow or other inequality, flat as a racecourse, and roomy, to use Brother Jonathan's expression, roomy as 'all out-of-doors.' Think of this, general officers of cavalry in Great Britain—ye who are confined to Windsor Park and Wormwood Scrubs—who complain, and justly, that, with the exception of Salisbury Plain, there is no open space in England where cavalry can manœuvre in three lines—think of space being no object—think of three brigades, of some two thousand horses each, on ground that tempts you to do everything at a gallop, and room for three more if you had them — think of *taking hold* of them and working them yourself, with three or four horses out, and half a dozen flying aides-de-camp, capable of going like the whirlwind, and carrying an order at that pace without *spilling any of it!* It must make your mouth water. But to-day is merely a close inspection, man by man; and as the leading regiment of Bashi-Bazouks files past the Ferik-Pasha and his staff, we will take up our position in his rear, and scrutinize the appearance and efficiency of the corps.

They are, indeed, a motley crew. Having no regular uniform, they are dressed and equipped every man as suits his pocket or his taste—variety bordering on the ridiculous is the result. Can that man be a soldier? He is mounted on a lean shaggy pony, ewe-necked and ragged-hipped, sadly out of condition, and unmistakeably lame. His bridle is of string, twisted round his pony's jaws: his saddle we cannot see; for, though he sits huddled up in a heap, cowering beneath a ragged blanket, and shivering with the cold, he is so out of proportion to his steed, that he nearly covers the whole of the little animal's back. He has no stockings, as we perceive by the bare leg that peeps above his short boot, in the top of which he has stuck his pipe-stick. You can hardly call that long knife a sword, yet is it the only weapon he possesses, with the exception of a short club, with which he urges the wretched pony into something like a decent walk. Yet he files by, nothing doubting, with all the confidence of the best-mounted, best-appointed dragoon. Is he not in the service of the Sultan?—is he not fed and paid by Queen Victoria?—is he not a Bashi-Bazouk?

Now, to reconcile the apparent paradox that two such men as the picturesque Arab whom we have described above, and the ludicrous scarecrow whom we have just mentioned, should belong to the same force, we must go back to the original constitution and formation of that body, from which so much has been expected, and which it is only fair to remark, has never had an opportunity of proving either its merits or its inefficiency.

The Bashi-Bazouks were originally collected in the following manner and on these principles:—On receiving a certain bounty paid by the British Government, an able-bodied man who was desirous of joining this force was bound to supply himself with a horse and

arms, neither of which he might part with or dispose of in any manner as his own property, except by consent of his officers. He enlisted, so to speak, for a term of service regulated by the continuance of the war. At the conclusion of hostilities, he was to receive a free passage back to his native country, and a few months' pay as a gratuity from the liberality of the English Government. Such an offer was tempting enough to many a wild Oriental, whose sole existence was normally a state of warfare, and who looked forward with a fertile imagination to the contingencies of plunder and the certain advantages of ample rations for himself and horse. His pay was to be, in his own opinion, munificent; and his position as a free lance exactly what corresponded with his ideas of that which was most dignified and worthy of a man. Now, this might have answered admirably, had it been carried out in the spirit in which it originated; but the consequences were such as might have been easily foreseen by any one conversant with the duplicity and avarice so paramount in the Asiatic character. The recruiting got into the hands of the mercenaries themselves; nor was this easily to be avoided. British officers in the East have immense difficulties to overcome; and from the lying habits of those with whom they have to deal, and the extraordinary indolence and supineness of all Orientals, particularly those in office, labour is so multiplied, that it is impossible for one individual to see and examine everything with his own eyes. Consequently, when a recruiting officer of Bashi-Bazouks was informed, with all the magniloquence of Turkish hyperbole, that Hassan Bey or Mustapha Effendi was willing to join his standard with some ten or twenty men, all armed, horsed, and provided like Rustam* himself, he could not but gladly accept an offer which promised to fill his ranks in so promising a manner. Time, too, was a great object. The Allies were reaping laurels in the Crimea, and every soldier's heart was beating to join the fray. No labour was to be grudged, no sacrifice deemed too great, for the object of getting quickly into the field; and many a hot-brained warrior would willingly have led an undisciplined mob against the iron columns of the Muscovite, rather than wait a day longer in the state of comparative inaction required to prepare and organize an army. No wonder Hassan Bey and Mustapha Effendi were allowed to join with their retainers; and it was only on a close personal inspection that their promises proved to be of 'pie-crust,' their men, of 'straw.' Cripples on ponies were found, too late, to have been provided instead of men-at-arms on chargers—Hassan Bey and Mustapha Effendi pocketing the difference. But this was, perhaps, not discovered till they had for some time received pay and rations from the British Government: perhaps they had come many miles from their homes to enter the service; and piteous would be their disappointment if obliged to return without striking a blow for the Faith—ruined, and wearied, and disgraced in the eyes of their own people, and all because they had trusted in the promises of England! 'Besides,' quoth Hassan Bey and Mustapha Effendi, 'although they may look now a little poor and overworked, these men have the souls of heroes; their horses (the ponies aforesaid) are lions raging for battle!' So, after all, 'the best was made of a bad job,' and many an inefficient horseman was allowed to enter the ranks in the hope that time, good feeding, and especially active service, might eventually make him efficient enough at least to stand the brunt of a Cossack.

Now for all this we are not to blame General Beatson—with that officer's short-comings, if such there

* This worthy fills the same place in Eastern romance as does Roland the Brave, Bayard, or Charlemagne, in our own records of chivalry. Like these mailed heroes, he has appropriated the fame of every exploit performed within a couple of centuries of the time of his career, and 'as brave as Rustam' has become a common saying in the East to denote the acme of personal courage and valour.

be, we have nothing to do. His conduct has been the subject of inquiry in the proper quarter, and we have no right to suppose that he is unprepared to defend himself, and successfully to rebut any charges that may arise against him. All we maintain from our own little experience of Eastern affairs, is this, that no man on earth could expect to get together three thousand cavalry of the description we are now considering, in a few months, without laying himself open to the hazard of much imposition in the actual material with which he had to deal; and nothing but a personal inspection *before enlistment*, of every individual, could possibly guard against such frauds as those of our respectable friends, Hassan and Mustapha.

The whole system of enlistment was faulty in its commencement. The choice of British officers somewhat injudicious, more regard being paid to a candidate's qualifications as a traveller than a soldier. Men were appointed to the command of regiments who, however well-skilled they may have been in Eastern languages, however familiar with Eastern habits, were comparatively ignorant of military detail and military discipline. *Because* they had to deal with *irregulars*, it seems to have been imagined that nothing was required in commanders beyond personal courage, and sufficient energy to battle with the physical difficulties of the scheme; whereas experience has proved, that if men are wanted to act as soldiers, they must be *made* soldiers, and there are no tutors so successful as those who have themselves served a long apprenticeship to a military life. Place a civilian, or a young officer who has perhaps passed two or three years in an *infantry* regiment, as prospective colonel of an unformed mounted corps—give him *carte blanche* in his expenses, and irresponsible power in his arrangements; send him to countries of which he is totally ignorant, amongst fierce tribes with whose habits and opinions it would take him years to become familiar, and bid him recruit as well as he can, and have his men ready for service in the shortest possible time; and if you are sufficiently sanguine to expect the result of his ill-advised efforts will be aught but an irregular mob, your faith and hope deserve to be rewarded by success, which they are extremely unlikely to meet with.

Yet this, or something similar, was the plan adopted in getting together the Bashi-Bazouks, and it is only a matter of surprise that their conduct and discipline, when encamped at the Dardanelles, should have been so little liable to censure as it proved. They were doubtless much attached to their chief, General Beatson, an Indian officer of high reputation for personal gallantry and daring, whose own confidence in the good feeling of his myrmidons may be gathered from the fact that he was residing amongst them with his wife and family, for whom these lawless warriors invariably expressed and displayed the most profound respect. Conciliation appears to have been General Beatson's principle, and he seems to have shown great tact in his method of winning their affections and conforming to their prejudices. In splendour of dress and value of horseflesh, in his handsome retinue and liberal housekeeping, he administered largely to their love of munificence and display. Eye-witnesses have often dilated to us on the picturesque appearance of the General and his staff as they galloped up to the lines, and a regiment of wild Arabs or Albanians turned out with shouts to welcome their commander. In their Eastern fashion they would then approach the General and demand a boon, when he would leave in their hands his glove, his scarf, or perhaps his sword, as a pledge that their requests would be granted. This was doubtless very pretty and very playful, and for a time 'all went merry as a marriage-bell,' but the force was not ready for the field, nor indeed was it possible that its complement should be made up in so short a period, for we are now speaking of June and July, 1855, and the enforced idleness of these desperadoes soon began to bear its fruits. Rumours, much exaggerated of course, reached Constantinople of all sorts of *émeutes*

and mutinies at the Dardanelles. One pale-faced Armenian would assure his gaping audience at Messiries' Hotel, that General Beatson had been shot, his quarters rifled, his family massacred, *all* the English officers put to the sword, and 'the Bashes,' as they were familiarly called, let loose upon the surrounding districts, a scourge and terror to the peaceful subjects of the Sultan. Then a sharp-looking Frenchman, in a pair of smart kid gloves—for a Frenchman in no climate lays aside his philosophy or his gloves—would detail with much vivid pantomime, how the camp had been mined, powder laid under the lines, a match applied, and the whole force, 'pioneers and all,' gone up together. '*Figurez-vous que ce n'est pas pour rire ça;*' and many of the *very* credulous even asserted that the report of the explosion had been heard at the Golden Horn. An intimate friend of our own was present at and assisted to quell the disturbance which gave rise to such exaggerated rumours, and the facts are simply these:—a few men of contiguous regiments quarrelled on some trifling matter, and the hot Eastern blood boiling over, as it will under that burning sun, soon stirred their comrades to take part with the belligerents, till that which began in a mere personal difference soon grew to a general brawl. Swords were drawn and fire-arms pointed—a few shots were exchanged, and, unfortunately, two men killed and several more seriously wounded. General Beatson was on his horse, and in the middle of them at the first report of fire-arms, and it is but justice to state that his presence immediately quelled any further attempt at disturbance, and that not a brow was bent in anger, nor a mutinous word spoken to any British officer on the ground.

We are not behind the scenes at the War-Office—those who are do not always act as if they were much the wiser for their position—and it is impossible to guess what form the rumour of this disturbance may have taken ere it reached the ears of the authorities at home. Stories were rife even in Turkey of the misdoings of the Bashi-Bazouks—violation and robbery were supposed to be every-day crimes in their ranks. Of the former offence we are willing to believe there are few authenticated instances, and the latter is a misdemeanour which is chargeable on any one who deals with a Turkish tradesman. For the benefit of the shopping public, and especially those ladies who have a morbid tendency for at once appropriating any articles that suit their fancy, from the counter, and taking their chance of the bill being 'sent in' afterwards, we may as well describe the method by which a purchase is effected in that land of fraud and double-dealing, the merchants of which are so fond of affirming that the first principle of their creed is abhorrence of a lie. You walk to the counter of a Turkish tradesman, on which he sits and smokes in somewhat provoking apathy. You take up what you require, and ask him, 'Katch goroosh?' (how many piastres?) he answers, without moving a muscle of his countenance, 'Fifty.' You know it would cost much less in England, and if it is your first attempt you offer twenty-five, in hopes of his coming down a little, when, by your advancing in the same proportion you may effect a bargain. Somewhat to your discomfiture, he merely shrugs his shoulders, and gives vent to that well-known sound, 'st. st,' which marks so hopelessly the impracticability and imbecile helplessness of the Eastern tradesman. You might haggle all day long, you would never acquire possession of the article. There is but one thing to do, and custom bears you out fully in doing it. You take what you want, and put down on the counter such a sum as you think a sufficient price, and so walk away. The merchant is generally satisfied, and the deal is closed. Such is the plan adopted by all Europeans, such is the plan much affected by the French, who also take advantage of their decimal coinage to pay 'francs' where John Bull pays shillings, and such is the plan most admired by the Bashi-Bazouks, who certainly, unless closely watched, have a tendency to omit entirely the paying part of the ceremony, and walk away with their prize,

leaving nothing on the counter in exchange. But redress was always to be obtained on application to their officers; and most of the charges in our own recollection which have been brought against them have been proved on examination to have been greatly exaggerated, if not altogether false. Still there was an unfavourable feeling working against the force at head-quarters, and at last came the grand crash.

The breakfast-room at Messiries' Hotel was more full of romance than ever—'Have you heard the news? General Beatson has been taken prisoner by the Bashi-Bazouks—they are going to roast him alive!' Our former friend, the Frenchman, opined he would be *very tough*, but did not venture to contradict the truth of the statement, and all who had relatives or acquaintances amongst the officers of the force were kept for a time in a state of much agitation and suspense. There are a great many versions of every story, particularly when it relates to any event occurring within a hundred miles or so of Constantinople. From all the conflicting tales that we have heard, we gather the following to be nearest the truth.

A Bashi-Bazouk had a quarrel with a Jew tradesman—bad words grew to blows, and the man of war dealt his opponent a stab with his yataghan, which settled the matter, and certainly killed the Jew. Complaints were immediately lodged with General Beatson, who instantly placed the criminal under close arrest, and naturally deprived him of his arms. His comrades, in a body, came down to the General's quarters, and demanded the release of the offender, that he should have his weapons restored to him, and be given into their own hands to deal with. This was doubtless an extremely mutinous and unmilitary proceeding, and one to which General Beatson may have been injudicious in giving way, for we believe there is no doubt whatever that he did return the man his arms, and transfer him to the tender mercies of his comrades. But here a slight acquaintance with Eastern prejudice removes much of the astonishment which is calculated to be inspired at first sight by so flagrant a breach of military law and military discipline. According to the Moslem code it is not lawful for a 'true believer' to be put to death by the orders of a 'Giaour;' hence it was that the murderer's comrades demanded his release, to the intent that they themselves might visit him with the proper punishment of his crimes. Nor is the life of a Jew so valuable as that of a Mussulman, therefore they would not pledge themselves to put the offender to death. No—and here comes one of those quibbles which is so thoroughly Oriental in its duplicity—no; they would only bastinado him; but, be it understood, *on his belly*, where twenty blows as surely put an end to a human being's existence as if the cord were round his neck or the muzzle at his temple. Without knowing the whole collateral circumstances of the case, without having been actually present on the spot, it is difficult to give an opinion as to the course a general in command should have adopted in a similar position. We may ourselves be inclined to think he should stand the brunt, and preserve his authority at all hazards, even should he lose his life in the attempt; but these matters depend much upon surrounding events, and he is the best tactician who can best adapt himself to circumstances which he cannot control. And now comes General Beatson's grievance. Believing himself to be holding a separate and irresponsible command, he finds a commission sent down to his camp at the Dardanelles, by the orders of General Vivian, acting under the authority of the War-Office, to inquire into these and other matters connected with the discipline and interior economy of the force over which he had been led to consider that he held undisputed authority. The report of the Commission was 'private and confidential.' Its proceedings were forwarded to the War-Office; the whole case is even now under consideration by the proper authorities. It would be premature to enlarge further upon its merits; it is sufficient to say, in a few words, that the immediate results were decided, if not satisfactory. General Beatson resigned, and General Smith of

the Turkish Contingent reigned in his stead.

Then came the march of the force across the Balkan to Schoumla and the adjacent villages, where they remained quartered till their disbandment but a few weeks ago; and of this march, the only opportunity they have ever had of proving their physical endurance and efficiency, their officers speak most highly. The route is mountainous and harassing in the extreme, the villages few and far between, the whole journey well calculated to try the powers of man and horse in undergoing fatigue, and the result most satisfactory; but after all, there was one important difference between this achievement and real campaigning—*there was no enemy.* And it is still a subject of discussion amongst military men, as to whether or not the Bashi-Bazouks could have been depended on in actual warfare when opposed to the legions of the Czar; some boldly affirming that they would 'fight like devils,' others asserting equally positively that they would go 'threes about' at the first volley.

Without going so far as to compare General Beatson with Alexander of Macedon, there was this similarity in their respective careers,—that the command left by each was productive of endless discord and division, which in the case of the latter may have been inseparable from the very nature of the office devolving upon his successors. Ill health soon compelled General Smith to abandon the reins, and for a considerable period a ludicrous degree of uncertainty prevailed at Schoumla, as to which of the three brigadiers flourishing in that garrison was to be considered the officer commanding what was now to be termed 'The Osmanli Irregular Cavalry.'

The important point had hardly been established ere General Smith came back once more, and by the time that judicious officer could have got his force into something like 'form,' Peace was proclaimed, and the fate of the Bashi-Bazouks was sealed, like that of the Turkish Contingent, the German and Anglo-Italian legions, and all our mercenaries and supernumeraries of every description whatever. A motley crew they are, thus thrown out of work; and it would be curious to trace the amount of mischief wrought by war, not only in the actual horrors of its presence, but in all the ramifications consequent upon its necessities, and the false prosperity to which it raises certain classes, only to cast down and ruin them more completely at its cessation.

To return, however, to the Bashi-Bazouks. When peace was imminent in the commencement of the present year, and those who were behind the scenes saw before them evident signs of the approach of the goddess bearing her olive-branch in her hand, surely a vision stole over those in authority who in their places in Parliament are compelled to answer for the disbursement of the public money, and to stand the shot of every inquisitive member of the Opposition who has expressed his inconvenient intention of 'asking a question,'—surely a vision stole over them of some modern economist rising, with an awful scroll in his hand, and 'pausing for a reply' to the pertinent question, whether or not such and such fabulous sums had been expended in the formation of a warlike body now termed the Osmanli Irregular Cavalry, and what the Government had to show the country in return? The question might prove an awkward one; an answer must be prepared ere it was too late, and Major-General Arthur Shirley, commanding the cavalry of the Turkish Contingent, was ordered by General Vivian to proceed to Schoumla, there to inspect and report upon the general efficiency and discipline of 'The Osmanli Irregular Horse.' It is to be observed, that upon the resignation of General Beatson, the last-named force was permanently attached to the Turkish Contigent, and placed under the orders of its commandant. The selection was judicious; General Shirley was an officer of high standing and experience, whose well-known energy and straightforwardness of character especially adapted him for a service of a like nature, and moreover he was a cavalry man, devoted heart and

soul to his profession, and probably about the best authority in the service on that particular arm. With *his* report to his superior officer we have, of course, nothing to do. Doubtless it will be forthcoming, if required, at the proper time; but as the Bashi-Bazouks were at their nearest point to perfection during his inspection of them at Schoumla, and as we were in that town during the period alluded to, we had several opportunities of witnessing the greater portion of the force, and judging, as far as our inexperience would admit, of their general character and efficiency,—we say of the greater portion, for of the six regiments which were intended to constitute the division, one was still in course of formation in Syria, and we believe has never yet reached maturity.

There were, however, present, at and within a day's march of Schoumla, five regiments of cavalry, numbering altogether little short of four thousand men, of which three had been raised in Albania, Roumelia, Anatolia, and, so to speak, Turkey Proper; whilst the other two were veritable sons of the desert, betraying their Arab origin most indubitably in their swarthy skins, flashing glances, and spare sinewy frames, not to mention the lean, wiry-looking animals they bestrode. A *real* Arab is as easily distinguished from every other description of horse, as if he belonged to a different genus altogether.

These five regiments were officered and organized in the following manner: With one exception, each was commanded by an English colonel (this exception was a Hungarian refugee, who, endowed with the military talent of his nation, had rendered his corps by no means the *least* efficient in the division), the colonel was assisted by a second in command, and an adjutant, likewise Englishmen, and holding *local* rank, corresponding with their regimental position. These were superior to any native officer whatever; and immediately after these came the Turkish 'bin-bashi' (literally head of a thousand) or major. It was his duty to report to his English superiors on the whole internal arrangement and economy of the regiment. Then came the subaltern native officers, and lastly, the privates themselves. All staff-officers, medical and otherwise, were necessarily British, although in the Quartermaster General's department there was another Hungarian exception. All were required to become thoroughly masters of the Turkish language, in order that they might not only command in the field, but likewise communicate with their men in their own native tongue. For this purpose instructors were provided by Government, and a regular school established, but unfortunately the opportunities thus offered were in many cases much neglected; and this is the more unaccountable, because in every other respect it seemed to be the study of the officers to conciliate the prejudices and win the affections of those under their command, as far as it was possible to do so without destroying the indispensable authority and discipline of military life.

The Oriental is easily managed, but it is necessary, first, to win his confidence, and, secondly, to command his respect. Accustomed to harshness and duplicity from his own native superiors, his natural impulse is to mistake British clemency and consideration for irresolution, if not timidity. This must be obviated by unbending firmness, and above all, by an exterior that never betrays the slightest emotion of anger or surprise. When he discovers that he is always treated with *justice*, that a well-founded complaint is invariably listened to and rectified, that all double-dealing and falsehood are repudiated—that duty *must* be done, and that *no excuse* is deemed sufficient to avert *deserved* punishment, he acquires a confidence in his British officer, which soon ripens into the warmest affection and the highest respect. He considers him a being of a superior order, and becomes blindly devoted to his service. It is remarkable that the Asiatic, whose own manners are naturally courteous, has a high appreciation of that deportment which we emphatically call 'gentlemanlike;' and it should be borne in mind when appointing officers to the command of Eastern

troops, that a quiet, determined manner, the polish which denotes the *hardness* of the steel, is of the highest possible service in enforcing that obedience without which a disciplined army is worse than an irregular mob.

When everything else fails, but *not till then*, force must be resorted to. Alas! the Asiatic must *sometimes* be made to '*eat stick*;' but this *argumentum baculinum* should be reserved till all other coercive measures have been tried in vain.

As an instance of its efficacy, when judiciously prescribed and boldly administered, we may be allowed to relate an anecdote of one whose words and deeds have now become the property of the public, we mean General Charles Windham, the hero of the Redan. When a young Guardsman, he was spending his leave in a tour through Syria, and was journeying in the desert under convoy of an Arab scheik and some twenty or thirty retainers, swarthy, desperate-looking sons of the desert—himself and his servant, a stalwart 'Coldstreamer,' being the only two Europeans of the party. The route was dangerous, and beset by brigands. It was impossible to travel except under escort, and Captain Windham had engaged the services of his guides and guardians at a fair remuneration. For the first few days they went on amicably enough. The captain, with his short black pipe and frank handsome face, winning, as was his wont, golden opinions from all with whom he associated; but at the end of that time, and when so far advanced into the desert that it was equally dangerous to go forward or to return, behold the wily scheik bethinks him of a scheme by which he may yet worm out another thousand or two of piastres from his English friend. Accordingly, at their evening halt he proceeds to the Guardsman's tent, and holds conversation with him, through the intervention of a rascally dragoman, to the following effect:—

Arab Scheik—'shawled to the eyes and bearded to the nose,' enveloped, moreover, in dirty draperies, waving his pipe-stick courteously to dragoman—'Tell my brother that the way is long, our barley exhausted, our horses without water, we must return or perish.'

Windham—in shirt-sleeves and much-worn inexpressibles, without removing the short black pipe from his mouth—'Tell him to be d—d.'

Scheik—'Unless the effendi will pay us two thousand more piastres 'back-sheesh,' my men will be compelled to return.'

Windham—'Ask him if he means to abide by his agreement or not?'

Dragoman—much alarmed, as is their wont—'Better give him the money; we shall be left here to die.'

Windham—with a sign to Private W. Sykes, of the Light Company, whom nothing has ever astonished—'Bill! you catch hold of this chap whilst I leather him.'

In a twinkling the Scheik's gravity is upset, by the summary process of tripping up his heels, performed *secundum artem* by the Captain, a powerful square-built man, no whit inferior in all athletic exercises to his illustrious ancestor and namesake, the famous statesman. Bill, a brawny front-rank man, holds the chief down by the shoulders, and his master, with a good-humoured smile the whole time upon his countenance, lays into the prostrate Arab 'with a will,' some twenty or thirty telling stripes from an honest English hunting-whip that has accompanied him through his travels—the Arab writhing, and abjectly intreating for mercy.

At the end of the performance, what does the wild son of the desert to avenge his disgrace? does he call in his retainers and massacre the two bold strangers on the spot, or does he spring like a tiger on the strong-armed Englishman, and bury his yataghan in the throat of his enemy? Not a bit of it. He crawls to the Captain's feet, he embraces his knees, he calls him 'my father,' he promises to do his bidding, 'himself and his troop, and all that is his, in everything he shall require,' and moreover, he keeps his promise; and to use Windham's own words, 'behaves quite like a gentleman' till the end of the journey.

The anecdote, we think, is characteristic, not only of the courage,

coolness, and decision which has since been so conspicuous on the reeking heights of Inkermann, and the fire-swept glacis of the Redan, but also of the Asiatic character, and the way it must be dealt with to bring it into proper subjection.

It is, however, quite unnecessary, and moreover extremely injudicious, for officers to inflict personal chastisement on their men. An offence must never be overlooked; it must be brought before the proper tribunal, and the punishment inflicted by the military authorities. The practice of enforcing obedience by the display, and more reprehensible still, the *discharge* of fire-arms, cannot be too strongly repudiated. Never hit at a man, unless you are sure you can reach him. Never draw the revolver, unless *you mean to kill.*

Much has been said of the want of discipline observable amongst the Bashi-Bazouks; and there are many credulous people who believe that those warriors were the terror and the curse of all the peaceable inhabitants of the districts in which they were quartered. Such, however, was far from being the case. It must be remembered that at Schoumla this force had no especial barracks, but were quartered in khans, and other large buildings in and about the town. Such a measure is anything but conducive to discipline; yet we are constrained to admit that the offences and enormities of which they were guilty whilst occupying that place, were by no means numerous, and the average of punishment in all probability less than that which would have been incurred by any body of regular troops under similarly disadvantageous circumstances. The men seemed to appreciate the comfort of their position, and to feel gratitude towards those to whom they owed good pay, warm quarters, and liberal rations. Above all were they delighted with the allowance of barley for their horses, which was somewhat injudiciously raised to fourteen pounds a day, a ration for those undersized animals considerably more than sufficient. And here a characteristic difference was observed between the Arab and the other regiments. Whilst the latter exchanged their overplus of barley for bread, or whatever else they may have required, the Arab invariably forced the whole allowance down the throat of his little favourite; and certainly rounder stomachs were never seen upon the steeds of the desert than those with which they flourished about in the plains of Schoumla.

We have not yet contemplated the Bashi-Bazouk in his utilitarian light—as a Light Dragoon, or rather a Cossack for the advanced guard and outposts of a British army. For this purpose we must look at him in his quarters, and see whether he is capable of shifting for himself—no mean qualification in a soldier of any arm; and next we must consider his discipline in the field, and the likelihood there might be of keeping him 'in hand,' as it is technically called, should success or failure disorganize his discipline or break up his ranks.

In his bivouac, we believe he would be admirable. We have seen him at Schoumla in a few instances making himself and horse quite comfortable in the most miserable, dark, and dreary buildings, which were but just better than the blast from the Balkan and the wintry sky. He never for an instant neglects the welfare of his steed, and, with few exceptions, he would rather starve himself than suffer his dumb companion to want proper food. He bears exposure to heat like a very Salamander—no trifling advantage in the climate of Asiatic Turkey or Southern Russia, where in all probability he would have been required to make war. Also is he an inimitable forager, his early habits and general confusion of notions about *meum* and *tuum* rendering him as skilful in *conveying* as any marauder you shall wish to see; perhaps this is an accomplishment more applicable to an enemy's country than his own. He appears to feel cold keenly, and looks very blue and miserable when the wind veers round to the north; but the change does not affect his health, and he will bear exposure to a rigour of temperature that would prostrate many a Saxon giant like a flower nipped in its prime. He will be up and ready for a start

whenever you want him; and his little horse will never be incapacitated by a sore back. On the march, too, he will journey on for incredible distances with but little food and a sparing supply of water: if his officers can keep him from straggling, he will perform journeys that would seem incredible to those who are accustomed only to the snail-like movements of regular cavalry; and although his appearance and accoutrements are somewhat out of keeping with our own ideas, they are by no means ill-adapted to the life he leads and the services he is called upon to perform. If we are to judge of his efficiency in the field, we must entreat our readers once more to favour us with his company to the extensive drill-ground we have already described, and beg him to assist at the inspection of the Osmanli Irregular Horse by the Major-General on whom that duty has devolved.

Although it is but February, the morning is warm and bright, with a slight touch of frost in the air, just enough to impart an exhilarating feeling to the atmosphere, and to raise the spirits of men and horses to a proper pitch of liveliness and attention. The straggling streets of the town are alive with its busy population, and the bazaars, as usual, crowded with idlers of every description, following with admiring eyes the Major-General and his staff as they wind down the ill-paved streets, the English horses slipping, and scrambling, and splashing about at the risk of every sort of lameness and dislocation; whilst their Turkish comrades step daintily from stone to stone with the grace of a deer and the agility of a cat. The guard of an Egyptian regiment in the service of the Sultan, occupying the infantry barracks, turns out to pay the proper compliments; and we have an opportunity of inspecting the Turkish soldier in his most dilapidated form, for this regiment has received no pay for eighteen months, no clothing for two years, and is now nearly barefooted and in rags. They look *like work*, nevertheless. Ere long, we clear the fortifications of the town, and a smart gallop over the plain brings us to where 'the Osmanli Irregular Horse' are drawn up in three brigades to receive us. Their salute is performed in a thoroughly military manner; and although the diversity of clothing mars considerably the uniformity of their appearance, at a little distance they look an efficient and warlike body enough. It is only on riding down the ranks, and obtaining a closer view of individual men and horses, that we observe the extraordinary disparity in size, appointments, and general appearance between even privates of the same regiment; and we are constrained to admit that we should be sorry to undertake a *coup de main* of any description without drafting considerably from the mass. One in three appeared to us about the proportion that looked like *real work:* but such a selection, we must add, would have supplied us with a body of very superior *horses*, several of the troopers, especially in the Arab regiments, being animals of considerable value.

'The Bashis' break into column creditably enough, European officers giving their words of command in Turkish, repeated somewhat too often by the native subordinates, and giving rise to much conversation in the ranks, which would be as well omitted. It is difficult to enforce silence among Asiatic soldiers, but absolutely necessary if movements are to be made with regularity and precision.

The division then proceeds to manœuvre in three lines, an attacking force, a support, and a reserve, the leading brigade throwing out skirmishers from its flanks, a desultory mode of warfare on which the Bashi-Bazouks much pride themselves, and which is performed with great smartness and activity. Individually the soldiers seem to have a correct notion of the object and intentions of every movement, and however slow they may be in their manner of performing it, there is no mistaking the self-reliance of men who look upon war not as a possible contingency, but an actual fact. They are not, however, without the usual failing of Turkish cavalry. On calling in the skirmishers, who come home as hard as their

little horses can lay legs to the ground, the brigade retires, and goes bodily, *sans façon*, to the rear, a movement which, if practised before an enemy, would go far to transform a retreat of the most orderly troops in the world into a panic-stricken rout. What its effect would be on irregulars, if followed up by a few 6-pounders, and a threatened descent on one of their flanks, we had rather not consider. Possibly the failure of their steeds might stop the flight, but in all human probability no other cause on earth would bring them to a halt. Yet Omar Pasha himself, despising the great principle of 'always showing a front,' and overlooking the wholesome system of retiring by alternate squadrons, regiments, or brigades, will work his cavalry on this pernicious plan, and send them all to the rear at once, 'every man for himself—*sauve qui peut!*' There are few prettier sights than a squadron of Bashi-Bazouks going out to skirmish. We can only compare the rapidity with which they scatter, to the breaking of a string of beads; while their flowing garments, wild appearance, and animated gestures add greatly to the picturesque nature of the evolution. They are also unerring shots, even with their inefficient fire-arms, and will put a bullet into an object considerably smaller than a man, while themselves going at a gallop, without the slightest difficulty. It is only in *regular* movements that we perceive their inferiority to *regular* cavalry, and even these movements are performed in a creditable manner when we consider the short space of time in which the force has been formed and got together.

A variety of simple evolutions are performed, and again the division forms in line, the inspecting general's approbation, and a few words of advice and suggestions are conveyed to the officers—European and native—and the Bashi-Bazouks move off the ground towards their quarters. But an Arab regiment has expressed its desire to show the Ferik-Pasha its national game of 'the jereed,' and it calls a halt accordingly, while the men form themselves into a kind of lists, for the exhibition of this Oriental tournament, the object of which is to encourage to the utmost the art of equitation, inasmuch as the greatest amount of horsemanship, the greatest possible flexibility of hand and seat, is required for its performance.

The game is played in the following manner:—Two parties, of some twenty or thirty each, take up their position fronting each other, at about a hundred yards apart. Suddenly one champion gallops furiously forward, and stops dead short (all Orientals consider this proceeding a great act of horsemanship); an antagonist rides at him full speed. When a collision appears inevitable, he turns suddenly away, and the first becomes his pursuer. The object seems to be to dodge and escape each other at the fastest possible gallop, and the manner in which the poor horses are turned and twisted about for this purpose is indeed astonishing to witness.

Ere long others join in the fray, each man choosing his antagonist, till the whole fifty or sixty are engaged, when the scene becomes spirited and picturesque beyond description. The Arab blood begins to boil, lances are pointed, swords drawn, pistols snapped, but no mischief done, save by the occasional fall of man and horse on rough or slippery ground—they never seem to be hurt, but 'pick up the pieces' in perfect good-humour, and 'at it again.' Here a wild-looking chieftain rides fiercely, lance in rest, at a well-mounted follower. Just as you think he must be transfixed, the follower wheels to his bridle-hand, and becomes in turn the pursuer of a stalwart negro (there are many Africans in the ranks); the negro dodges him with his body flat on his horse's neck, and drawing his sword, rushes at yonder stately 'bin-bashi,' who scarcely seems to move an eyelash, as he sits watching him like a statue. Just as the black reaches him he springs into life, snaps his pistol in the negro's face, and is off himself in turn like a hawk upon the wing, his lance quivering as he poises it for the thrust. Now he nears his man, two other antagonists interpose, half-a-dozen more come shrieking into the *mêlée*, there is a confused mass of rearing horses,

tossing arms, flashing blades, and fluttering draperies; then a wild shout of 'Allah!' the report of a pistol, the crash of a lance, and ere we know exactly what has happened, the knot disentangles itself, the bin-bashi rides out from the confusion, the fragments of the broken spear are thrown at the Ferik-Pasha's feet, and nobody seems much the worse for the collision.

Indeed, the broken lance aforesaid represents the whole damage done by the tournament, and as the compliment to the Ferik-Pasha is returned by a present of a couple of sheep, to be roasted for the use of the combatants, they would be perfectly willing to repeat the practice daily, upon the same terms and with the same result.

We have now seen the Bashi-Bazouks, individually and *en masse*, in their quarters and in the field. We must arrive at our own conclusions as to what would have been their efficiency in presence of an enemy.

Originally recruited from wild and lawless tribes, men accustomed to find 'their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them,' it appears to us that it would take years to discipline such a force sufficiently to make it available for any combined measures of attack or defence.

Troops that cannot be depended upon are worse than useless, and with all the 'Bashi's' hardiness and grim individual valour, he would, even in his best form, be but an organized brigand.

He may be much attached to his officer; he may be proud of his position as a soldier of the Sultan and Queen Victoria; whilst receiving good pay and never-failing rations he may be faithful to his standard; but what guarantee have we that he will not leave that rallying point, and melt away like snow before the sunbeams in the harassing sufferings of a retreat, or, more demoralizing still, the inebriating hour of victory? He is naturally impatient of control, and accustomed from boyhood to consult no will but his own: when loaded with plunder—and that he *will* load himself we may be pretty sure—what is to prevent his abandoning his colours and returning to his home, or, should that be too far distant, recommencing his original career as a marauder, without the embarrassing restraint of British discipline to fetter his inclinations?

He has no feelings of soldierlike honour engrafted in him by years of military service, not even that attachment to his comrades which makes his regiment to the regular soldier comparatively a home. He is serving under aliens, and if a fanatic, he has hitherto considered such aliens in the light of his natural and religious foes. He joined them avowedly for *what he could get;* when he has got enough is it not more than probable he will abandon the cause?

The British officers, however, who took upon themselves the arduous task of organizing and disciplining this wild Moslem band, deserve much credit for their courage and devotion in an undertaking which, through no fault of theirs, has never arrived at maturity. It should be recollected that at the time when they entered on this service we were not certain of the honest co-operation even of those for whom we were fighting, and a commander of Bashi-Bazouks must have felt sufficiently conscious that he ran the double hazard of mutiny and immolation from his own men in quarters, and abandonment before an enemy in the field. Experience has proved that from the former danger there was nothing to fear, and for the latter, it is now happily but a theme for speculation as to how many English officers would have been shot, waving their caps in front, whilst 'the Bashis' were proceeding energetically to the rear. They themselves protest with the *esprit de corps* and confidence so conspicuous in the character of our countrymen, that they would have trusted them *anywhere*, and led them against *anything*. That they *would* have done so we have not the slightest doubt—of their success we must be permitted to reserve our opinion. We wonder what the War-Office thinks of it. By this time, probably, the ready-reckoners of that institution are preparing to compute 'the bill.' Are they satisfied with the article? Do they

think they have had enough for their money?

These are questions we have no means of answering, but we cannot help thinking that if disturbances were again to arise in the East, if England should once more put forth her strength, and send an army into the field, she would think twice ere she re-organized the force of irregulars which she has but just disbanded.* She would have nothing further to do with the Bashi-Bazouks.

THE LAST HOUSE IN C- STREET.

I AM not a believer in ghosts in general; I see no good in them. They come—that is, are reported to come—so irrelevantly, purposelessly—so ridiculously, in short—that one's common sense as regards this world, one's supernatural sense of the other, are alike revolted. Then nine out of ten 'capital ghost stories' are so easily accounted for; and in the tenth, when all natural explanation fails, one who has discovered the extraordinary difficulty there is in all society in getting hold of that very slippery article called a *fact*, is strongly inclined to shake a dubious head, ejaculating, 'Evidence! a question of evidence!'

But my unbelief springs from no dogged or contemptuous scepticism as to the possibility—however great the improbability—of that strange impression upon or communication to, spirit in matter, from spirit wholly immaterialized, which is vulgarly called 'a ghost.' There is no credulity more blind, no ignorance more childish, than that of the sage who tries to measure 'heaven and earth, and the things under the earth,' with the small two-foot-rule of his own brains. Dare we presume to argue concerning any mystery of the universe, 'It is inexplicable, and therefore impossible?'

Premising these opinions, though simply as opinions, I am about to relate what I must confess is to me a thorough ghost-story; its external and circumstantial evidence being indisputable, while its psychological causes and results, though not easy of explanation, are still more difficult to be explained away. The ghost, like Hamlet's, was 'an honest ghost.' From her daughter—an old lady, who, bless her good and gentle memory! has since learned the secrets of all things—I learnt this veritable tale.

'My dear,' said Mrs. MacArthur to me—it was in the early days of table-moving, when young folk ridiculed and elder folk were shocked at the notion of calling up one's departed ancestors into one's dinner-table, and learning the wonders of the angelic world by the bobbings of a hat or the twirlings of a plate;—'My dear,' continued the old lady, 'I do not like playing at ghosts.'

'Why not. Do you believe in them?'

'A little.'

'Did you ever see one?'

'Never. But once I heard—'

She looked serious, as if she hardly liked to speak about it, either from a sense of awe or from fear of ridicule. But no one could have laughed at any illusions of the gentle old lady, who never uttered a harsh or satirical word to a living soul; and this evident awe was rather remarkable in one who had a large stock of common sense, little wonder, and no ideality.

I was rather curious to hear Mrs. MacArthur's ghost-story.

'My dear, it was a long time ago, so long that you may fancy I forget and confuse the circumstances. But I do not. Sometimes I think one recollects more clearly things that happened in one's teens—I was eighteen that year—than a great many nearer events. And besides, I had other reasons for remembering vividly everything belonging to

* This disbandment, by the way, was not the least difficulty amongst the many connected with the force. To turn loose five thousand desperadoes, with arms in their hands, upon a peaceful country, was not to be thought of. Regiment by regiment must be conveyed back any distance to their own homes—of course, at the expense of the British Government. Truly, the toy has been an expensive one—and not a very satisfactory plaything after all.

this time,—for I was in love, you must know.

She looked at me with a mild, deprecating smile, as if hoping my youthfulness would not consider the thing so very impossible or ridiculous. No; I was all interest at once.

'In love with Mr. MacArthur,' I said, scarcely as a question, being at that Arcadian time of life when one takes as a natural necessity, and believes as an undoubted truth, that everybody marries his or her first love.

'No, my dear; not with Mr. MacArthur.'

I was so astonished, so completely dumb-foundered—for I had woven a sort of ideal round my good old friend—that I suffered Mrs. MacArthur to knit in silence for full five minutes. My surprise was not lessened when she said, with a little smile—

'He was a young gentleman of good parts; and he was very fond of me. Proud, too, rather. For though you might not think it, my dear, I was actually a beauty in those days.'

I had very little doubt of it. The slight lithe figure, the tiny hands and feet,—if you had walked behind Mrs. MacArthur you might have taken her for a young woman still. Certainly, people lived slower and easier in the last generation than in ours.

'Yes, I was the beauty of Bath. Mr. Everest fell in love with me there. I was much gratified; for I had just been reading Miss Burney's *Cecilia*, and I thought him exactly like Mortimer Delvil. A very pretty tale, *Cecilia;* did you ever read it?'

'No.' And, to arrive at her tale, I leaped to the only conclusion which could reconcile the two facts of her having had a lover named Everest, and being now Mrs. MacArthur. 'Was it *his* ghost you saw?'

'No, my dear, no; thank goodness, he is alive still. He calls here sometimes; he has been a good friend to our family. Ah!' with a slow shake of the head, half pleased, half pensive, 'you would hardly believe, my dear, what a very pretty fellow he was.'

One could scarcely smile at the odd phrase, pertaining to last-century novels and to the loves of our great-grandmothers. I listened patiently to the wandering reminiscences which still further delayed the ghost-story.

'But, Mrs. MacArthur, was it in Bath that you saw or heard what I think you were going to tell me? The ghost, you know?'

'Don't call it *that;* it sounds as if you were laughing at it. And you must not, for it is really true; as true as that I sit here, an old lady of seventy-five; and that then I was a young gentlewoman of eighteen. Nay, my dear, I will tell you all about it.'

'We had been staying in London, my father and mother, Mr. Everest, and I. He had persuaded them to take me; he wanted to show me a little of the world, though it was but a narrow world, my dear,—for he was a law student, living poorly and working hard. He took lodgings for us near the Temple; in C—— street, the last house there, looking on to the river. He was very fond of the river; and often of evenings, when his work was too heavy to let him take us to Ranelagh or to the play, he used to walk with my father and mother and me, up and down the Temple Gardens. Were you ever in the Temple Gardens? It is a pretty place now—a quiet, grey nook in the midst of noise and bustle; the stars look wonderful through those great trees; but still it is not like what it was then, when I was a girl.'

Ah! no; impossible.

'It was in the Temple Gardens, my dear, that I remember we took our last walk—my mother, Mr. Everest, and I—before she went home to Bath. She was very anxious and restless to go, being too delicate for London gaieties. Besides, she had a large family at home, of which I was the eldest; and we were anxiously expecting the youngest in a month or two. Nevertheless, my dear mother had gone about with me, taken me to all the shows and sights that I, a hearty and happy girl, longed to see, and entered into them with almost as great enjoyment as my own.

'But to-night she was pale, rather grave, and steadfastly bent on returning home.

'We did all we could to persuade

her to the contrary, for on the next night but one was to have been the crowning treat of all our London pleasures: we were to see *Hamlet* at Drury-lane, with John Kemble and Sarah Siddons! Think of that, my dear. Ah! you have no such sights now. Even my grave father longed to go, and urged in his mild way that we should put off our departure. But my mother was determined.

'At last Mr. Everest said—(I could show you the very spot where he stood, with the river—it was high water—lapping against the wall, and the evening sun shining on the Southwark houses opposite.) He said—it was very wrong, of course, my dear; but then he was in love, and might be excused,—

'"Madam,' said he, 'it is the first time I ever knew you think of yourself alone.'

'"Myself, Edmond?'

'"Pardon me, but would it not be possible for you to return home, leaving behind, for two days only, Mr. Thwaite and Mistress Dorothy?'

'"Leave them behind—leave them behind!' She mused over the words. 'What say you, Dorothy?'

I was silent. In very truth, I had never been parted from her in all my life. It had never crossed my mind to wish to part from her, or to enjoy any pleasure without her, till—till within the last three months. 'Mother, don't suppose I——'

'But here I caught sight of Mr. Everest, and stopped.

'"Pray continue, Mistress Dorothy.'

'No, I could not. He looked so vexed, so hurt; and we had been so happy together. Also, we might not meet again for years, for the journey between London and Bath was then a serious one, even to lovers; and he worked very hard—had few pleasures in his life. It did indeed seem almost selfish of my mother.

'Though my lips said nothing, perhaps my sad eyes said only too much, and my mother felt it.

'She walked with us a few yards, slowly and thoughtfully. I could see her now, with her pale, tired face, under the cherry-coloured ribbons of her hood. She had been very handsome as a young woman, and was most sweet-looking still—my dear, good mother!

'"Dorothy, we will no more discuss this. I am very sorry, but I must go home. However, I will persuade your father to remain with you till the week's end. Are you satisfied?'

'"No,' was the first filial impulse of my heart; but Mr. Everest pressed my arm with such an entreating look, that almost against my will I answered 'Yes.'

'Mr. Everest overwhelmed my mother with his delight and gratitude. She walked up and down for some time longer, leaning on his arm—she was very fond of him; then stood looking on the river, upwards and downwards.

'"I suppose this is my last walk in London. Thank you for all the care you have taken of me. And when I am gone home,—mind, oh mind, Edmond, that you take special care of Dorothy.'

'These words, and the tone in which they were spoken, fixed themselves on my mind—first, from gratitude, not unmingled with regret, as if I had not been so considerate to her as she to me; *afterwards*—But we often err, my dear, in dwelling too much on that word. We finite creatures have only to deal with 'now'—nothing whatever to do with 'afterwards.' In this case, I have ceased to blame myself or others. Whatever was, being past, was right to be, and could not have been otherwise.

'My mother went home next morning, alone. We were to follow in a few days, though she would not allow us to fix any time. Her departure was so hurried that I remember nothing about it, save her answer to my father's urgent desire—almost command—that if anything was amiss she would immediately let him know.

'"Under all circumstances, wife,' he reiterated, 'this you promise?'

'"I promise.'

'Though when she was gone he declared she need not have said it so earnestly, since we should be at home almost as soon as the slow Bath coach could take her and bring us a letter. And besides, there was nothing likely to happen. But he fidgetted a good deal, being unused

to her absence in their happy wedded life. He was, like most men, glad to blame anybody but himself, and the whole day, and the next, was cross at intervals with both Edmond and me; but we bore it—and patiently.

'"It will be all right when we get him to the theatre. He has no real cause for anxiety about her. What a dear woman she is, and a precious—your mother, Dorothy!'

'I rejoiced to hear my lover speak thus, and thought there hardly ever was young gentlewoman so blessed as I.

'We went to the play. Ah, you know nothing of what a play is, now-a-days. You never saw John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. Though in dresses and shows it was far inferior to the *Hamlet* you took me to see last week, my dear—and though I perfectly well remember being on the point of laughing when in the most solemn scene, it became clearly evident that the Ghost had been drinking. Strangely enough, no after events connected therewith—nothing subsequent ever drove from my mind the vivid impression of this my first play. Strange, also, that the play should have been *Hamlet*. Do you think that Shakspeare believed in—in what people call 'ghosts'?'

I could not say; but I thought Mrs. MacArthur's ghost very long in coming.

'Don't, my dear—don't; do anything but laugh at it.'

She was visibly affected, and it was not without an effort that she proceeded in her story.

'I wish you to understand exactly my position that night—a young girl, her head full of the enchantment of the stage—her heart of something not less engrossing. Mr. Everest had supped with us, leaving us both in the best of spirits; indeed my father had gone to bed, laughing heartily at the remembrance of the antics of Mr. Grimaldi, which had almost obliterated the Queen and Hamlet from his memory, on which the ridiculous always took a far stronger hold than the awful or sublime.

'I was sitting—let me see—at the window, chatting with my maid Patty, who was brushing the powder out of my hair. The window was open half-way, and looking out on the Thames; and the summer night being very warm and starry, made it almost like sitting out of doors. There was none of the awe given by the solitude of a midnight closed room, when every sound is magnified, and every shadow seems alive.

'As I said, we had been chatting and laughing; for Patty and I were both very young, and she had a sweetheart, too. She, like every one of our household, was a warm admirer of Mr. Everest. I had just been half scolding, half smiling at her praises of him, when St. Paul's great clock came booming over the silent river.

'"Eleven,' counted Patty. 'Terrible late we be, Mistress Dorothy: not like Bath hours, I reckon.'

'"Mother will have been in bed an hour ago,' said I, with a little self-reproach at not having thought of her till now.

'The next minute my maid and I both started up with a simultaneous exclamation.

'"Did you hear that?'

'"Yes, a bat flying against the window.'

'"But the lattices are open, Mistress Dorothy.'

'So they were; and there was no bird or bat or living thing about—only the quiet summer night, the river, and the stars.

'"I be certain sure I heard it. And I think it was like—just a bit like—somebody tapping.'

'"Nonsense, Patty!' But it *had* struck me thus—though I said it was a bat. It was exactly like the sound of fingers against a pane—very soft, gentle fingers, such as, in passing into her flower-garden, my mother used often to tap outside the school-room casement at home.

'"I wonder, did father hear anything. It—the bird, you know, Patty—might have flown at his window, too?'

'"Oh, Mistress Dorothy!' Patty would not be deceived. I gave her the brush to finish my hair, but her hand shook too much. I shut the window, and we both sat down facing it.

'At that minute, distinct, clear,

and unmistakeable, like a person giving a summons in passing by, we heard once more the tapping on the pane. But nothing was seen; not a single shadow came between us and the open air, the bright starlight.

'Startled I was, and awed, but I was not frightened. The sound gave me even an inexplicable delight. But I had hardly time to recognise my feelings, still less to analyse them, when a loud cry came from my father's room.

''Dolly,—Dolly!'

'Now my mother and I had both one name, but he always gave her the old-fashioned pet name,—I was invariably Dorothy. Still I did not pause to think, but ran to his locked door, and answered.

'It was a long time before he took any notice, though I heard him talking to himself, and moaning. He was subject to bad dreams, especially before his attacks of gout. So my first alarm lightened. I stood listening, knocking at intervals, until at last he replied.

''What do'ee want, child?'

''Is anything the matter, father?'

''Nothing. Go to thy bed, Dorothy.'

''Did you not call? Do you want any one?'

''Not thee. O Dolly, my poor Dolly,'—and he seemed to be almost sobbing, 'Why did I let thee leave me!'

''Father, you are not going to be ill? It is not the gout, is it?' (for that was the time when he wanted my mother most, and indeed, when he was wholly unmanageable by any one but her.)

''Go away. Get to thy bed, girl; I don't want 'ee.'

'I thought he was angry with me for having been in some sort the cause of our delay, and retired very miserable. Patty and I sat up a good while longer, discussing the dreary prospect of my father's having a fit of the gout here in London lodgings, with only us to nurse him, and my mother away. Our alarm was so great that we quite forgot the curious circumstance which had first attracted us, till Patty spoke up, from her bed on the floor.

''I hope master beant going to be very ill, and that—you know—came for a warning. Do 'ee think it *was* a bird, Mistress Dorothy?'

''Very likely. Now, Patty, let us go to sleep.'

'But I did not, for all night I heard my father groaning at intervals. I was certain it was the gout, and wished from the bottom of my heart that we had gone home with mother.

'What was my surprise when, quite early, I heard him rise and go down, just as if nothing was ailing him! I found him sitting at the breakfast-table in his travelling coat, looking very haggard and miserable, but evidently bent on a journey.

''Father, you are not going to Bath?'

''Yes, I be.'

''Not till the evening coach starts,' I cried, alarmed. 'We can't, you know?'

''I'll take a post-chaise, then. We must be off in an hour.'

'An hour! The cruel pain of parting—(my dear, I believe I used to feel things keenly when I was young)—shot through me—through and through. A single hour, and I should have said good-bye to Edmond—one of those heart-breaking farewells when we seem to leave half of our poor young life behind us, forgetting that the only real parting is when there is no love left to part from. A few years, and I wondered how I could have crept away and wept in such intolerable agony at the mere bidding good-bye to Edmond—Edmond, who loved me.

'Every minute seemed a day till he came in, as usual, to breakfast. My red eyes and my father's corded trunk explained all.

''Doctor Thwaite, you are not going?'

''Yes, I be,' repeated my father. He sat moodily leaning on the table—would not taste his breakfast.

''Not till the night coach, surely? I was to take you and Mistress Dorothy to see Mr. Benjamin West, the king's painter.'

''Let kings and painters alone, lad; I be going home to my Dolly.'

'Mr. Everest used many arguments, gay and grave, upon which I hung with earnest conviction and

hope. He made things so clear always; he was a man of much brighter parts than my father, and had great influence over him.

'"Dorothy,' he whispered, 'help me to persuade the Doctor. It is so little time I beg for, only a few hours; and before so long a parting.' Ay, longer than he thought, or I.

'"Children,' cried my father at last, 'you are a couple of fools. Wait till you have been married twenty years. I must go to my Dolly. I know there is something amiss at home.'

'I should have felt alarmed, but I saw Mr. Everest smile; and besides, I was yet glowing under his fond look, as my father spoke of our being 'married twenty years.'

'"Father, you have surely no reason for thinking this? If you have, tell us.'

'My father just lifted his head, and looked me wofully in the face.

'"Dorothy, last night, as sure as I see you now, I saw your mother.'

'"Is that all?' cried Mr. Everest, laughing; 'why, my good sir, of course you did; you were dreaming.'

'"I had not gone to sleep.'

'"How did you see her?'

'"Coming into the room just as she used to do in the bedroom at home, with the candle in her hand and the baby asleep on her arm.

'"Did she speak?' asked Mr. Everest, with another and rather satirical smile; 'remember, you saw *Hamlet* last night. Indeed, sir—indeed, Dorothy—it was a mere dream. I do not believe in ghosts; it would be an insult to common sense, to human wisdom—nay, even to Divinity itself.'

'Edmond spoke so earnestly, so justly, so affectionately, that perforce I agreed; and even my father became to feel rather ashamed of his own weakness. He, a physician, the head of a family, to yield to a mere superstitious fancy, springing probably from a hot supper and an over-excited brain! To the same cause Mr. Everest attributed the other incident, which somewhat hesitatingly I told him.

'"Dear, it was a bird; nothing but a bird. One flew in at my window last spring; it had hurt itself, and I kept it, and nursed it, and petted it. It was such a pretty, gentle little thing, it put me in mind of Dorothy.'

'"Did it?' said I.

'"And at last it got well and flew away.'

'"Ah! that was not like Dorothy.'

'Thus, my father being persuaded, it was not hard to persuade me. We settled to remain till evening. Edmond and I, with my maid Patty, went about together, chiefly in Mr. West's Gallery, and in the quiet shade of our favourite Temple Gardens. And if for those four stolen hours, and the sweetness in them, I afterwards suffered untold remorse and bitterness, I have entirely forgiven myself, as I know my dear mother would have forgiven me, long ago.'

Mrs. MacArthur stopped, wiped her eyes, and then continued—speaking more in the matter-of-fact way that old people speak than she had been lately doing.

'Well, my dear, where was I?'

'In the Temple Gardens.'

'Yes, yes. Well, we came home to dinner. My father always enjoyed his dinner, and his nap afterwards; he had nearly recovered himself now: only looked tired from loss of rest. Edmond and I sat in the window, watching the barges and wherries down the Thames; there were no steam-boats then, you know.

'Some one knocked at the door with a message for my father, but he slept so heavily he did not hear. Mr. Everest went to see what it was; I stood at the window. I remember mechanically watching the red sail of a Margate hoy that was going down the river, and thinking with a sharp pang how dark the room seemed, in a moment, with Edmond not there.

'Re-entering, after a somewhat long absence, he never looked at me, but went straight to my father.

'"Sir, it is almost time for you to start' (oh! Edmond). 'There is a coach at the door; and, pardon me, but I think you should travel quickly.'

'My father sprang to his feet.

'"Dear sir, indeed there is no need for anxiety now; but I have received news. You have another little daughter, sir, and—'

''Dolly, my Dolly!' Without another word my father rushed away without his hat, leaped into the post-chaise that was waiting, and drove off.

''Edmond!' I gasped.

''My poor little girl—my own Dorothy!'

'By the tenderness of his embrace, not lover-like, but brother-like—by his tears, for I could feel them on my neck—I knew, as well as if he had told me, that I should never see my dear mother any more.'—

'She had died in childbirth,' continued the old lady after a long pause—'died at night, at the very hour and minute when I had heard the tapping on the window-pane, and my father had thought he saw her coming into his room with a baby on her arm.'

'Was the baby dead, too?'

'They thought so then, but it afterwards revived.'

'What a strange story!'

'I do not ask you to believe in it. How and why and what it was I cannot tell; I only know that it assuredly was so.'

'And Mr. Everest?' I inquired, after some hesitation.

The old lady shook her head. 'Ah, my dear, you will soon learn how very, very seldom one marries one's first love. After that day, I did not see Mr. Everest for twenty years.'

'How wrong—how——'

'Don't blame him; it was not his fault. You see, after that time my father took a prejudice against him —not unnatural, perhaps; and she was not there to make things straight. Besides, my own conscience was very sore, and there were the six children at home, and the little baby had no mother: so at last I made up my mind. I should have loved him just the same if we had waited twenty years: but he could not see things so. Don't blame him—my dear—don't blame him. It was as well, perhaps, as things turned out.'

'Did he marry?'

'Yes, after a few years; and loved his wife dearly. When I was about one-and-thirty, I married Mr. MacArthur. So neither of us was unhappy, you see—at least, not more so than most people; and we became sincere friends afterwards. Mr. and Mrs. Everest come to see me, almost every Sunday. Why, you foolish child, you are not crying?'

Ay, I was—but scarcely at the ghost-story.

PROTESTANTISM FROM A ROMAN-CATHOLIC POINT OF VIEW.

Oh, wad the gods the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!

THE possession of such a gift as the one here desired by Burns, would be productive, we imagine, of more annoyance than profit, for we should find it difficult to believe that the light in which others view us could possibly show our features more truly and faithfully than that by which we see ourselves. None of us Protestants, for instance, would be ready to allow that we are really as black as Dr. Giovanni Perrone has thought fit to paint us in his *Cattechismo interno al Protestantesimo,** an account of which we propose to lay before our readers.

In the preface to his little volume, Dr. Perrone informs his Italian countrymen that it is a notorious fact, that for the last few years an active and unscrupulous faction has sought to introduce Protestantism into their beautiful and catholic peninsula. This faction, it appears, spares no expense, either in money or books, for the purpose of establishing its abominable system, never hesitating to practise all sorts of frauds with a view to secure propagation of it. Not, the just and charitable divine affirms, that these men have any faith in the so-called form of religion

* *Cattechismo interno al Protestantesimo ad uso del popolo.* Per Giovanni Perrone, D.C., D.G. Seconda Edizione Milanese. Milan. 1855.

which they profess, for they have none, and all their actions spring from nothing else but the violent hatred which they bear towards the only true religion. Sad therefore it is to think, and deeply Dr. Perrone laments it, that so many of his fellow-countrymen should have been seduced and entangled by the formulas, or more properly speaking the sophisms, of which the suspicious persons in question make use to gain proselytes. In the belief, however, that very few are aware of the abysses into which Italy would be thrown if Protestantism were to prevail, and that they do not even know what that so-vaunted system is, further than that it is a negation of Catholicism, he has undertaken to expose the nature, origin, and effects of Protestantism—to point out the evil deeds of which its apostles are guilty, the aim they have in view, and the miserable end to which their system leads many unhappy people in the present life, as well as in the world to come. Moreover, that his readers may be able to place full reliance in his statements, he assures them he will bring forward nothing which cannot be proved; and furthermore, he affirms that he has been induced to devote himself to the work solely through love of that Divine religion which it will be his aim always to defend. In conclusion, he trusts that what he has written may be useful to whoever is not obstinately determined to shut his eyes to the light of truth. As for those miserable men who are impious by profession, *alias* Protestants, nothing, he fears, that he or any one else could say would be of any avail, determined as they are to cast themselves into the abyss of perdition, and to draw as many others after them as they can.

After having treated his readers to this pleasant little exordium, Dr. Perrone plunges *in medias res*, and commences his Catechism by making his pupil inquire what the word Protestantism signifies, and the master, nothing loth to gratify so laudable a curiosity, gives the usual Roman-catholic definition of the word, telling him that it signifies the rebellion of all the modern sects against the Catholic Church. As to the doctrines of Protestantism, these are, he says, most difficult of determination, since they change with every change of the moon, every man being permitted to interpret the Bible according to his own fashion. Hence the multiplicity of sects into which Protestants are split; though at the same time, none of them are bound by the particular formula they profess, and the only thing they have in common is that they all unite in hating and excommunicating each other. Thus these various sects resemble a Babel; and it would be well, he continues, if Protestantism were nothing worse than this; but the fact is, that it professes doctrines horrible in theory and immoral in practice—doctrines which are an outrage against both God and man, injurious to society, and contrary to good sense and modesty. Protestants, as well as Dr. Perrone's pupil, will be desirous to know where the doctrines are to be found which sanction such enormities; and if they refer to the learned Doctor, he will triumphantly point out to them certain exceptional doctrines in the works of Luther, Calvin, Zwingle, and others of the Reformers—doctrines which he must very well know are repudiated by every one of the sects whom he represents as holding them up to the present day. It is no wonder, after listening to such statements, the wondering pupil should ask how it was that, professing such horrible doctrines, the Reformers ever gained any followers? Always ready with an answer, Dr. Perrone replies that nothing was easier, appealing as they did, by means of these very doctrines, to all the passions of man, more especially to his cupidity and pride. Thus all who wished to indulge their passions speedily enrolled themselves in the ranks of their disciples; and as it was in times past, so it is now, for all those who forsake Catholicism and embrace Protestantism are invariably wicked men. He then enters into a description of the characters of the early Reformers, making out that they were all of them apostate monks, hypocrites, tyrants, dissolute wretches, perjured creatures, and disseminators of the most infamous doctrines—men who

put their turpitudes into verse for the purpose of corrupting the minds of the young. In making these assertions, he assures his pupil that he has indulged in no exaggeration, but that he has rather understated than overstated the truth.

It is not our purpose here to enter upon a defence either of the doctrines of Protestantism or of the men who first promulgated them, else it would be easy to show how entirely Dr. Perrone has misrepresented both. We trust, however, that our readers require no enlightenment on these points, and that they are familiar enough with the lives and labours of the early Reformers to feel that they need have no shame of them in the mass, although they may have cause to mourn over some lamentable exceptions, and to allow that here and there men arose who were faulty alike in life and doctrine. After having given his pupil this garbled account of the doctrines held by the Reformers, and blasted the characters of the men themselves, Dr. Perrone proceeds to instruct him as to the manner in which so impious a system came to be spread over so large a portion of Europe. Even the Turkish religion, he says, was speedily established in many countries, and it is no wonder that a religion like Protestantism, which powerfully favours the passions, should have found in every city, town, and village, men ready to embrace it with the greatest avidity—that is to say, the evil-minded, who abound all over the world. Even at the present day all the vainglorious philosophers which a superficial literature engenders, men who are greedy of fame and impatient of restraint, and who endeavour to construct systems of theology out of their empty brains, help to swell the file of rebels in an age in which every one runs after novelty. We will not tire our readers by following Dr. Perrone through the account into which he enters, of the countenance lent by various Catholic princes and sovereigns to the Reformation, nor of the base and wicked motives which induced them to support it. It does, nevertheless, strike us as a little surprising, not to say puzzling, that so many wicked men in the highest as well as the lowest ranks should, according to Dr. Perrone's own admission, have sprung up within the pale of the holy Catholic Church, and we should have been glad if he had thrown light upon this point. However, as he says, wicked men abound everywhere, and we must not be astonished if we find them always bolder, more active, and more enterprising than the good.

Having thus spoken on the wickedness of the doctrines, the infamous character of the men, and the shamefulness of the means by which Protestantism was disseminated, he is quite logical in affirming both that the system is an entirely carnal one—earthly, sensual, devilish,—and that it would speedily decay if the human props that now support it were to be removed. Arrived at this point, it appears as if he feared he had gone a little too far, and that capacious as his pupil's swallow might be, others would perhaps not be so ready to take in all his statements. So by way of qualifying his sweeping condemnation, he says it would be false to assert that all the early Protestants were wicked and revolutionary men. Not, indeed, that an evil tree could bear good fruit, but that many Protestants, comprising the most numerous class of the people, found themselves enveloped by the whirlwind without being aware of it. Knowing nothing whatever of the meaning of the new Gospel, or of the Church which called itself reformed, they went on in good faith, traditionally preserving Catholic teaching; and these are they who still maintain a certain degree of probity in the midst of Protestantism, ignorant as they are of its corrupting doctrines. A very ingenious way this of getting over a difficulty; and ignorant as he makes out that most of us are of the corrupting doctrines of Protestantism, we may perhaps console ourselves with the thought that we are really Catholics without knowing it, and therefore not entirely beyond the pale of salvation.

We pass on now to Lesson Sixth, which treats of the toleration exercised by Protestants. It seems, according to Dr. Perrone, that although as long as they are weak

the Protestants abide by the principle of toleration, yet no sooner are they strong than they begin to tyrannize over their Catholic brethren, persecuting them in every possible way, confiscating their possessions, and turning a deaf ear to all their appeals and entreaties. In some countries, Dr. Perrone informs his pupil, penal laws against the Catholics have been in force for upwards of two centuries, as in England; in others they are still visited with confiscation of their property, as in Switzerland and Denmark. In answer to this, we can only hope that when next a Catholic is beheaded in England, Dr. Perrone may be there to see, unless indeed that miserable end should be in reserve for himself. He certainly allows that we no longer put Catholics to the torture, but that, he says, is only because the genius of the present day will not permit such barbarities. If we have made any concessions to them, such as emancipation and equality in civil rights, it is because we have either been constrained to it, or because the complication of political affairs required it. Such is the case with regard to the governing powers, who, we are told, are more wicked in this respect than their subjects, whom Dr. Perrone is so kind as to style right-minded honest persons, who are Protestants without wishing it, and only because they had the great misfortune to be born Protestants. These men, it seems, entirely disapprove of the conduct of their rulers, and pity the Catholics; but as to those who are Protestants on principle, they do nothing but foment hatred against Catholics, endeavouring in all possible ways to deprive them of employment, and even of bread itself. All this Dr. Perrone asserts to spring from Protestantism not being the true faith, and therefore incapable of exercising true charity. Neither, then, can Catholicism be the true faith, since no one can show a more miserable lack of charity than the author of the *Cattechismo*.

Protestantism, says Dr. Perrone, only exists by hatred; hatred is that which animates and informs it; and as error cannot tolerate truth, so it cannot tolerate those who profess it; therefore it persecutes them by instinct. With this neat and convincing Q.E.D. the sixth lesson concludes. The seventh begins by an inquiry as to who are the most ardent promulgators of Protestantism in Italy. Our readers by this time will neither be surprised to learn, nor prepared to believe that they are, ordinarily speaking, the vilest scum of society, the most vicious among the citizens—men who do not practise any religion whatever. There are many of these persons, it appears, scattered about the cities and towns throughout Italy, and they have correspondents and agents in all its villages and hamlets. To hear them speak, says the reverend Catechist, you would imagine them to be the wisest of men, very Solomons, in fact, making use of foreign words and learned phrases for the purpose of throwing dust into the eyes of their hearers, and descanting on all sorts of subjects with incredible gravity; whilst in reality they are the veriest blockheads, knowing nothing, and showing a gross ignorance in matters of religion, and in everything that regards the Catholic religion which they combat, as well as, in many instances, of the Protestantism that they desire to insinuate. As for honesty and uprightness, we are told that they do not possess either quality; in a word, they are nothing but sacks (*sacci*) filled with vice and malignity. Certainly, all this does not make us any the more inclined to reiterate Burns' wish:

> Oh, wad the gods the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as ithers see us,—

or perhaps, as others wish us to be seen, would be the more correct version.

Our readers will now be glad to learn who are the persons that Protestants are most anxious to gain over to their cause; and as birds of a feather flock together, we shall feel it but natural they should seek to attract those who, like themselves, are the most sunk in vice, the most scandalous and irreligious of the community. Here Dr. Perrone illustrates the character of Protestant missionaries in a manner more forcible than refined, by saying that they are like a pack of hungry dogs, smelling about in the hope of

finding some offal, and when they have found it, throwing themselves upon it with truly canine appetites. The young, according to Dr. Perrone, form the principal object of their apostolate, which seems rather strange to us, remembering what the author had just said about the missionaries endeavouring to gain proselytes from the worst classes of society, in which category we should imagine even he would hesitate to place the young. But let that pass, and listen to what more the reverend Doctor has to say on the subject. These Protestants, he continues, know very well that youth is without experience, that it has a heated imagination, is impulsive, and has passions just about to awaken. They therefore do all in their power to catch young men and maidens in their nets, instructing them by little and little in their maxims, and enticing them with the seductions of vice, till they are betrayed before they know where they are. Then they show themselves in a new character, becoming disobedient and domineering at home, in public presumptuous and haughty, walking along the streets with a supercilious air, and directing glances of contempt on all those who are ignorant of the mysteries into which they have been initiated. In a word, they show outwardly what they are inwardly, and bring forth the fruits of the pestiferous seed sown in their hearts and minds. Thus their reformed Gospel, as they call it, is nothing else than irreligion and immorality clothed in fine words; it is the most terrible scourge inflicted upon humanity; it tends to anarchy and confusion, terminating in the worst kind of despotism. We cannot help thinking that in this lesson Dr. Perrone has allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion, by advancing statements with regard to proselytes, especially among the young, which every man amongst his countrymen has an opportunity of verifying for himself; and however prejudiced Italians may be against Protestantism in the abstract, it is not likely that they can be so utterly blinded as not to perceive that the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual character of converts to Protestantism is not exactly such as Dr. Perrone would have them believe.

In Lesson the Eighth, the pupil puts what seems to us rather an unnecessary question — one that looks as if he had neither attended to nor profited by what has gone before; for he asks, 'What is the end which these Protestant missionaries seek with such anxiety to attain? Are they influenced by a desire for greater purity in religion?' No wonder that his master snubs him for asking such a question, and exclaims—

What! can you imagine that such a sceptical and immoral set care anything at all about religion? Nothing of the kind! they only make use of the term 'reformed religion,' 'the pure, unadulterated Gospel,' 'primitive Christianity,' &c. &c., for the purpose of casting a veil over their vices, and over the novelties they wish to introduce. Protestantism, in the hands of such men, is nothing but a means whereby to insinuate irreligion, libertinism, and scepticism into Italy, together with communism and socialism. This is the sole end of their anxiety—of all the pains they take. Protestantism is only a vague voice, a negation of true religion, and as such well suited to cover the evil designs entertained by these men, designs which tend to the destruction of all property, and to make the foundations on which society is based utterly insecure.

Again Dr. Perrone deems it prudent to draw in his horns, for having reached this climax, he softens down again, and goes on to say—

Not all Protestants, however, propose to themselves such a horrible and wicked object; many of them are mere blind instruments, having no other end in view than their present interests; whilst many others are only ignorant and vicious, seeking for nothing but companions in their vices. Their chiefs, however, those who give the impulse to the movement, have no other object than the one I have pointed out; and, far from making a mystery of it, they proclaim it loudly by their writings and in their words.

It is not difficult to picture the look of horror with which the pupil must have listened to this atrocious account, and we can almost fancy we hear him cry out, in the words of the *Cattechismo*—

Truly, what you say horrifies me; I cannot think of it without shuddering.

And well may the master reply—

You have good reason; guard yourself, then, against this pest of Protestantism, if you would escape not only the ruin of your soul, but also the *many temporal evils associated with it.*

Anxious to guard himself against the subtle wiles of Protestant missionaries, the pupil inquires in the following lesson what are the signs by which they may be known. He is told that these depend upon whether they are Italians or foreigners. We pass over the description of the former, and proceed to the marks of the English antichrists, who, according to Dr. Perrone, are like birds of prey, throwing themselves upon their booty wherever they can pick it up. And here we will quote the author, word for word:—

They profess to be (he says) devout and religious; they practise outwardly and with much exactitude all their public devotional exercises; they have always their bible and prayer-book, as they call it, under their arms or in their hands. They observe Sundays with a pharisaical strictness. Where they have chapels, they attend them with great pomp and parade, in order to make a show before others. They contrive to pass for upright and honest men. The way being thus prepared, and those they want to catch predisposed, they insinuate themselves into families and social circles, forming friendships with those whom they think will be likely objects. Then they begin by pitying the poor Catholics, who are slaves of the Pope and of the priests, and who are given up to all sorts of superstitions. They praise their own religion to the skies, descanting upon its freedom from abstinence, fasting, and confession, and other austere practices. They magnify their flourishing trade, and the felicity and prosperity which England has enjoyed since she shook off the yoke of the Pope and the priests. The blockheads who know no better listen to these things with open mouths, admire them, and, little by little, allow themselves to be entangled in the nets of these cunning fishermen.

Pupil. Why do you call those blockheads who admire the fine things which they hear from the English?

Master. Because they let themselves be taken in by those ridiculous charlatans, and stop short at the appearance, instead of penetrating to the substance; for the appearance is nothing more than the fair outside shown by the Pharisees, who were most rigid in their observance of the Sabbath, most attentive in their performance of the external rites of religion, most exact in paying their debts to the uttermost farthing, but who were inwardly as proud as Lucifer, as covetous as Judas, rapacious, dissolute, envious, a race of vipers, whited sepulchres. Now such are English heretics and Anglican missionaries; they are nothing but political emissaries seeking to gain influence and preponderance in every place. In speaking of substance, I mean that which, denuded of fine words, Protestantism really is in England, whether it be associated with religion, morality, or material prosperity. Religion there is a mere chaos or inexpressible confusion of ideas; the people are split into more than a hundred sects, all fighting one another as in the lists; the Established Church—that is to say, the Church supported by the Government, of which the king or the queen is the head—does not know what it believes or what it does not believe; the so-called bishops are so many vile slaves who fatten on the enormous incomes which the Government pays them; ecclesiastical benefices are put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidder, and the newspapers take care to advertise that in such or such a living there is little to do, in such or such a one much to enjoy; lastly, the Thirty-nine Articles are so elastic, that every one understands them after his own fashion, and in opposite senses. As regards morality, the English Protestants, taken in the mass, are more than any other nation given up to immorality, sensuality, robbery, homicide, and suicide, as may be seen by their statistical tables. Finally, with respect to the prosperity of England, putting aside the few among the rich who have amassed colossal fortunes, the rest of the people groan under the most deplorable poverty, and, in order not to die of hunger, are obliged to pass the greater part of their days in the profound abysses of coal-pits, or in manufactories amongst machines, where they die in a very short time. Besides all this, thousands die of pure hunger every year; and if some escape so miserable an end, it is only by emigrating by hundreds of thousands, both in England and in Ireland, and bearing away their misery into far-off countries, such as America and elsewhere. Now what do you think of all these delights?

Pupil. Truly, I should never have believed it.

To which we could add, 'Neither need you,' notwithstanding Dr.

Perrone assures you that every word is true, and that he has 'treated only of facts that are public and notorious.'

We will take breath while Dr. Perrone is pointing out to his pupil the 'marks of the beast' among the Piedmontese, the Albigenses, and Waldenses; and resume the thread of his discourse at the beginning of the Tenth Lesson, where we shall find him exhorting his disciple to beware of the arts made use of by the missionaries, warning him that if he does not do so, he will begin, first by losing his time, and then perhaps his soul. After detailing the arts employed by these wicked Missionaries in their attempts to gain over the higher classes, he shows how differently they proceed in the case of the poor, taking advantage of the misery to which many of them are reduced, and offering them money in order to induce them to apostatise, by which wicked means they have succeeded in buying the consciences of many wretched persons in Ireland, Holland, Geneva, and Piedmont. On hearing this the pupil naïvely asks, 'How such men can dare to call themselves upright?' to which Dr. Perrone gravely replies that 'amongst the ministers and disseminators of Protestantism we need not look for uprightness.'

The kind of persons who embrace Protestantism forms the subject of the Eleventh Lesson. They are, it seems, the scum of ribaldry and immorality in every country. In the first file Dr. Perrone places a few priests and apostate monks, sacks, he calls them, of putridity and vice; and who, after having covered themselves with infamy and their bishops with shame, elope with some woman or other into a distant country. No sooner have they arrived there than, with the most abominable impudence, they assign as the sole reason of their infamy that they were constrained to take such a step by the corruptions of Rome, and by the convictions which entered their souls after reading the Bible; whereas, according to Dr. Perrone, the only convictions they had were those of the flesh, the convictions with which their mistresses inspired them; beyond these they had no others. We Protestants, it appears, are well aware of this, and even confess, that while Catholics take from us the cream of society—that is to say, the wisest, most virtuous, and most religious persons among us, who are flocking over to their Church every day—we get nothing but the scum, that is to say, the most vicious and libertine among them. In fact, that we allow that when the Pope weeds his garden, he throws over the wall and upon our threshold, all the decayed vegetables and refuse; we acknowledge that our converts are nothing but evildoers and dissolute men. Yet he says, we not only receive these men, but we lead them about in triumph, as though they were conquests of which to be proud. This is evidently a puzzle to Dr. Perrone, but he cuts the knot of the difficulty by supposing either that we cannot get any of the better sort of men into our nets, or that the apostates we do succeed in gaining over, resemble the primitive fathers, Luther, Calvin, and the rest; or else that we make a great fuss about them in the hope that so fearful a scandal will be imitated by many. Now we will not dispute the point with Dr. Perrone, but certainly, so far as our opportunities of observing go, we must say that the *Te Deums* sung over converts are chanted much more loudly and boastfully in the Roman Catholic Church than in ours, unless indeed the triumph be celebrated in Exeter Hall.

We need not notice the Lesson dedicated to a catalogue of the crimes committed by those who become Protestants, but will proceed to the next, which treats of the distress and agitation of mind experienced by those who apostatise from the only true Church. The pupil with a simplicity worthy of Pascal's *Lettres Provinciales*, of which, by the bye, Dr. Perrone's *Cattechismo* sometimes feebly reminds us, enquires whether those who leave the Catholic Church can ever enjoy any peace afterwards. This question gives Dr. Perrone the opportunity of painting a fearful picture, in which we see Protestant converts represented as enemies to God, rebels to his grace, and plunged into the depths of despair. *There is no peace to the impious*, says Dr.

Perrone, quoting the scriptures; and if there be an impious man in the world it surely is the heretic, the apostate, the renegade. These men, he goes on to say, live in a state of constant perturbation of conscience, and of bitter remorse; they carry hell about with them in their hearts; they are continually the prey of the furies; they pass moments of such melancholy and despair as no language can depict, and though they seek to soften the anguish they endure by plunging into dissipation, it is all in vain. The pupil hereupon exclaims, and it is a comfort to hear him, 'That cannot be, for on the contrary I have seen them leading the most cheerful lives possible;' on which Dr. Perrone informs him that all this is but mere appearance, that if he trust to what such people say, they will make him believe none are so happy as they, but the truth is that they lie both in their words and deeds. They pretend to be happy, they fly from solitude, they try to get out of themselves, they rush from one species of dissipation to another, in order to suffocate the remorse which torments them, but it is all in vain, —whatever they do, the worm is always there, always ready to prey upon them. Still the incredulous pupil is not convinced, and has even the presumption to tell his teacher he fears that he founds all this on mere conjecture, and that the fact is not really such as he has represented. But Dr. Perrone, nothing daunted by the unbelief exhibited on the part of his catechumen, solemnly assures him his assertions are founded on facts, and on the public confessions which certain of these renegades have made to the world, after having repented of their sins, and returned to the bosom of holy mother Church. He acknowledges indeed that very few ever do return, but then he says that this is because the heroism necessary for such a step is the portion of but few, while weakness is a very common quality. In addition to this he reminds his pupil that so many and so great are the obstacles in the way of those who long to return to the Church, that many feel themselves powerless to overcome them, and therefore go on groaning under the heavy chains by which they are bound hand and foot. The principal obstacle to apostate priests and monks, continues Dr. Perrone, arises from their mistresses,—I say mistresses, because they never can have real wives,—and their children. Since, as has already been said, the motives of their apostasy may be reduced to the desire to indulge their unbridled passions, their sole thought after having become protestants, is that of uniting themselves to some woman or other, and even should they happen not to wish to take such a step, the protestants force them to it, and that as quickly as possible, in order to make sure of their prey. Truly, Dr. Perrone, this is a piece of information of which we were not possessed before, and we feel inclined, on hearing it, to echo the words your pupil has just used, and to say that we fear you base your assertions rather on conjecture than facts. Having explained the nature of the first obstacle to an apostate's return, the Doctor goes on to the second, which it appears arises from self-interest; for, being befriended and pensioned as they are by the Protestants, they would lose all this by recanting their errors; then there is the difficulty of making a public recantation; and to all this must be added the fear of a sharp persecution directed against them by the Protestants. These obstacles, concludes Dr. Perrone, are such that, morally speaking, they render the return of many, so to say, impossible; after having once taken the false step, although they may weep and lament over it all their lives long, they have no power to break loose from the nets which the devil has cast over them.

As a fitting pendant to this melancholy picture of the miserable life led by converts to Protestantism, Dr. Perrone in the next Lesson gives his pupil a still more fearful description of their death. In fact, he says that it is the most terrible thing that can be imagined—a death which may justly be called hell by anticipation, and to which Talleyrand's famous *mot*, '*Quoi déjà?*' would certainly, if Dr. Perrone's description is a true one, be exactly applicable.

If (says Dr. Perrone) there is an

exception to this, it is still more horrible, for in that case the death, which to all outward appearance is tranquil and happy, is in reality the most deplorable that the imagination can conceive, for it shows that the subjects of it have lost all faith, that they are nothing but practical atheists, no better than the beasts that perish.

We need scarcely say that Dr. Perrone speaks most confidently of the certain damnation of Protestants—that is to say, he explains, of all who are aware that they are out of the pale of the Church, who calumniate her, and endeavour to rob her of her children; all these will most certainly be damned. It is nothing but invincible ignorance which can save any; and it is a comfort to hear Dr. Perrone say that he believes many Protestants of this description are to be found among the lower classes. But he warns his pupil that this does not apply to apostate Catholics, who are irremediably damned throughout all eternity.

But our readers will have had enough of Dr. Perrone, and we will therefore take our leave of him by quoting his parting words to his pupil:—

And now having learnt this lesson, keep it always before your eyes, and then you will not be liable to be deceived by these impious and wicked disseminators of, I will not say, a new religion, but a system of infamy. If any one tell you that in these lessons there is aught that is false or exaggerated, answer him boldly that, on the contrary, things have been understated, and that there is nothing in these pages which may not be verified by irrefragable arguments and proofs.

If we were not pretty sure that human nature is more incredulous of evil, and less willing to think ill of others than Dr. Perrone supposes, we should have greater reason to dread the results which his catechism might produce than we entertain at present. In addition to this we are certain Dr. Perrone has overstepped the mark, and we therefore cannot but hope that his manual, instead of having the effect which he intended, will be the means of leading some at least among the more thoughtful of our Italian Roman Catholic brethren to search for themselves, and 'see whether these things indeed are so.' Let them but find Dr. Perrone, as they will be sure to do at the very outset, garbling facts, and throwing a false colouring over statements, showing us as he wishes us to be seen, rather than as we really are, and a reaction will be likely to ensue, which will end in making converts to Protestantism of some at any rate who, but for this ill-advised book, might have remained Catholics all their lives long. On the other hand, we fear there cannot be much doubt but that the fact of the book having already reached a second edition, shows that it is extensively circulated among the very many who never take the trouble of thinking for themselves, and who would consider it a mortal sin not to place implicit faith in whatever their spiritual pastors and masters may choose to palm upon them.

In conclusion may we be allowed to hint that Protestants may learn a lesson from this book, which will not be unproductive of good if it lead them to compare the feelings of indignation and disgust with which its false and garbled statements cannot but have inspired them, with the sentiments experienced by Catholics when they find some among themselves misstating and exaggerating the doctrines and practices of their religion to an extent equal to anything we have met with even in Dr. Giovanni Perrone's precious production.

A. R. B.



JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN THE CRIMEA, 1856.

Part I.

TO attempt a detailed account of a long sea voyage would be a wearisome task to undertake, and I could hardly expect my readers to follow me through such an oft-told tale. Moreover, so large a proportion of my countrymen—ay, and of my fair countrywomen also—in these locomotive times, are in the habit of making little trips to America, the Cape, Egypt—nay, even to Australia itself, thinking little more about such a feat than our parents and grandparents used of a passage across the Irish Sea,—that what I should have to relate, were I to follow out throb by throb the panting of a large paddle-wheeled steamer for three thousand miles, would be to them nothing new or interesting, and perhaps very insignificant when compared to their more extended and, I may safely say, more adventurous journeys. I shall therefore confine myself to the leading features of the voyage, transporting my readers from Southampton to Balaclava in as few minutes as it took me days to make the voyage.

Our passengers consisted of officers and men of two corps serving in the Crimea, on their way to join their respective head-quarters. To these were added an officer and his wife bound for one of our Mediterranean colonies, and a few others hurrying like myself to the scene of our late struggles. Stormy weather, which made our venerable steamer creak, groan, and tremble most piteously, showing at one time a strong disposition to turn her head homewards, and at another a desire to make for the not very tempting rocks of Cape Finisterre, caused some damage to the ship, which obliged our skipper to put in for repair to Gibraltar. Coals and water being quickly taken on board by a set of begrimed 'scorpions,' and our repairs being rapidly and effectively completed by those mysterious personages termed the 'authorities,' we once more vomited vast clouds of inky smoke, shut off steam, and hauled out of the New Mole, threatening the existence of a brother transport in our way. Steaming past the Europa batteries and lighthouses, and rows of officers' cottages and soldiers' barracks, we soon left the old rock many leagues behind us, and entered upon the second portion of our voyage. In five days we were safely anchored in Valetta harbour, surrounded by boats of bright hues, offering to convey us to the 'shoarre;' together with a few others, not much bigger than the children's washing-tub at home, in which were seated two nearly naked and shivering urchins, who, looking up with grinning and yet beseeching faces, begged us to throw down a sixpence 'for a daive, saare, for a daive.' Immediately upon gratifying their propensities by pitching in a coin some little distance from the boat, one of the urchins, speedily divesting himself of his garment, and taking a steady look for an instant at the silver as it slowly sank in the clear water, sprung in a little to one side of the spot where the coin had been thrown, and sinking rapidly down, reappeared with sixpence in hand, and making his way triumphantly to his companion, clambered into the tub, and continued his strain, shivering and shaking with the cold, and looking earnestly and half-roguishly from one face to the other as they bent over the bulwarks watching his movements. At Malta we remained longer than anybody on board expected, not at all to the satisfaction of those who thought that peace was uncertain, and who were eager to taste the first experience of an active military life.

At length we received our sailing, or rather steaming orders, and about mid-day we entered upon the third portion of our voyage, passing an English ship in the French service, crammed full of invalids, the captain of which had boarded our ship whilst we lay in the harbour, complaining much of the dirt and irregularity of his live cargo, whom he stated to be under the charge of no officer of higher rank than a surgeon. I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but it only confirms what I had previously heard from another source,

that our gallant allies are not over-careful about either the medical or military officering of their invalid-ships. I recollect once being a passenger in one of the *Messageries Impériales* steamers, which had between 400 and 450 sick and wounded soldiers on board, besides wounded officers, and as far as I could make out there was only one medical officer placed in charge of all these poor men—who certainly seemed most cheerful under their sufferings—and he was treated as a second-class passenger, and not allowed to dine at the same table with us. In our service this could not have happened; but we have improved, in many respects, the medical department of our army since the war broke out.

Passing the coast between Cape Matapan and Cape St. Angelo, we met an English steamer from Constantinople, which telegraphed 'Peace.' This announcement was received with anything but cheerful countenances on the part of some who looked forward to the capture of the Crimea or to a campaign in Asia in the course of a few short weeks; and it seemed to me that when, on our arrival at Scutari, we were informed that most of the troops on board were to be detained there, the faces of some young military aspirants became longer than when suffering from the pangs and horrors of sea sickness. A trip in a drenching afternoon between the lovely banks of the Bosphorus, dotted with mosques and minarets, palaces and gardens, strange looking old forts and wicked-looking batteries, was not at all enlivened by being informed that we were to remain a couple of days at Kosloo before proceeding to the Crimea. We innocently asked where was Kosloo?—what was Kosloo? and I dare say that some of my readers may do the same who are as ignorant of the shores of the Black Sea as some of us were; but on further inquiry, it turned out that Kosloo, in the district of Heraclea, was the valley in which the Sultan's coal-mines abound. Having always heard them spoken of as the coal-mines of Heraclea, I was ignorant of a small bay, on the shores of which stand some dozen or two ricketty houses, but where most of our men-of-war and transports, as well as those of our allies, are wont to take in coal; and when I did learn the real state of the case, I felt quite pleased at our intended visit, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing an establishment which has been of considerable benefit to us in carrying on this war.

For some miles we ran along a picturesque coast, abounding in shallow bays and jutting headlands, into the former of which mountain-streams, swollen with the melting snow, emptied themselves. The hills were thickly wooded down to the water's edge with beech, oak, and low underwood; while further inland rose high and rugged peaks, partially covered with forest, midst the masses of which some patches of snow peeped forth, now fast disappearing under the influence of a powerful sun and cloudless sky. As we approached the valleys of Kosloo and Zungledek—which differed from scores of others along the coast only by having at their mouth a small cluster of red-roofed cottages—seams of coal appeared among the brushwood, and here and there heaps of black shale marked the entrance to some abandoned pit. On coming to an anchor off Kosloo, we hailed a coal-barge which had just finished discharging its cargo into a French transport, and, pulled by four lusty Croats, we soon found ourselves ashore, about eighty yards from a large and apparently substantial house belonging to the engineer who superintends the working of the mines, and the commissariat officer in charge of the chest, who makes the payments and keeps the accounts of the establishment. In addition to these officers, there are a dozen Englishmen, *navvies* and tradesmen, some of whom, though but a short time in the country, seemed to get on very fluently in Turkish with the native labourers. These men are dispersed between the Kosloo mines and those in the adjoining valley of Zungledek, and receive as ordinary labourers as high wages as £10 a month—foremen and overseers proportionably more. They seemed well contented with their lot; and having but few opportunities of

spending their money in so wild and lonely a district, will probably return home with considerable sums in their pockets. One man I met with said that during the winter they found it difficult to procure meat, and the smaller luxuries of tea and sugar; and he informed me that they were once six weeks without animal food. He admitted, however, that when they got any, the prices were low; but that, after all, England was a more satisfactory country to spend money in than the wild shores of the Black Sea.

At Kosloo, the coal lies near the sea-shore, and is worked about a mile and a half up the valley, being conveyed to the beach by a tramway, in trucks drawn by native ponies. At Zungledek, it is principally worked four miles up the valley, and is carried on the backs of mules and ponies to the shore, where, as well as at Kosloo, it is shunted off a wooden platform into lighters below. At both places it is found close to the surface, and is raised by driving galleries into the hill-side. I do not believe that the district is worked at present with much system, it being an object to get as great a return for our outlay as possible, considering that our occupation is only a temporary one during the war time. The strata are uneven and much tossed about, and there is much difficulty in working out any particular bed. All the district around is part of the Sultan's personal property; and I heard that much difficulty was experienced in procuring the Imperial consent to the working of the mines for the use of the fleets and armies which have fought and conquered for the independence of the Padishah and his dominions. At last permission was extorted only on the promise of the payment of the enormous royalty of ten shillings per ton! Will the 'sick man,' on the cessation of his present very lucrative arrangement, have the energy to turn to account the wealth which nature has placed at his disposal, either by working these mines himself, or placing them in the hands of some of the great capitalists or companies of Western Europe?* Or will he, hugging his treasure to his bosom, turn a deaf ear to all proposals for improvement, and jealous of his rights, and apathetic about the development of the natural resources of the land, allow them to remain untouched, an everlasting testimony of the ignorant barbarism of Turkey and her rulers?

I could not, even if I would, prevent such thoughts from crowding upon me, as, mounted on a small but powerful, sure-footed, and spirited horse, I wandered over the ridge which separates the two valleys, and pushed my way some miles up the glen of Zungledek, now galloping over soft turf, browsed on by a few mountain sheep, watered by the mountain torrent gliding swiftly but silently along through the deep rich deposit of thousands of winters, and now, whilst entering a deep and thickly-wooded ravine, I crept with cautious steps, at one moment in the bed of the stream, amidst rocks, and stones, and trunks and branches of trees washed down by the spring torrents. At another moment I had to scramble up the side of the ravine by a path washed away by the melting snow, or choked by some huge mass of rock, clay, or underwood, which the spring thaws had detached from some precipice many feet above, but over which my little animal carried me in the most perfect security, showing an amount of strength, activity, and sure-footedness which I could not have expected to find in so small a creature carrying twelve-stone upon his back. Thirty-two times in the course of four miles did we cross this little stream, our horses plunging their noses into the cool water, and drinking as they waded through. Beech, oak, wild cherries, hollies, laurel, and box, clothed the sides of the ravine, the underwood of which consisted for the most part of masses of rhododendron just bursting into blossom, while the ground beneath was carpeted with primroses and wood-anemones, and from the clefts of the rocks bunches of violets sent forth their delicious fragrance. Vines hung in graceful festoons from some of the larger trees; and ferns, kissed

* I was informed that some years back a celebrated English steam-packet company offered one million for the coal-fields of Heraclea.

by the spray of miniature waterfalls, nestled in mossy pillows on either side the stream.

Further up the valley we came upon a partial clearing in the wood, where galleries ran in every direction into the heart of the mountain, at the mouth of which stood large piles of coal, ready to be carried to the shore for shipment as soon as the necessary repairs to the road had been effected. A small square of huts had here been erected, containing a residence for the foreman, a smithy, and carpenter's shop, and dwellings for the Turkish and Croat labourers who worked in the pits. These men receive about tenpence a day, or, strictly speaking, their labour is paid for at that rate; but considering that the money is paid into the hands of the Mudirs of the villages from whence they are sent, it is extremely doubtful whether much, if any, finds its way into the pockets of those who have really earned it. When the mines first began to be worked, the men were paid individually; but on their return to their homes, the rapacious and dishonest Mudirs called upon these poor peasants to give up all they had received; and if they were short of a single day's pay—which, considering days when they could not work on account of rain, snow, or other causes, were perhaps frequent—their cattle, furniture, children, and wives even, were, I was told, sometimes seized to make up the deficiency; the consequence of which naturally was, that the men requested that all money might be paid to the chief of each village, in order that, he being certain of what each man ought actually to have received, no further exactions could be made upon the forced labour of the country. The men who came from a great distance, and the Croats, were of course free from this terrible tax, and received high wages and regular payment for their work; and I have no doubt returned to their villages happy and contented at having served under so good and punctual a paymaster. Returning by the shore, I was surprised at noticing a white mark, of about a foot or fourteen inches in depth, all along the rocks at the edge of the water, and was informed that this was caused by the fall, towards the end of last summer, of the level of the sea, which had never since returned to its original height; and that, in consequence, one of the piers for loading the coal barges was obliged to be lengthened several feet. I am not aware whether any previous notice has been taken of this curious phenomenon, or if there has, whether it has been assigned to any particular cause. The following morning I amused myself, whilst we were getting up steam and anchor, by making a sketch from our ship of this most wild picturesque of coal-fields, as yet unpolluted by smoke from tall black chimneys; soon after mid-day we were steaming merrily along for Balaclava, where we arrived the following evening, too late to be admitted into the harbour, and were consequently obliged to anchor in the bay, where a few other transports were riding, awaiting their turn to be brought in. Our patience was not put to a long test, for on the following afternoon a dirty little tug, commanded by a *middy*, whose personal appearance, had he suddenly dropped on to the quarter-deck of any of Her Majesty's ships, would have caused no small merriment amongst the other youngsters, and a proportionate amount of horror and dismay to any smart first lieutenant or commander, carried the passengers and baggage safely within the land-locked harbour, and landed us upon a pier crowded with Russian shot, ready to be shipped as ballast in the several vessels on their return home with troops or light stores. I was fortunate in finding a friend in the town with a spare pony, on which I accompanied him to the camp along the smoothest and hardest of roads, thronged with trains of wagons and pack-horses; soldiers on foot and officers on horseback; English, French, and Sardinians, amongst whom were mingled Russian infantry in long whity-brown coats and flat-topped caps; the militia distinguished by a cross upon their caps, and by their long hair and shaggy matted beard; and the Cossacks of the Black Sea mounted on shaggy, half-starved ponies. These men, as we passed through the wooden town of Kadi-

koi, seemed busily engaged in making purchases of luxuries long unknown in their camps, or procurable only at prices so enormous as to be out of the reach of private soldiers or officers of moderate means.

Once ensconced in a spare room in an exceedingly comfortable and ingenious hut, built partly below ground, and roofed with boards covered with felt, warmed by an excellent fire-place which never smoked, and lighted by windows brought from the ruins of Sebastopol, I determined to make the most of my time in visiting the country and the neighbourhood, from which on previous occasions we had been pleasantly warned off by the sharp crack of a rifle and the whizzing of a bullet from the enemy's outposts. Not knowing how soon I might be compelled, by the clearing-out of the army, to take my departure, I accepted the following morning an offer to join a party who were going over, on invitation, to visit the northern forts, and afterwards to take luncheon with the officers of a Russian regiment. We crossed the marshy piece of ground at the head of the harbour by a long straight causeway with five bridges. They had all been broken down during the siege; but on the news of peace arriving, our engineers speedily repaired those on the English side. An officer's guard was stationed at each end of the causeway, ours being snugly camped, that of the Russians unprotected, except by a few reeds and bushes. Side by side with a smart-looking Fusileer sentry, stood a Russian non-commissioned officer, to assist in carrying on the duties of the post, and to prevent unauthorized soldiers from crossing into our lines. His long, heavy, dirty-looking coat, huge boots, into which were tucked large loose trousers, his soiled and shabby accoutrements, and, above all, his inanimate countenance, formed a striking contrast to the well-clad and admirably-appointed soldier who stood beside him in the glory of a bright new tunic, spotless belts, and shoes polished as if on a parade at the Horse-Guards. Crossing the causeway, we ascended the heights on which the northern forts are situated, and which extend from the mouth of the Belbec on to Mackenzie's Farm, and from thence to the pass of Coralès, bounded generally in the rear by the valley of the Belbec, along a winding road up a ravine, swept by guns at its head and musketry trenches in some places along the sides. One of the officers of the regiment which we were invited to visit met and conducted us to his camp, where we were most warmly received by the colonel, who, mounted on a sleek bay charger, whose coat showed want neither of care nor of food, guided us through several of the earthen batteries and small redoubts facing the southern side, most of which had been erected subsequent to the fall of the place, and resembled in strength and general construction those which we had found in the town. Guns of large calibre were mounted in the embrasures; bomb-proof cover of large extent and prodigious thickness was provided for the defenders, and more attention seemed to have been given to the tracing of the works by flanking the ditches than was displayed in those of the south. The large stone forts of Michael and Constantine especially attracted my attention by the powerful nature of the batteries, all the guns except the upper tier being in spacious and tolerably-ventilated casemates, and those of the lower tier being of enormous calibre — mostly, if not all, ten-inch guns. Each tier of casemates seemed divided into two portions by a passage, along which we walked; on one hand were the chambers with one gun in each, on the other, those which served as barracks for the men. Both were, of course, at this time occupied, and in many we saw parties of tailors busily employed in making up new uniforms, of which, it must be owned, the soldiers seemed much in need. At certain intervals, as we passed along, I remarked a niche, where stood the image of some saint, before which a silver lamp and some candles were always burning; the Russian officers who accompanied us invariably uncovering as they passed them.

Arrived on the roof of Fort Constantine, I gazed across the

calm blue waters of the harbour, broken only by the masts of the mighty fleet which lay buried beneath their surface. There rose the huge tops of the *Twelve Apostles*, and higher up, the more graceful spars of the powerful, dashing, and once skilfully-commanded *Vladimir* showed where lay the hull of the finest steamer in the Black Sea fleet. Built in England, she was similar in size, I have heard, to the *Sampson*, one of our steamers which took part in the bombardment of Odessa, and of the forts of Sebastopol on the 17th of October, 1854. The line of ships first sunk to block up the entrance of the harbour cannot be so easily traced; and whilst I was watching, an English steamer, preceded by a small tug, was diligently engaged in marking out the passage between them into the harbour. Beyond lay the vast ruins of Forts Paul, Nicholas, and Alexander; and up the hill rose the silent and deserted city, still encircled by the blood-stained ramparts which so long protected the streets and palaces from the tread of the enemy. Nothing could exceed the civility and attention of the officers who accompanied us: they showed us everything, answered every question which we could put to them, and frequently made remarks on subjects which we could not in courtesy have questioned them upon. Remarking on the large traverses and earthen parapets which had been recently erected on the roof of Fort Constantine, they informed us that they were found extremely necessary, as during the bombardment of the 17th of October those guns unprotected by casemates and firing *en barbette* were speedily dismounted, and that the casualties amongst the gunners were enormous, whilst among the lower tiers a trifling number of men were injured, and very few guns were even struck. Looking as close as I could at the fort, without seeing it from the water, I could not perceive that it had been damaged to any serious extent. Several shot-marks were visible in many places, but I could not discover the slightest symptom of a crack in the masonry. The Russian officers told me that a greater number of casualties were occasioned on the roof, by there being no expense-magazines for immediate use, and that, consequently, wooden boxes (similar to those to be seen in our saluting batteries) contained the cartridges, which frequently exploded, causing considerable loss.

We next proceeded to the Wasp and Telegraph batteries, powerful earthworks, heavily armed, in the latter of which, now completely screened by a huge mass of earth raised all round, and leaving a deep ditch, stands a stone tower, loopholed for musketry, and mounting eight guns on the roof, apparently so crowded that it would be difficult to manœuvre them. Here, I was told, above twenty men were wounded by the explosion of a shell from one of our ships, a circumstance I could easily conceive, owing to the confined nature of the work compared to the number of guns mounted, and the force necessary to work them. The interior of the tower was fitted up as a barrack for the soldiers, magazine, and store-room for provisions and artillery stores.

Continuing our ride, we soon reached the Sievernaya or North Fort, a work the trace of which seems tolerably accurately laid down in the maps and charts published since the commencement of the war. Of the details of this work, however, we were supposed to be profoundly ignorant. After having passed through so many earthen and stone forts of powerful construction and heavy armament, I confess I was not a little surprised to find this one, a combination of the two, and decidedly a permanent work, so weak in profile, so faulty in construction, and so feeble in its armament. The northern or Belbec front had hardly any guns mounted in it, with the exception of flanking carronades in the ditches, which did not appear to be more than twelve or fourteen feet in width and from eight to ten in depth, the revetments being of coarse masonry, and apparently very fragile. The interior of the fort had been fitted with barracks and other buildings, but they were soon reduced to the pile of ruins

which met our eye, by the heavy vertical fire from the French batteries in Sebastopol. In clearing away these ruins, and making a covered communication across the fort, the Russians used to employ their defaulters, even during the heaviest bombardment; a mode of military punishment which sounded not a little strange to more humane ears.

This completed our survey of the northern forts, and putting our horses to a canter, we returned to the Russian camp, passing on our road one of the huge cemeteries used by the military during the siege, crowded with innumerable graves, nearly all surmounted by a wooden Greek cross. Arrived at the camp of the regiment, we found a most hospitable reception awaiting us, in the shape of a profuse luncheon and an admirable military band, which played outside the hut in which the repast was laid out. Champagne flowed freely to the healths of our respective Sovereigns and their armies, the band playing the noble anthems of each country with equal skill and taste, proving that ours must have been carefully practised, which was but consistent with the general courtesy and kindness and evident wish to please, on the part of the officers who assembled to meet us. They all seemed very young, some very intelligent-looking, and, with one exception, I think, spoke French. Some were dressed in the dark green tunic, while others wore the long grey coat similar to that of the private soldiers, though generally of finer materials. This sensible custom is also observed in the Sardinian army, which I am inclined to believe was the first to adopt it, the Russians having used it for the first time on the Danube, whilst the Piedmontese wore it as a protection against the enemy's riflemen in their late campaign in Italy. In a few days our hosts were to commence their long and weary march into the interior, across the dusty arid steppes for many hundred miles; but to a Russian distance is nothing, and they seemed to think no more of it than we should of a march from Portsmouth to London. The declining sun warned us to hasten our departure, and setting out with a number of the officers, who insisted upon escorting us to the extremity of their camps, we returned, greatly pleased with all we had seen; not forgetting to thank our hospitable entertainers. Riding, as I afterwards had occasion frequently to do, among Russian camps, I could not help being struck at their inferiority as compared with those of the French, Sardinians, and our own. The huts, soldiers' and officers', are dug out of the ground, and the roofs composed of wattlework, covered with sods and earth, and they are laid out and constructed with little attention to order or neatness, thereby forming a most unfavourable contrast to the Piedmontese, whose winter camps were perfect models of regularity, precision, and cleanliness. In the latter point the Russian camps are wofully deficient, and the stench arising in consequence is at times almost overpowering to inexperienced noses. Their field artillery, painted bright green, picked out with black, is parked with extreme regularity in their several camps, each battery consisting of eight pieces.

The 17th of April was the day selected by General Luders for making an inspection of the allied armies, and accordingly arrangements were made for the concentration of the French troops on the ground between Omar Pasha's redoubt and the Monastery of St. George; and for that of the English, near the head-quarters of the general, where the plateau was well adapted for the drawing up of columns of battalions; whilst the adjoining valley was admirably suited to the defiling of the troops. Our allies covered a vast extent of ground, and looked imposing; but on close inspection the shallowness of their line, and the distance between the regiments, brigades, and divisions, gave one the idea that their numbers were not so great as they wished them to be considered; while the sickly appearance of some battalions, and the want of condition of the artillery horses and worn appearance of the harness, gave evidence of the severity of the hardships they had undergone, even

during a winter of comparative rest. Some of the regiments had been changed since the capture of Sebastopol, but the tattered standards told those which had stood the brunt of the campaign. It was late in the afternoon when the generals arrived on the spot selected for the English review. The troops had been a considerable time on the ground, and some, the Highland division, had made a long march before arriving there. All were paraded in full marching order, and most of the regiments appeared in the new uniform, which, however unsightly in a ball-room, certainly looks better *en masse* than the old narrow-tailed, white-braided coatee. A roadway, lined on either side by plumed Highlanders, led from Sir William Codrington's head-quarters to the long line of battalions drawn up in contiguous columns at quarter distance, each battalion consisting of eight companies, and the whole flanked at either extremity by powerful batteries of horse and field artillery. Towards five o'clock a breeze sprung up, which was vastly refreshing to the men, who, having marched from their camps in a hot sun, were now standing beneath its rays, awaiting the arrival of the staff.

Some false alarms were occasionally spread along the line; at length, at about five o'clock, the generals of England, France, Sardinia, and Russia arrived upon the ground, and were received with the customary salute. Accompanied by numerous and brilliant staffs, they rode along the line, several foreign officers joining them, and having completed their inspection, took up their position at the flagstaff in the valley, where a large number of spectators were congregated. The troops then began defiling, which to a looker-on was far the most interesting portion of the spectacle. First came the horse artillery, whose showy accoutrements glittered in the declining rays of the sun. Nothing could be finer than the appearance of this arm of the service, both horse and foot—the cattle, large, powerful, and showing more breeding than those of our allies, proved by their sleek coats and fiery action the excellent care which had been bestowed upon them; and the ease with which they moved, lugging their nine-pounders behind them, together with their ammunition and forage wagons, showed that bone and sinew are closely attended to in their purchase. After the horse artillery had swept by at a rapid trot some field batteries, the gunners dismounted, and marching either in detachments in rear of, or alongside of, the guns, passed by at a walk. These were succeeded by a battalion of artillerymen of the siege train and one of engineers, the latter carrying a short carbine at the trail, and clad in the brightest scarlet. Both these battalions wore the old uniform, which was less unsightly than that of the line, from the absence of the eternal paltry white tape. These were followed by the Guards, whose tall bearskins and wonderful steadiness and precision of movement brought one back to the old days when they defiled past the late Emperor in Windsor Park. They were succeeded by the Highland division, whose admirable marching and picturesque uniform and thoroughly soldierlike bearing could not fail to have struck any person, military or otherwise. After these the second, third, fourth, and light divisions successively defiled. All bore themselves as British soldiers, all reflected the highest credit on the system by which they are trained and the officers who commanded them, while the thoroughly efficient and healthy appearance of the men proved that we had profited by the experience of our former errors, and that England now possessed an army, small indeed in proportion to the vast numbers of Continental States, but perfect in all things necessary to its well-being, and in a fitter state to take the field than previous to those bloody battles and that wearying siege and still more terrible sickness which had so greatly thinned its ranks. As each brigade swept by, headed by its pioneers, the united bands of the several regiments played opposite to the Union Jack, and the silken standards fluttered in the breeze as they approached and passed the generals. Some of these were reduced to little more than bare poles, and with many the records of their proudest victories

had been torn away by the storm of bullets at the fierce contests in which they had more lately been engaged, but which, through the mercy and goodness of God and their own indomitable courage and determination, have added fresh scrolls to all, although many were already heavily charged.

Accustomed as we are in England to seeing none but batteries of light calibre, six and nine-pounders, accompanying the troops at reviews, and stationed in our garrison towns, it was most gratifying to observe the rear of this noble array of troops closed by two batteries of eighteen-pounder guns and thirty-two-pounder howitzers, dragged along by powerful teams of horses, the ease with which they were manœuvred proving the utter fallacy of all our old notions about field artillery. It is urged that the difficulty of moving heavy guns in the field so as to accompany infantry is so great that they must become practically useless, and of course the difficulty of transporting batteries of such weight in a mountainous country would render their use in such ground out of the question; but after all this is only a question of degrees, for, according to the nature of the country, nine and even six-pounders become useless, and an army may be reduced to the necessity of conveying guns of the lightest calibre, three-pounders, on the backs of pack animals. Surely, then, if guns of such heavy weight of metal as thirty-two and eighteen-pounders can be moved at all in the field, they ought to form part of the equipment of every army which is destined to act in a country suited to the transport of such heavy ordnance, with their ammunition. This latter appears at first sight to be rather a serious question, but it must be borne in mind, in comparing it with the transport of nine-pounder ammunition, that in a battle, and far more in a campaign, where such heavy calibres would never be brought into play in skirmishes or in affairs of outposts or of minor importance, the consumption of ammunition would probably be one-half less, and consequently a smaller proportion of rounds would accompany each piece of ordnance. Then the question may also fairly be considered as one really more affecting the commissary-in-chief than any one else, for it resolves itself into the question whether or not six hundred or one thousand horses additional can be foraged. I say additional, because I believe that special means must be kept for special occasions, and it would hardly be thought advisable at all to diminish the usual proportion of lighter field guns and its reserve which should accompany an army, because it is considered proper to have a special reserve of heavier metal.

Soon after the magnificent spectacle I have been describing had taken place, I joined a small party of officers in a ride to visit the celebrated old gothic fortress of Mangoup-Kaleh, the latter being a termination applied to many fortified places in the country, and signifying a fort, in the Turkish language. It lay in a wild pass among the mountains, some fourteen or fifteen miles from the English camp, and we consequently did not consider it more than an easy day's work for our ponies to carry us there and back. The morning was bright when we set out, but after crossing the Tchernaya by a ford below the battle field of Traktir, we observed vast piles of black clouds gathering over the Phoros pass, and gradually sweeping round by the Baidar hills towards the mountainous district which we were about to enter. Passing a little in rear of a small detached Russian redoubt, a short distance from the foot of the Mackenzie heights, and guarding the road which leads thereto from the Traktir bridge, and which is the same by which the allied army made the celebrated flank march after the battle of Alma, we entered the beautiful valley of Tchoulu, having on our right hills clothed with low underwood of the richest green, dotted with red-roofed Tartar villages, around each of which were small spaces cleared away and planted with plums, cherries, apples, and other fruit-trees, together with small patches where once barley or whatever vegetables were necessary for the frugal fare of these simple villagers grew. Sometimes our road

wound between the now broken-down hedges, or passed through once highly-cultivated and carefully-guarded fields; sometimes, winding its way amidst low thick copses of oak, hornbeam, hazel, and wild cherry, the latter in full blossom, it crept along the base of the huge battlement of rock on our left, rising to the height of three or four hundred feet, of which at least a hundred and fifty are perpendicularly scarped, and the *débris* from which formed a steep slope, covered with scattered underwood and large detached rocks. This vast escarp, extending from Mackenzie's heights up the pass of Coralès to the Belbec, encircled the natural fortress in which the Russians entrenched themselves after the 8th of September.

Following the valley past the village of Tchoulu on the right, we came to the pass of Coralès, a huge chasm in the chain of rock leading to the village of Aithodor, and from thence on to the Belbec. Here high precipices rise on either side the road, along which runs a small stream, and which is enfiladed by low earthen batteries and musketry intrenchments placed across the ravine, behind which were ruined huts dug out of the ground, and covered in with brushwood—the winter quarters of the detachment of troops to whom the defence of this pass was entrusted. Eagles and vultures made their nests among the many caves with which these white cliffs are pierced, and which seem to be similar in nature to those at Inkerman, and to lie in the same strata.

Pushing along for a couple of miles through this pass, we arrived at another valley, at right angles to and broader than that we had emerged from, but preserving the same character of high perpendicular cliffs on either side, with steep slopes up to the base. At the junction of these two, a couple of low, wicked-looking batteries, half concealed in the brushwood, peeped forth, their guns looking right up the pass along which we had ridden, and forming a second line of defence to what the Russians seem to have considered a vulnerable point of attack against their flank. Here, too, stood a small Tartar village, more than doubled in size by the number of rude soldiers' huts which had been erected, and in it was even now stationed a detachment. On our right, a huge pile of rock, in nature similar to all those amongst which we had been passing, rose to a height of from six to eight hundred feet, its tall cliffs surmounted by the grey towers and battlements of Mangoup, the last Gothic stronghold in the Crimea. Starvation or treachery must have assisted at the capture of a place so tremendously strong by nature, at a time when gunpowder was unknown, at least to its savage conquerors. We are informed, however, that it surrendered to the Tartars in the year 1475, and that it was used for some time as a prison for the offending emissaries of a nation destined in future times to take a fearful vengeance on their peaceful and industrious descendants. As we looked up the steep ascent to the old gateway in the fortress, and thought of our ride back, we felt inclined to leave our horses to the care of the Russian soldiers who crowded round us in the village; however, reflecting that the war had made horse-flesh rather a scarce article in the Crimea, and 'that accidents will sometimes happen, even in the best regulated society,' we determined to take them with us; and dismounting accordingly, we put ourselves under the guidance of a small, merry-faced Tartar boy, and tall, villanous-looking, long-coated Russian soldier, who led us up a steep, narrow, and winding path towards the great gateway, which stands in almost the only ravine or place where the wall-like character of the rock ceases. A small rivulet leading from the fountains which exist in the very top of this singular mass of rock, trickled alongside the path, which, as it rose higher, became more and more intricate, owing to the thickness of the underwood and masses of detached rocks and stones from the cliffs above.

At length we arrived at the outer line of defence, a wall flanked by towers, and extending from side to side of the ravine. The external masonry was smooth and

regular, composed of large blocks of squared stones laid in courses. This, however, seemed to be a mere facing, and was broken away in many places from the main wall. Huge fragments of the ornamental part of the gateway, piers and cornices, lay scattered about; and the moment we found ourselves inside, we perceived that we were in a large and apparently very ancient graveyard. As we followed the narrow pathway winding in and out among sculptured tombs, on several of which Hebrew characters were with difficulty discernible among the moss and lichen, our little guide turned round, and anxious to display his knowledge, pointed to the graves with one hand, and holding the other up, fingers all extended, in a knowing manner squeaked out, 'Dshuffuth, Karaim,' and then laughed exultingly, leaving me to suppose that it was the burial-ground of a colony of Karaite Jews, the same as those who still inhabit an old fortress near Bactchi Serai.

Passing through the cemetery, we arrived at the main walls of the fortress, through which we passed by a breach, after a scramble among large slippery rocks, somewhat dangerous to our horses' knees, and found ourselves on a high, extensive plateau, clothed with a short rich grass, bounded by high walls and perpendicular precipices, and in many places covered with heaps of stones and ruined foundations, showing that at one period a large town must have stood on this spot. The clouds which had been all the morning gathering in the mountains, now came rolling in along the elevated plateaux by which we were surrounded, filling the ravines with their dense vapour. For a short time the rain came down heavily, during which we were lucky enough to find shelter in a large cavern excavated out of the rock. A delicious fountain gushed into a broken basin, and unstrapping our holsters, we spread a feed before each of our horses, and leaving them in charge of the servants, we went to an adjoining cave, smaller than the other, but perfectly carpeted with violets, where sandwiches and cheese and sherry were discussed as long as the rain continued. The northern extremity of this rock is extremely narrow, extending like a tongue from the main body; its sides and end are perfectly perpendicular for several hundred feet, and being more elevated than the rest, it catches every gust of wind that sweeps through the valley; hence, probably, its name of Temple of the Winds.

Before reaching it, one passes over a confused mass of ruins, evidently belonging to houses of small note, and showing but a few feet above the ground. The ruins of a magnificent building stretch across from precipice to precipice, at the root, as it were, of the tongue closing its gorge, and cutting it off from the rest of the fortress. Some of its battlements still remain complete, loopholed and terraced; and the external tracery around the doors and windows is still sharp, and of beautiful design. No two are alike, and in character they seem to be a combination of the Gothic and Saracenic styles. The interior is choked with masses of broken masonry, but sufficient still remains to prove that it must have been a palace of considerable extent and splendour for the period. Passing through an archway half blocked up with richly sculptured stones, fallen from the outer casing, and beneath which a number of lean but prettily-shaped cattle, about the size of our smallest Kerry cows, were huddled, seeking shelter from the late shower, we soon reached the Temple of the Winds, where the rock has been hollowed out into a series of caves, on different levels, into which one descends by narrow flights of steps cut in the rock. They are of various sizes, the largest being perhaps twelve feet by eight, and about seven feet high. Windows and doors open on to the front of the cliff, and to reach some of them, one has to pass along a giddy passage, with the precipice running sheer down some three hundred feet below. In some cases, two or three smaller ones, like dormitories, open into a large outer chamber; and in most of them I observed a curious recess cut in the rock, about the height of a bed, but if intended for one, it certainly could not have allowed the owner much room either to turn in or stretch his legs. Pillars were left

in some places to support the roof; and grooves and notches were cut in the walls and corners, as if for the purpose of supporting shelves. In one series of chambers, a bath, at the time of my visit full of clear water, was cut in the rock in a kind of ante-chamber. Whether these were used as the dungeons of the castle, or were the residences of the more ancient inhabitants of the country, or the cells of monks and hermits, it is now hard to decide. In this particular instance, I should be inclined to yield to the latter theory, as the want of comfort, and the unpleasant coolness and airiness of the situation, especially when the northern winds, sweeping over the snow-covered steppes, and howling through the gloomy valleys, moaning and whistling among the crags, would lead one to imagine that no one would choose such a residence, except as a most severe penance.

The sun, like Tennyson's 'great Orion,' was

Sloping slowly to the west,

when we set out on our return to the camp, and the steep pathway was so slippery after the shower, that we were obliged to lead our horses to the foot of the rock, which we rode round on our return, and entered the Tchoulu valley at the pass of Coralès. The air was fresh and odoriferous after the soft spring rain, and the low underwood with which the hill-sides were thickly clothed, seemed to have acquired a brighter hue since we had passed in the morning. Broad shadows from the adjoining heights lay over the valley of the Tchernaya, and before we had ascended the heights of Inkerman, and entered the deserted French camp, the sun had sunk below the Mackenzie heights. As we rode through the British camp, shouts of joyous laughter resounded from regiment to regiment, where hundreds of stout, active, and sunburnt soldiers were amusing themselves in the cool of the evening—the sunset parade being over—in playing foot-ball, cricket, or the more favourite game of 'rounders.' What a contrast did these bright, happy, and intelligent faces, in which good humour and good feeding were equally blended, afford to the dull, sallow, and stolid countenances of the Russians, who, in their long coats and heavy boots, moved about, and though always apparently on duty of some kind, seemed like clumsy machines, without life, without vigour, without joy, without hope. Let me not be thought as by this wishing to disparage the Russian soldiers; on the contrary, I merely contrast their social life in camp with that of the British; and they seem to me to possess qualities that eminently belong to the soldier—obedience, courage, dogged determination, and devotion to their Sovereign and country; and from the battle of Pultowa to the defence of Sebastopol, their deeds, whether flushed by victory or overshadowed by reverses, have gained them a reputation and high respect throughout the civilized world.

But this makes one feel even the more bitterly the moral and social degradation they labour under—they, whose blood has so freely flowed in defence of their Czar and country, and who have endured oftentimes almost unheard-of privations without murmuring—they who combine long dreary marches, sickness, mortality, hard fighting, little rest, bad and insufficient food, irregularity of pay, cruel punishments, and all the hardships of war, with robbery, cheating and peculation of every description. Poor creatures, they know not where to look for safety or for justice! Before them lie the enemy and a glittering forest of bayonets and wide-mouthed cannon; behind them squats another enemy—troops of very inferior mettle, it is to be supposed—rapacious commissaries, dishonest paymasters, and jobbers of all sorts, open-mouthed and open-handed, too, to receive the good things of this world, but all banded together in solemn league to deprive the soldier of all except what is barely necessary to keep body and soul together, and to secure themselves. The soldiers call their Czar 'father,' and he styles them his 'children.' A new father now watches over them; even now they place the crown upon his brows. Imperial Alexander! pause and reflect, for with you rests the power to correct the abuses of ages, and to make mirth and joy shine in the countenances of your soldiers,

instead of a hopeless, miserable, and even savage gloom.

Spring was rapidly merging into summer when I got an opportunity of making the excursion into the interior to which I had been long looking forward. The weather had been unsettled for a few days, and as my companion and myself had agreed 'to rough it' in a tent which we could pitch when and where we pleased, it was a matter of some importance that the heavens should be propitious. Two days, however, of bright sunshine and clear blue sky made us determine upon starting; and pack-saddles and Turkish saddle-bags were dragged from underneath beds, and aired for the forthcoming campaign. The commissariat department was efficiently provided, and the land transport was looked to, horses and mules shod, harness repaired, forage laid in, and both departments put into excellent working order *before* the army (consisting of my companion and myself, and our two servants) were ready to take the field.

The morning was lovely and the sky cloudless when we set out, our servants each mounted and leading a couple of ponies laden with tent, provisions, forage, and clothing. The forage formed the most bulky and weighty item of the loads, and, indeed, was alone sufficient for one animal. Passing over the plain of Balaklava, and between that part where the Light Cavalry made their memorable charge and the Fedukhine heights, still covered with French tents, we rode through the almost deserted Sardinian camp. Soon reaching the Woronzoff-road, we followed it up the gorge leading to the lovely valley of Vernutka, where the view upon first entering is most beautiful, and reminds me, coming from the bare, parched plateau of the camps, of some sweet English valley, girt in by wooded hills, fertile, and studded with large trees and hedgerows, amongst which red-roofed villages peep forth. In a few places Tartars were seen repairing their fences, broken down when the plain was occupied by our light cavalry during the past summer; and once I was no less pleased than surprised at seeing a couple of most antique-looking ploughs at work. The inhabitants fancied themselves in security now that peace was declared, and, expecting that the Allies would retain that part of the Crimea which they then occupied, hastened to lay in the crop for the forthcoming harvest. A few weeks later such delusions were dispelled; and when they discovered that their former masters were about to return, they forsook in a body their homes and the graves of their ancestors and little children, and, gathering their household gods around, departed for the Dobrudsha, whither, at the time when their ancient government was overthrown and the Russians became masters of their land, many of their race had fled, and founded a colony amidst the pestilential marshes. Passing through a richly-wooded gorge, we descended into another, but far larger valley, in the centre of which stands the little Tartar village of Baidar, at that time occupied by a detachment of French troops. Hemmed in all round by high, steep hills, some thickly wooded, others bare piles of red or grey limestone, watered by a silvery stream, and full of gardens and orchards, rich grass land and luxuriant copses, this plain exceeded in beauty everything I had expected. On arriving at the little bridge, a few hundred yards short of the village of Baidar, we turned aside into a field where a flock of sheep were grazing and the shepherd amusing himself by playing wild Tartar melodies on a long reed pipe—the origin, probably, of our clarionet, which it much resembled in form. We took off the packs from our horses, and tied them to trees and bushes by long ropes, leaving them plenty of liberty to crop the rich grass that grew around —a vast treat to the poor animals, who had not even feasted their eyes on the like since the commencement of the campaign. After an hour's rest, we again started, and passing through Baidar, where rosy Tartar boys race alongside crying out for piastres, and looking as merry and well-fed as possible, we began to ascend the hill leading to the Phoros pass through a forest of oak and beech, the underwood of which was hazel, with quantities of primroses and violets peeping out in all directions. Looking back

the view was even finer than that from the opposite side, for the banks of wood were richer and deeper in extent; and towards the source of the upper Belbec, where the French outposts were then stationed, the ridges of hills stretched further away into blue distance. Winding along, but still ever ascending, we at last reached what had been a huge barrier of rock stretched completely across the path. At the time, however, of making the new road, the rock was cut away, and an archway of hewn limestone, adorned with Doric columns, was erected in its place. Here was stationed a guard of French soldiers, who, the gateway being partially blocked up for military purposes, assisted us in getting our baggage horses through the narrow opening. We were now in the Phoros pass, on the crest of the mountain ridge which separates the southern coast from the interior valleys and steppes. Wonderful indeed was the scene that burst upon our view. Behind us lay the peaceful and fertile valley we had lately crossed, green as an emerald, in a setting of grey mountains and wooded hills, which threw their long shadows across, and whose recesses gleamed with the mysterious purple tinge of the opal. Around us were huge pinnacles of rugged grey limestone, partially clad with stunted oak, hazel, and thorns, cropped by the fierce blast which in winter time sweeps over the sea, and breaks upon the towering cliff. Before us, three thousand feet beneath, though little more than a mile distant, lay the calm blue ocean stretching far away 'till blended with the blue sky above. Wild precipices of rock, on the ledges of which grew small stunted pines, rose up over a thousand feet from sloping masses of underwood and *débris* of all sizes from the cliffs, from huge rocks as large as a cottage, to the sand and gravel washed down by the rains. Here only, where the road pierced through, was there a rent in this mighty cliff, and down the steep sloping bank it was skilfully carried, by an innumerable series of zig-zags. Huge masses of rock and clay had, during the last two winters, become detached from the mass above, and coming thundering down like an avalanche, had in many places carried off large portions of the road in their headlong career. At length we reached the foot of the cliff, where the road turns to the eastward, and continues along the southern coast as far as the town of Aloushta. We were still an immense height above the sea, along the shores of which a few white cottages and villas peeped out among a rich, luxuriant foliage. Above, on our left hand, rose the cold grey precipice, like the wall of some gigantic castle peaked and turreted, throwing, as the sun was getting low in the horizon, one vast black shadow over the road and adjacent slopes. Winding along, now amidst thickets of thorns and hornbeam, overspread with masses of clematis, sometimes hanging like graceful drapery from their boughs, sometimes forming arbours of impenetrable gloom, now right in at the foot of the cliff, the top of which is so high and so straight above your head that you cannot see it, now amidst huge boulders and shelving masses of shingle, which ages had worn away from the rocks above, we continued for some miles without meeting a human creature or passing a single habitation. At each turn of the road some new peak would come into view on our left, and on our right a fresh promontory, on which was situated some deserted villa, would jut out into the sea. It was a scene altogether of indescribable grandeur. The traveller became silent and spell-bound, full of awe and reverence. All was still; even the plashing of the waves on the rock-bound shore did not reach our ears; the evening was calm, there were no voices to break the solitude. The ruthless Cossacks had doubtless swept through the district, and had turned the farms and villas into desolation and destruction. I doubted whether we should meet with any living creature to break the solitary grandeur of this silence. I cast up my eyes to the savage pile, and saw two huge eagles hovering with outstretched wings a thousand feet above me. They added to the solitude rather than took away from it.

H. F. V.

ANCIENT GEMS.

PART I.

ORNAMENTAL STONES.

Αλλοι δ' ιχνεύουσιν ἐπὶ προβολῆσιν ἄναυρων
"Η τοῦ βήρυλλου γλαυκὴν λιθον, ἢ ἀδάμαντα
Μαρμαίροντ', ἢ χλωρὰ διαυγαζουσαν ἴασπιν,
"Η καὶ γλαυκιόωντα λίθον καθαροῖο τοπάζου,
Καὶ γλυκερὴν ἀμεθυστον ὑπηρέμα πορφυρέουσιν,
Παντοῖον γάρ γαῖα μετ' ἀνδράσιν ὄλβον ἄεξει,
'Αιναίοις ποταμõισι κατάῤῥυτος, ενθα κὰι ενθα.

Dionys. Perieg.

They adorn kings' crowns, grace the fingers, enrich our household stuffe, defend us from enchantment, preserve health, cure disease, drive away grief and cares, and exhilarate the mind.—Renodeus, cited in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

HAVING spoken of rings synthetically, or in their settings, it is our purpose in the present, as it will be in some subsequent notices, to consider them analytically, glancing in quick succession, firstly, at some of the large stones with which the bezils were embellished; and, secondly, at the different metals which formed in the great majority of cases the anular hoop; before proceeding to which details, however, a few words of passing comment seem due to certain very costly substances—for the most part mineral—which, though seldom fabricated into rings, were not unfrequently wrought up into ornaments for the person, or else elaborated into superb vases to deck the sideboards of the wealthy.

Very conspicuous among these stands Myrrha, whilome to modern ears a mere word received from the Old by the New World, with all its traditional honours, in implicit faith, as expressive of something exceedingly rich, beautiful, and precious, yet till quite lately, as little more than an abstraction to most readers of the classics, to whom it conveyed no definite mineralogical or other meaning whatever. To Corsi is due the credit of having at length, after able research, succeeded in clearly identifying this mineral, though the identification, it must be confessed, has robbed Myrrha of much of her ancient glory, so that she must henceforth be content—unlike that lady in Garth's Dispensary, who '*lost* a substance to *preserve* a name'—to merge a mere nominal valuation for the sake of a reputation, which is substantial at least, if not splendid.

Long and keenly had the 'Myrrhine' controversy been carried on by scholars and antiquaries, before Corsi wrote; and numerous and curious were the different speculations to which it gave rise. Bellonius, misled by some morbid condition of his retina and tympanum to perceive a striking similarity between *Murra* and *Murex*, imagined 'Myrrhine' vases to have been made of some species—though he prudently forbears to decide which—of large univalve shells. Cardinal Baronio, with better pretensions to an ear perhaps, but certainly with even a less glimmer of judgment, proposes as his Eureka, in his *Ecclesiastical Annals*, that 'since the words Myrrha and myrrh are spelt and pronounced the same, the two things must be the same, especially, as Pliny reports of the *first*, what we all know to be true of the *second*, viz.:—that it emits a pleasant odour when heated. Encouraged by such lively etymological precedents, new 'Guessers at Truth' guessed again. With one, myrrha became a pudding stone, of hybrid cornelians embedded in white quartz, ('a common mineral in China,' says Guibert); with another, (Boetius de Boot) it was the same as 'the agate called onyx;' with a third (Valmont de Bomare) it was the dark vitreous obsidian stone; with a fourth (Monges), it was a variety of chalcedony. Many, among whom was the illustrious Winckelman, considered it to be a name given to sliced sardonyx; Valthiem fixed upon the unctuous Chinese larditis, or image stone, as its representative; Cardan and

Julius Cæsar Scaliger, made it out to their own satisfaction to be porcelain; Prince Paterno took a different view, and believed that Myrrha was a name given to vases composed of many various substances, which, when the vessel was small, was made of amber, when somewhat larger, of agate, when of considerable dimensions, of sardonyx, and when larger still, of alabaster; finally, writes Corsi, — from whom we have abridged these *Somnia Doctorum*— Frederick Ehregot, the most full and copious author on the subject, after treating all the above opinions as chimerical, and showing little moderation to any of his predecessors, getting quite into a passion with *Julius Cæsar lo Scaligero, difensore della porcellana*, becomes very diffuse at last, and leaves the question just where he found it.

As all these *notiuncles* of *virtuosi* and scholars were equally unsupported, it required no great amount of sagacity, with Pliny in hand, for any one who would take the trouble, to convince himself of the fallacy of each in succession. Corsi, however, went beyond this; in his excellent work on ancient stones, unlike the author last cited, he pulls down in order to edify, establishing from a careful collation of whatever notices have been left to us by the ancients, about myrrha, with the only mineral substance with which they all agree, the interesting, and on a *primâ facie* view, the not very likely conclusion, that this marvel of antiquity, which has been more bepraised than any other object of luxury and *virtù*, was after all, in reality, nothing more exquisite or *récherché* than our common Derbyshire or fluor-spath.

The only objections to this identification of myrrha with fluor spath are, firstly, that Pliny asserts the former to be odoriferous, while the Derbyshire crystal is not so. It appears, however, that for the perception of the odour it was necessary to heat the mineral,

Si calidum potas, ardenti murrha Falerno,
Convenit, et melior fit sapor inde mero,
(*Mart.*)

and as Corsi instructs us, that before working, it is necessary to melt some kind of resin over the heated surface, to prevent it chipping, and as the ancients must have proceeded here in the same way that we do, the probability is, that the Carmanians, on whose border lay the land of myrrh and frankincense, used some such resinous substance, designedly fragrant, to perfume their crystal vases, and thus to enhance their value. The second objection, founded on a line of Propertius,

Seu que palmiferæ mittunt venalia Thebæ,
Murrheaque in Parthis pocula cocta focis,

seems, at first sight, more intractible. Tournebius indeed gives a new *tournure* to the line by reading *pocla coacta suis*, which, being inadmissible, it only remains to suppose that Propertius, who was in the first place a poet, and not a professor of mineralogy; who lived too near the time of the introduction of the first batch—which were all dedicated to Jupiter Capitolinus—to have been likely to see many genuine specimens; and who was probably acquainted with those *vasa vitrea atque murrhina quæ in urbe Diaspoli elaborabantur*, of which Arrian speaks, refers in the line above cited to some vitreous importations from that source; at all events it is certain, from a passage in Paulus, a Roman Jurisconsult, that real myrrhine vessels were not *cocta focis*, either in the sense of being fused as glass, or baked as clay; to the interrogatory as to what might in Roman law constitute the *supellectile* of a house, the interpreter of that law answers as follows; '*vitrea* vasa escaria et potoria in supellectili sunt, sicut *fictilia*, nec solum vulgaria, sed etiam quæ pretio magno sunt. De murrhinis et crystallinis dubitari potest an debeant adnumerari in supellectili propter eximium usum et pretium; sed et de his idem dicendum est.'

The passage from Pliny which convinced Corsi that myrrha could be nothing else but this pretty and now-a-days inexpensive mineral, is sufficiently interesting to deserve transcription below,* and a few words of comment in the text.

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* Oriens murrhina mittit. . . . . . Amplitudine nusquam parvos excedunt abacos, crassitudine, raro quanta dictum est vaso potorio. Splendor his sine viribus,

Pompey, who first introduced this luxury into Rome, presented it to his admiring countrymen, both in its unwrought state, and also made up into bowls (*Pompeius primum in urbem murrhina invexit lapides et pocula*). That it was not properly a gem, as some have supposed, from its occurrence in the book of Pliny devoted to gems, is plain from the size there assigned to ordinary specimens, which were sufficiently large to be elaborated into drinking-vessels; while to drink out of a gem is a privilege that has never yet been ceded to mortal lips, except indeed in poetry.* The Roman naturalist mentions this substance, together with crystal and amber, at the beginning of his book, *De Gemmis*, probably because their beauty and costliness rendered them worthy of a place next to precious stones, and also a suitable introduction to them. We learn from the same passage that 'murrha' was a semi-opaque mineral,† characterized by a brilliant assemblage of different colours, which colours blended with and ran into each other, *velut per transitum;* also that, though smooth on the surface, it looked cloudy and verrucose within; that it contained salts foreign to itself;‡ that its hues shifted with its change of position; and that vessels formed of it presented a beautiful iridescence on the extreme margin: in all of which particulars it resembles fluor spath. That it was a *heavy* mineral we gather from Statius:

> hic pocula magna
> Prima duci, murrasque *graves*, crystallaque portat;

which statement accords perfectly with an observation of Brongniart respecting fluor spath—viz., that it is full one-third *heavier* than either agate or crystal, of which the ancient *vasa potoria* were principally made; and that this is very perceptible if we take up together two cups of the same size, one of crystal or agate, the other of fluor spath, and weigh them in opposite hands. Finally, some magnificent specimens of fluor spath have actually within a few years been disinterred in and about the neighbourhood of Old Rome.§

TURQUOISE = CALLAIS.

All the world is familiar with turquoises. There is scarce a commoner in the land whose wife or sister does not wear a turquoise ring. Haply at this moment the owner of some fair *turquoised* finger, which till now was turning listlessly over this paper on gems, has had her eye and her attention suddenly interested on seeing the

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nitorque verius, quam splendor. Sed in pretio varietas colorum; subinde circumagentibus se maculis in purpuram candoremque, et tertium ex utroque ignescentem, veluti per transitum coloris in purpura aut rubescente lacteo. Sunt qui maxime in iis laudent extremitates, et quosdam colorum repercussus, quales in cœlesti arcu spectantur. His maculæ pingues placent translucere quidquam aut pallere, vitium est item sales verrucæque non eminentes, sed ut in corpore etiam plerumque sessiles. aliqua et in odore commendatio est.

* Ut gemma bibat.—*Virg.*

† Hence it was used occasionally, like our green and blue hock-glasses, to give colour to a colourless wine—

> Nos bibimus vitro, tu murrha, Pontice, quare?
> Prodat perspicuus ne *duo* vina calix;

says Martial, that is, he mixed his wines, and not liking it to be known, drank out of a myrrhine cup in preference to glass, because the first being opaque would not betray what he had done.

‡ Fluor spath contains a multitude of little extraneous particles, principally pyrites, antimony, and sulphuret of lead.

§ 'Nel museo Kircheriano,' writes Corsi, 'è una tazza di spato fluore tanto corrispondente alla murra che sembra essere stata nelle mani di Plinio allorchè di tai vasi fece la descrizione. . . . . Nella memoria di Rozier si legge che il Signor Gillet-Laumont, membro del consiglio delle miniere, possiede nella sua collezione un vaso di spato-fluore che alla forma ed ai carattere di antichita non puo farsi a meno di rinconoscere per un vaso murrino.' Rolli, a subburral chemist, who gets a picking of most of the ancient gleanings on that side of Rome, himself disinterred 'un masso pregevalissimo per la grandezza e per la vivacita e per la varieta delle tinti;' of which recently the *palliotto* of the great altar of the Chiesa del Gesù has been formed.

well-known name of that anular circlet of dainty blue, which decks her pretty *pronubus*, and hopes now to rise yet more blue from our perusal. May she not *look* blue upon us, if, in giving her the information sought, we should unavoidably destroy the long-cherished pleasing delusion, that she is wearing gems. Those turquoises, dear madam (suffer the familiar compellation from a kind old gentleman extremely loth to give you pain), those turquoises of *yours* (for there are two sorts) are not gems, nor otherwise precious than as rendered so by your endorsing them on your finger, — being, in fact, nothing better than little bits of ancient osteology, copper dyed, and, according to 'the highest price' ever given 'for old bones,' of small value. In saying they are coloured by copper, we follow the prevailing, but not universal, opinion of mineralogists, among whom Corsi, for instance, states that the cerulean hue is produced by contact of the bony matter with the phosphate of iron. '*La turchina ossia, quella chiamata della nuova roccia,* ha per principio colorante il fosfato di ferro.*' This opinion, however, is not only at variance with that commonly entertained, but is opposed to the testimony furnished by Hill's unimpeachable experiments.

I know (writes this accomplished mineralogist and chemist in his *Annotations on Theophrastus*)—I know that the turquoise owes its colour to copper exclusively. I have been able to divest it of this; to precipitate and preserve the colouring matter separate and alone; to prove it, by the effects of different menstruums, to be absolute copper; and further, by experiments founded on this process, I have succeeded in giving (by a solution of copper in a volatile alkali) the true *turquoise* colour to the substance of the native turquoises, and to make by that means those factitious turquoises which, put before a judicious assembly to the severest tests, gave all the marks of the real.

He prosecuted these experiments still further, till at length he could make both *green* and *blue* turquoises at will; finding that by the employment of a suitable *acid* menstruum, the bone acquired the green hue of the turquoises found in some parts of Germany and elsewhere, and that if the cupreous particles were dissolved in a proper *alkaline* menstruum, they converted the bone and teeth submitted to their action into the more common blue turquoise.

The same careful observer remarks, in reference to factitious turquoises generally, that

The colour will sometimes flow equally through their entire substance; at others, that it is confined to spots, where the blue lies concentrated and very deep, when the application of heat will in such cases disperse the colour, diffusing it everywhere through the mass equally, making it as palely, beautifully, and uniformly blue as it is in native turquoises.

Should any turquoised belle feel disappointed at learning the low market price of her blue finger-ornaments, and aggrieved at our disclosure as indiscreet, we hope she will consider it some amends at least on our part to have instructed her from an adept how to make her own trinkets; and if she will follow the accomplished author's simple manipulations as given above, we venture to predict she will derive a pleasure in this manufactory, equal at least to that she may formerly have experienced in zealously prosecuting those ornamental and useful arts of japanning cabinets and tea-boards, transferring church bronze scrolls and legends on paper, making and colouring bread-seals, sitting down to a long morning's Poonah-painting, or the yet more recent Potichomanie. Further to deprecate the displeasure of any damsel or dame who, under a false impression, may hitherto have worn turquoises, we copy the following commendation of them from Pliny: 'Though all the grace which the prettiest of them — those, namely, which approach the grass-green of emeralds — possess, seemeth to come from outward show, *howbeit being set in gold they look most beautiful, neither is there any precious stone that becometh gold better;*' nor, he might have added, that becometh better

* The other, or stone turquoise, is tinged, he says, by an oxide of copper, 'l'altra lapidea, chiamata della *reccia* roccia è colorata dall ossido di rame.'—*Corsi.*

the soft, round, taper, lip-inviting fingers of the fair blue-eyed *blondes* who ofttimes display them there.

Whether turquoises of a green or of the more ordinary blue colour are preferable, is what lapidaries and jewellers are by no means agreed upon * The ancient name for all turquoises was *callaïs*. Theophrastus, speaking of the *osseous* kind, which he calls ελέφας όρυκτος, fossil ivory, describes it as ποικίλος μελανι (καὶ λευκῷ), rendered by Hill, and no doubt in this place rightly rendered, 'white, variegated with blue,' though the word μέλας could equally bear to be translated *green*, or any other colour which was dark by contrast with λευκος (white).† Besides the 'blue or green' 'fossil ivory' of Theophrastus, there was a blue *stone* which in common with the other bore the name of callaïs. Pliny, after mentioning the fibrous or bony callaïs, alludes to it in an account which he gives of the mode of procuring it in Scythia. It was with the mineral turquoise that King Agiamines (according to Aristotle) profusely adorned his hands, head, and neck, using it for other purposes of ornamentation as well; it was also probably this stone, preferably to the softer bony callaïs, on which the ancient Egyptians 'largely engraved' (*Millin*).

The following is Pliny's version of the way callaïs is procured from the icy cliffs of Carmania:—

Where you shall see them bearing out after the manner of bosses, like unto eyes. . . . For that the place where they do grow is so steepe that a horseman is not able to ride up to them, the people of that countrie be loth to climbe so high with their feet, being otherwise acquainted ordinarily to the horseback. By reason therefore of the danger in venturing to climbe for them, they seek to reach them afar off with slings, and so to drive them down (for they are lightly fixed), with all the moss about them. And in very deed a commodity this is of great revenue, and besides the rich men know not the like jewel to wear about their neckes. By a chain or collar of these turquoises men are judged wealthy more or less. And this is the glory they take from their childhood, to be able to say that thus many turquoises they have quelled and caste down by that manner of slinging. And yet in the practice of this feat, all speed not alike; for some you shall have to throw downe many faire ones at the first fling, and many for it again, who wear their arms and course after them, and yet cannot get one turquoise.

CORAL.

Così nacque il corallo, e ancor ritiene
Simil natura che nel mar più basso
E' tenero virgulto, e come viene
All' aria, s'indurisce e si fa sasso.
Ovid. Met. Giovan. dall' Anguillara.

The ancients were well acquainted with, and valued this pretty substance more than we do. Honourable mention is made of it in the book of *Job*, and Ezekiel classes it with emeralds and other precious things; indeed, its Hebrew name, *ramoth*, is said to import 'high price.' Whether our remote ancestors adopted it for those nursery purposes with which our most pleasing reminiscences of it are associated, is by no means certain; but as we know that ancient babies wore neck ornaments—*bullæ*—and sometimes had their gums rubbed with sharks' teeth and other hard substances to assist dentition; it is not altogether improbable that infants may from a very early date have mumped coral, and dribbled, like the great Achilles, ἀποβαυζων ἐν νηπιέῃ ἀλεγεινῃ, over a coral ring or cross. Theophrastus, who gives a very clear description of this marine production, declares it to be in substance like stone, but in reality a *growing* marine production, which

* I giojellieri ed i lapidari non sono tra loro di accordo nel dire in che consista la vera bellezza dalla turchina, poichè alcuni la stimano se presenta un bell, azzureo, ed altri la vogliono di un bel verde di mare.—*Corsi*.

† We have recently spoken of the great latitude of which almost any ancient word expressive of colour was susceptible. *Purpureus* seems applicable to all or any of the colours of the rainbow. Horace applies to the plumage of the goose, *olores purpureos*; and Albinovanus, cited by Disraeli in his *Curiosities of Literature*, to snow itself, '*purpureum nivem*,' perhaps in this case a setting sun might suggest the idea of so unusual an epithet: as Catullus' purple oak boughs, *quercus ramos purpureos*, refer, we imagine, to the beautiful purple (*corticum quercus*) which frequently invests its branches, and so closely, that to any eye but that of a mycologist, it might appear as forming part of its surface.

divides into cylindrical branches like a tree, and which he calls by the very appropriate name 'Dendritis.' Naturalists have in turn claimed it as belonging to each of the three great kingdoms of nature; it is now classed, and seems likely to remain permanently catalogued, in the zoological department of creation. There are several varieties of it: besides the common red and pink sorts sold in the shops, Aldini mentions a *black* and a white variety, both of which however are very rare. Coral abounds everywhere, particularly in the Pacific, the Persian Gulf, the Red, Mediterranean, and Adriatic seas. It is sometimes found in the earth at a considerable depth, and a long way from the sea, though bearing evidences upon its surface of having once been in salt water.* Coral is still largely sold in some places: Leghorn, excepting its commerce in straw bonnets, carries on no brisker trade than that in coral, which is there made up into a variety of not very tempting ornaments. The ancients cut and polished dendritis as we do, but did not any more than ourselves attempt intaglios upon it. '*On ne connait sur ce substance que les gravures grossieres,*' says Millin, and truly it is of too coarse a *pâte* to admit of fine engraving.

IVORY.

Ivory is in this respect very much on a par with coral, and was carved by the ancient Assyrians; some interesting specimens of their workmanship, recently disinterred at Nineveh, are now in the British Museum; frequent mention of it is made in the Old Testament; and the princely dwelling of Ahab, qualified by the epithet 'ivory house,' must have contained a very large display in its fittings up. Solomon's ivory throne, with the twelve lions on each side, is described as a wondrous piece of workmanship, of which 'there was not the like made ever in any kingdom,' and exhibited no doubt the full capabilities of carved ivory in embellishing stately furniture. Curule chairs were often set off by ivory ornaments and inlaid work. The tusks of pachyderms, finely carved, were in high favour during the period of the four great dynasties, and from the days of Jezabel to those of Queen Victoria have been always a costly and much coveted thing. 'It was employed beyond a doubt,' says Millin, 'by the ancients for making rings, though the destructibility† of the material has prevented any such anuli from reaching us.' A small kingly head, carved in ivory, and bearing the name Porsenna in Etruscan characters, has however come down to posterity intact.

JET.

Jet in olden times, as in the present, was used a good deal in the fabrication of personal ornaments, and was occasionally engraved as well. Millin cites a black puss's head in jet to be seen in the Cabinet Royale at Paris; and a human head engraved in the same material, published by Caylus, as two genuine antiques.

We now pass from Jet, to say a few words on a very interesting and beautiful substance often picked up in its neighbourhood, which was known from the earliest epochs, and was probably, from the facility with which it admits of being cut and polished, a personal ornament long before cornelians were wrought, or the opaque beauties of jasper turned to account by the lathe and other instruments of the engraver.

AMBER.

The origin of this well-known substance is still rather obscure.

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* Hill mentions a curious specimen of fossil coral dug out of a clay pit near London, at a considerable depth from the surface, which was coated with barnacles.

† Ivory is composed of two ingredients, an animal substance, which is destructible, and a mineral substance, which is indestructible—when in course of time the animal cement has been absorbed, the ivory having no cohesion falls to pieces; most of our readers will remember the anxiety entertained respecting the fate of the ivories imported from Nineveh, and how, by the happy suggestion of the late Professor of Geology of Oxford, to boil these crumbling treasures in gelatine, they acquired new cohesion, and are presentable once more to the air without fear of detriment.

Dioscorides thought it was an exudation of the black poplar; Pliny of some species of pine; others that it was the sperm or fat of whales; and others, again, that it was a stone.* Like coral, it has been given in succession by different naturalists to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. No doubt is, we believe, entertained now that Dioscorides and Pliny were right in supposing it a vegetable secretion, and the prevailing opinion is that it is engendered from some coniferous tree. 'On soupçonne que cette substance est le produit de la poussière des étamines d'arbres de la famille des conifères, principalement du pin, élaboré par une espèce de fourmi (*F. Herculeana*), comme les abeilles élaborent la cire.' Archilaus, King of Cappadocia, saw certain large specimens arrive from India with fragments of the bark still adhering to them. Sotacus, quoted by Pliny, speaks of it running down from the rind of some British trees, as if he had seen it oozing.

The prettiest conceits as to its formation are to be found in the Greek tragedians, whose poetic fancies the Roman naturalist cites, not without some disposition to irony and banter. Sophocles sees nothing in amber but the congealed tears of the lady-gulls, Meleagridæ—sisters in the days of his flesh to Meleager, but after his decease metamorphosed whilst weeping into the sea-mews so called, who have ever since been weeping tears of amber. Pliny opposes this poetic theory of the origin of amber on grounds physical and metaphysical; 'for what gulls,' he asks, 'could ever have shed such large tears? and why should the Meleagridæ, Greek gulls, go over to India, there to pour out their succine sorrows, when Meleager, the object of it, died in Greece?' According to Æschylus and Euripides, however, who cling to the tearful theory of amber, it was not the eyes of Meleager's sisters turned into sea-gulls, but those of Phaethon's sisters, metamorphosed whilst weeping into poplars on the banks of the Po, which then first distilled, and yet continue to distil, this costly gum-resin, the admiration of the world.†

The Latin name for amber, *succinum*, shows the prevailing opinion to have been that it was a *succus* or exudation from a tree. The Greek name, *electrum*, involves no theory as to its genesis, and was given as expressive of its yellow brilliancy. The ancients used amber largely for adorning the person, and for other purposes as well; at Rome it was held in equal esteem with gems, 'though our delicates and wantons have not as yet devised any possible reason why there should be such a reckoning made of it; but this folly is a copy of the Greeks.' (Pliny.) The beautiful colour and brilliancy of amber have made it a sort of test of comparison for the beauty and excellence of other objects of like hue. Falernian wine was thought to have attained perfection when, like our amber ale, it was of a certain mitigated flame or amber colour; and how descriptive is the epithet applied, as Nero applied it, to a lady's hair! Poppea, to whom his *Ode* and praises are addressed, becomes (when we know she had amber hair) a fair buxom *blonde*, much bedimpled, with a very transparent complexion, blue eyes, ivory shoulders, and a large lustrous coiffure of softest golden ringlets, which, 'if beauty draws us by a single hair,' must, in their combined witchery of Angoulême

* That amber is a stone, or native fossil, the best of the modern writers seem as certain, as that gems, rocks, and minerals are so.—(*Hill.*)

† Martial adopts this version of the origin of amber in the following neat epigram:—

'Dum Phaetontea formica vagatur in umbra,
Implicuit tenuem succina gutta feram:
Sic modo quæ fuerat vita contempta manente,
Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis.'

The last two lines have been imitated in some verses complimenting Pope on having in his *Dunciad* immortalised a set of worthless scribblers, who but for him had been born only to be forgot:—

'And every stinking rogue alive
Becomes a precious mummy dead.'

curls, have been irresistible. Beautiful as amber was for ornaments in its own beauty, the ancients understood the art of further embellishing and setting it off by clarifying it when cloudy,* and by imparting to it, by means of subtile and transparent tinctures, a great variety of colours, so as to impose upon the simple, who mistook this tinted gum-resin for so many different kinds of gems.†

Nero not only proved his affection for amber, in likening his mistress's hair to it, but gratified also another passion—cruelty—by fitting up the human shambles of the amphitheatre with a profuse display of amber ornaments, with which he even bedizened (as oxen were led with trappings to the altar) the wretched gladiators who were shortly to crimson it with their blood.

The more usual *gîte* of amber is along the sea-shore after a storm, where it is sometimes found in great plenty. Pythias relates that the inhabitants of the isle of Abalus found it in 'such quantities as to use it for fuel.'‡ The Red Sea, the Mediterranean, and even our own coasts (if not our trees, as Sotacus affirms), furnish it in considerable abundance; and in this respect, unlike gems, specimens from the East are not better than our own.§ Amber, however, has never been entirely a marine treasure; much that was imported into Rome in Nero's time was dug up in Germany; indeed, Hill tells us that the earth is its true parent, and that when found strewn about the shingles, it has first been separated by the waves from the cliff, and then returned by the sea to the shore: in corroboration of which he says, 'it is found, with a natural mineral crust on it, in digging in Prussia, Pomerania, and other places, when it is called rock amber; that which is found on the beach is entirely divested of this crust, and constitutes then what is called washed or smooth amber. . . . We have,' he adds, 'both these kinds in England; the rough is found in digging to considerable depths in clay, but is commonly of an ill colour, and impregnated with vitriolic salts, with which almost all our clay pits abound, and this in such a degree as often to crumble and fall to pieces when it has been some time exposed to the air; the other, or washed amber, we have on many of our shores, particularly the northern, and that sometimes is not inferior to the finest of the Prussian.'

We often see flies and other insects enclosed in amber; but the ancients tell of much larger creatures, as scorpions, lizards, and snakes found *glacés* in its substance, and more nobly sepulchred there

* For the first of these purposes various processes were adopted not now known; one mentioned by Pliny, for the efficacy of which we dare not vouch, was seething the specimen in the grease of a sow that had sucking pigs.

† 'Besides the variety of natural colours of amber, white, orange, grey, and brown, there are certain cabinets which can boast red, purple, and green amber, but I think these, as well as the fine striated amber, are made such by art. There are some Polish Jews who have the secret, and who keep it to themselves.'—(*Hill.*) All this accords exactly with the tricks practised upon amber and the public in Pliny's day.

‡ The clearness of the flame it emits in burning has caused it to be occasionally used for the wick of a lamp, and it is reported to have answered the purpose better than cotton.

§ We have seen as beautiful amber from the neighbourhood of Felixstow, as ever we saw in Sicily, or from more oriental sites; as to size again, we question whether the ancient or modern world ever met with larger lumps than some occasionally washed on our Eastern coast. Pliny speaks of a piece brought by Julianus to Rome from Germany, which weighed three pounds, as a great wonder, which it certainly was. At Felixstow,[1] some years ago, a block weighing forty-three ounces was picked up by one of the Coast Guard, which was fabricated into a beautiful vase, now in the possession of a gentleman who resides there.

[1] We beg to correct an error we committed some time ago, in placing Felixstow in Essex. Suffolk is too proud of this pretty rising little watering-place to give up even its nominal possession to a sister county, and reproaches have not been spared us for making this topographical blunder.

than Cheops or Cleopatra, though dead 'not ugly,' nor liable to undergo that decomposing process so hateful to human pride to contemplate.

Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum vipera serpit,
  Fluxit in obstantem succina gemma feram:
Quæ dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,
  Concreto riguit vincta repente gelu.
Ne tibi regali placeas, Cleopatra, sepulchro,
  Vipera si tumulo nobiliore jacet.
—*Mart.*

FINE STONES.

Having cursorily touched upon some minerals and other lithoïdal substances used by the ancients for the embellishment of their dwellings, or for the ornamentation of their persons, though not often engraved; we shall now proceed to give a short account of such *ring* stones as have come down to us, whether they belong to the class of gems properly so called, or to that other class which, by way of contradistinction, we designate *fine* stones. The Greeks, who were well acquainted with both, had no name for the latter, but used the same words, λίθοι τίμιοι (stones of honour), λίθοι διαφανεῖς (diaphonous stones), and sometimes the word λίθοι, as *par excellence* by itself, to designate indiscriminately whatever minerals were used by the engraver. The Latins, on the other hand, from whom we derive our word gem* (meaning thereby such costly stones as are of a transparent nature), had but one word, *lapis*, to designate slate, marble, and oriental cornelian, onyx, agate, &c.

As the ancients seldom engraved *telesine*, † in comparison with *quartz*,‡ and as it would be moreover a sad anticlimax to begin with diamonds and end with jaspers, we shall commence the present *aperçue* with some remarks on these last, and having exhibited them and their congeners to the reader, conclude our entertainment, as skilful artificers in fireworks are wont to do theirs, with a grand 'shower of gems.'

Fine stones, such as engravers use, are either of quartz or feldspath. The number of intaglios and cameos, however, executed in the last, as compared with those furnished by the first-mentioned section of minerals, is very inconsiderable, being perhaps not more than one in a hundred. The quartzes, like the alabasters, are formed by precipitation from water. They may be either opaque, semi-opaque, or quite transparent. Jaspers fall under the first division; agates are included in the second; and different varieties of rock crystal form the third.

JASPERS.

We derive the word 'jasper' from the Greek and Latin *jaspis*, by which the ancients designated many of the same opaque quartzes which continue to be so called at present. These stones are remarkable for the beauty and wide range of their colours, which admit all tints except those of blue and violet. The majority of jaspers assume some shade of green, but they appear not unfrequently milk-white, jet-black, deep red, grey, and yellow; and though small fragments are often found of one colour in dactylothecas, in larger masses they almost always occur more or less veined, reticulated, spotted, or dashed with other intervening hues.

κατάστικτοι σπιλάδεσσι
πυρσαῖσι λευκαῖς τε μελαινομέναις χλοεραῖς τε.

Occasionally the opaque mass of the jasper is observed to be more or less translucent in parts, owing to the presence of particles of agate or onyx diffused unequally through its substance: in such cases the combined mineral received a compound name, and was called jasponyx or jaspachates (jasper-onyx or jasper-agate). In a stone of opaque surface like the jasper, the liveliest colours generally were in most esteem, and such would sometimes fetch a high price. Those

* Pliny, however, under this word, includes both gems and pearls.

† Telesine, a word designating *perfection*: it forms the base of all gems except the diamond.

‡ All the more common ring-stones are varieties or modifications of quartz.

with a 'red field veined white' were especial favourites and exceedingly rare.* The red jasper (in hue not unlike the *rosso-antico* marble) was rather a frequent ring-stone, of which every collector's ring-box possesses some intaglios. The great variety of tints and shades displayed by most of the *finer* sorts of antiquity (compared to which all their modern representatives are ineffably inferior), procured for nobler specimens names of their own. Thus the emerald green jasper (a beautiful stone out of which amulets used to be made), was called when traversed by a single white line, *grammatias*,—the word *gramma* being used both for lines and letters —and when scored by several lines, *polygrammos*. Pliny, under the name Lapis Lysimachus, describes a jasper 'like Rhodian marble with *golden* veins;' which peculiarity enabled Corsi to identify with this species a beautiful and almost unique specimen of black jasper, variegated with yellow, now in the gallery of the Vatican. Another well-known jasper is the bloodstone (green, spotted with red), which from its fancied power of decomposing the sun's rays under water, the ancients called* heliotrope.† Theophrastus mentions a clear green jasper, called Tanus, of one block of which a whole pillar in the temple of Hercules, at Tyre, was wrought; and large fragments of which, he adds, are still found in the environs of that city. This Tanus, Corsi has identified with a jasper of the hue of green coffee-berries, called by Italian lapidaries *Verde chiaro*. The Egyptian *Ciottolo d'Egitto*, discovered by a traveller rather more than a century ago on the banks of the Nile, on the 'dark polished surface of which might be traced grottoes, tombs, woods, rivers, and even animal forms,' when looked at with an attentive and maybe somewhat inventive eye, is another sort, the old name of which does not transpire. Jaspers are generally harder and of a more compact nature than agates; that called Oriental, which is of a bluish-green colour with red veins, is the hardest of any: it is found in the East and West Indies, in Bohemia, in Germany, and sometimes in England. In former days the jaspers most in vogue came from Scythia, Cyprus, and Egypt, and were esteemed in the order here set down. Epiphanius coincides with Pliny in commending those of Cyprus, which the Roman naturalist, however, rates as only second-best. In the foundation of the wall of the city of the New Jerusalem, St. John, who mentions a great variety, and luxuriates in the exhibition of all manner of precious stones, places it in company with the sapphire, emerald, beryl, topaz, jacynth, amethyst, and pearls, placing it *first* on the list.

MEDICAL VIRTUES OF JASPER.

Mention has already been made of the medical virtues supposed to reside in all or at least in some of the precious stones by a number of authors who held‡ λιθοι τιμιοι in equal honour for wear or for physic. It is certain that all of them were tried over and over again, and that while many doctors sought to establish a reputation, others lost it by recommending powdered gems to their patients. Rondolet, amongst other distinguished simpletons, looked upon every pretty ring-stone he saw as the specific for some complaint, and thus telesine and quartz became in his hands as common 'draughts,' as now-a-days soda and magnesia;§ others more selective,

* Of this species there is a vase in the Gallery of Candelabra in the Vatican Museum.

† This stone, which was reckoned among the finer sorts of jasper, has been largely used in *incavo* and *relievo* engravings by ancient and modern anularii, the blood-spots being turned to account by the former in treating the subject of Marsyas flayed alive, by the latter in the Flagellation and Martyrdom of Saints.

‡ We do not find that they gave granite, gravel, or pumice, but such stones as made a show.

§ Against this doctrine some had long stoutly contended, like Erastus, whose good sense is quite angry at being forced to listen to such nonsense, (Credit qui vult gemmas mirabilia efficere, mihi qui et ratione et experientia didici aliter rem habere, nullus facile persuadebit falsum esse verum.)

but equally simple, confined the supposed healing virtues to a few stones only, which in certain diseases were very efficacious. Thus Encelius says that garnets hung about the neck or taken inwardly resist sorrow and refresh the heart; Albertus, that in the belly of the swallow there is a stone found called chelidonias, which if it be lapped in a fair clothe and tied to the right arm, will cure lunatics and madmen, and make men amiable and merry; and Lævinus Lemnius, that carbuncle and coral drive away childish fears, blue devils, overcome sorrow, and when hung about the neck, repress troublesome dreams; for which Ruaeus finds the diamond equally good. Nicholas Caleas, a Jesuit of Ferrara, reports of loadstone, that 'taken in parcels inwardly, it will, like 'viper's wine,' restore one to his youth; though others report that it makes men melancholy;' Mercurialis, of the sapphire, that it frees the mind from prejudice, and mends manners. (*Animum ab errore liberat, mores in melius mutat.*) Perhaps the best that can be said of precious stones taken internally is that while our undefæcated pharmacopœias were yet very fœtid and foul; and physicians thought, like Mrs. Malaprop, that it tended much to their patients' ultimate good if they commenced the cure with a proper amount of wholesome aversion, that gems had no bad taste, and at least were all *clean* inutilities.*

No practitioners in stone, however, ever spoke more confidently of those he employed than Cardan. He seems to have confined himself and patients principally to the administration of *jaspers*, and of this class of remedies he declares that, whether taken in potions, or worn simply round the neck, they will, amidst other mirabilia, increase wisdom and expel vain fears. 'I have cured,' he says, 'many *madmen* with them, who, when they laid aside the use of these stones, became as mad as ever they were at first.' If Cardan is worthy of credit, jaspers might evidently be used with advantage in our public and private lunatic asylums, in place of strait-waistcoats and revolving chairs.

FOSSIL WOOD.

We must mention *en passant* a division of jasperized bodies known commonly under the name of petrified woods, which, unlike the jaspers, whose prevailing hue is green, exhibit almost every tint except this. [Sections of them were employed by the ancients for the purposes of engraving.]†

THE JADE.

Another stone which seems more nearly allied with the jaspers, where Boetius de Boot first placed it, than with the agates, or feldspaths, where it has also provisionally obtained a place, is that called by the ancients, from superstitious notions of its virtues, the 'nephritic' and the 'divine' stone. This is the jade,‡ a remarkably hard, opaque lapis, of a waxy appearance, and a greenish-olivaceous or greyish hue, requiring the assistance of diamond dust to polish it, and retaining, after the process, by the utmost manipulation, only a very imperfect greasy lustre. Its extreme hardness has been taken advantage of by the Indians,

* Paracelsus, though a terrible quack, used his patients better than some regular doctors, as he informs us in the following *highly argumentative strain against* 'the fallacies of the Faculty' of his day. 'The silliest hair on the back of my head knows more,' says he, 'than all you doctors put together; the buckles on my shoes diffuse more light than Galen and Avicenna by all their ponderous writings; my beard has more experience than all your venerable Halls and Colleges. One drop of mine will do what cannot be effected by whole drachm and ounce doses of your loathsome, fulsome, filthy potions, heteroclital pills, horse physic, and other vile medicines under which the stomach of a Polyphemus would have quailed (ad quorum aspectum Cyclops Polyphemus exhorracisset).

† These petrifactions, which admit of a high polish, sometimes display, when cut into thin laminæ (especially where, as in the palms, the cellular tissue is large and lax) a perfect similitude to the original plant, the liquid quartz finding its way so gently into the interior, as not to damage the texture, till, molecule by molecule, it has absorbed and entirely supplanted the vegetable.

‡ This name is derived, says Millin, from the Spanish, where it is called *piedra higada*, meaning the nephritic stone.

who communicate to properly shaped pieces of the stone a trenchant edge, and then use them for many of the purposes to which steel instruments are put. Hatchet-heads of jade are sometimes found in the tombs of the ancient Gauls. In spite of the very refractory nature of this mineral, the modern Hindoos work it up into various bijoux, and form rings of it. There is in the Labarte collection of mediæval antiquities, a thumb-ring in jade; and what is more remarkable, the same collection contains a cinque cento vase, 'enriched with bas-reliefs and detached chimerical figures (*kylins*) executed with great spirit,' of which it is to be regretted that M. Labarte has not stated the dimensions in the text. This stone was used but sparingly for ancient intaglios, on account of its great hardness. When cut into very thin laminæ, it exhibits some degree of diaphanëity.

THE LAPIS LAZULI.

The last jasper we shall mention here is the lapis lazuli. There can be no doubt that the Greek and Latin synonymes for this stone were *σαφυρος* (sapphire), and Cyaneus. Under the Latin name, Pliny mentions a species of 'blue jasper,* sprinkled over its surface with shining particles of a golden colour,' which describes this stone accurately. Theophrastus' account of the sapphire is equally satisfactory.† Its beautiful colours, combined with a degree of hardness sufficient to make it scintillate under a bar of steel, caused lapis lazuli to be a favourite stone with the Egyptians and Persians for engraving, and at Rome for embellishing the floors of the opulent. In the Thermæ of Titus, a saloon has been discovered entirely paved with this 'heavenly blue;' and other splendid specimens are from time to time excavated from 'Rome's marble wilderness,' the Campagna, with some of which she has tastefully decked many of her churches, more especially the Chiesi Gesù and St. Luigi, the altars of which display a large surface of this sapphirine splendour. Theophrastus divides different specimens of this jasper into male and female stones, designating by the former the brighter variety which contains a large portion of that lovely 'ultramarine' derived solely from this source; and female, the paler kinds, more sprinkled with iron pyrites, and much less valuable. The name, Lapis Lazuli, or Lazulithe, is derived, says Millin, from the Persian Lazuardi. According to Pliny, the best 'lapis' came from Scythia. Ahmed Teifascites, an Arabian writer, says it is procured largely from Chorassin; and Haüy, that the best specimens are imported from China. Roos, professor of mineralogy at Petersburg, assured Corsi that 'no kind of lapis, neither that pure blue stone called 'Oriental.' nor yet the commoner kind flecked with white, and miscalled Muscovian, is ever found within the Russian empire.' The artist's ultramarine is procured, as we have said, from this mineral; and when made from Oriental specimens, the paint remains unchanged, while the German 'lapis' turns green in process of time. Both are copper ores, containing about one-eighth of their weight of that metal, and sometimes a small portion of silver as well. Three substances enter into their composition — viz., 'a hard, fine, crystalline matter, saturated with particles of copper, and by them stained blue; 2nd, a white crystalline matter; plus 3rd, some specks of yellow talcs, so small, that the whole appear in the form of a fine powder.

C. D. B.

* Millin, however, and others, consider it not a Jasper, but an argillaceous stone.

† ἡ Ἴασπις καὶ ἡ Σάφειρος, αὕτη δ'ἐστὶν ὥσπερ χρυσόπαζος.



RICHARD CROMWELL, AND THE DAWN OF THE RESTORATION.*

IT implies a slur on the historical element of English literature that that final act in the drama of the Cromwellian Government which serves beyond all others to illustrate the union of revolution with prescription in the political history of this country, and consequently to shadow forth the free yet conservative principles by which it has been always characterized, should have been more or less neglected by our own historians, to be portrayed, nearly two hundred years after the period to which it refers, by a French writer. This great subject has been dealt with by M. Guizot in a manner worthy of the historian and philosopher who had already successfully described an earlier portion of the story of the Revolution. It has been singularly exempted from the treatment of our more philosophical historians. Sir James Mackintosh describes no earlier revolution than that of William III.; and Mr. Carlyle does not condescend to chronicle the annals of the house of Cromwell beyond the period of the death of Oliver. The eminent historians who had thus left an opening for a future work based upon a period to which their own labours closely approximated, had no doubt their own reasons in leaving so ample a field unoccupied: but they have surrendered to a foreigner a rich harvest in the history of their own country.

The elements of the present history by M. Guizot have for the most part been lying before us during a period of a hundred and fifty years. One of the most common methods adopted for the transmission of events two hundred years ago, was that of diaries, which were frequently kept by literary and political persons. These journals were naturally suggested by the importance and the violence of the times, when stirring events prompted those who were more or less involved in public affairs to record them as they happened. They have also a peculiar value in point of authenticity. They record facts generally within the sphere of each individual writer, and which little beyond his general fidelity can be necessary to establish; while they are often reciprocally corroborative of each other, under circumstances excluding the possibility of collusion between different writers. From these journals, or diaries, M. Guizot draws largely, as well as from different collections of State Papers, such as those of Clarendon and Thurloe, and from other writings of some historical pretension.

This drama comprehends the period intervening between the death of Oliver Cromwell, in September, 1658, and the Restoration of Charles II., in May, 1660. That brief but important juncture deserves to be considered in a double light—first, in respect to the foreign, and secondly, to the domestic or civil, relations of the country. The Anglo-French alliance, which formed as much the leading feature of that age as of the present time, was the basis of the whole foreign policy of the Commonwealth. This alliance, which was originated by the first Protector, formed the only tradition of his policy that survived his administration, and was clung to with a tenacity singularly at variance with the rapid subversion of the form of government which he bequeathed to his descendant. The period, therefore, over which M. Guizot's work extends, does not constitute an era in the foreign relations of this country, as it constitutes an era in its domestic government.

We will however deal briefly with the first question, partly because it occupies an extensive foreground in M. Guizot's work, and partly because it deserves to be considered afresh, as one of the most masterly and original of the conceptions of Oliver Cromwell. We are aware that it is popular in these days to exalt every act of that great man's policy; and M. Guizot, too indepen-

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* *History of the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, and the Dawn of the Restoration.* By M. Guizot. Two Vols. Bentley. London, 1856.

dent a thinker to follow the throng, has pronounced an unqualified eulogium upon Cromwell's alliance with France, in the career of usurpation pursued by that state upon Western Europe. M. Guizot, it may be fairly suspected, argues the question from a French point of view; for in truth France had nearly everything to gain, and England to lose, from the continuance of that alliance beyond the first few years of its existence.

Now we should be ready to stake the present question on those very principles upon which the Anglo-French alliance has been maintained and defended at this day. This alliance was dictated by the consideration of maintaining the rights of Europe against an empire perhaps more powerful than either, whose policy invaded and infringed those rights. It rests, therefore, on the basis of morality; and has for its object the maintenance of the balance of power. The principles, on the other hand, on which the Anglo-French alliance of two centuries ago was based (so far at least as territorial relations were involved) were almost exactly inverse. The object of that alliance was simply a crusade against Spain. Spain was not then a powerful state, as Russia is now. During the century intervening between the accession of Philip II. and the formation of the Cromwellian alliance with France, she had declined incalculably in all the elements of political greatness. There was no longer any apprehension that Spain would disturb the peace of Europe. A war therefore, which, a century before, might have been dictated by a policy of defence, could now be dictated by a policy of spoliation only. Hence these hostilities contravened the laws of political morality in their first principles.

But apart from this primary question of morality, there was a secondary question of inexpediency, scarcely less conclusive against them so far as England was concerned. They brought, indeed, considerable commercial wealth to this country. But on the other hand, they paved the way for that territorial ascendency which France so long maintained in the West of Europe, by means of the subjugation of Spain, in which these hostilities naturally resulted. It is on this point that Lord Bolingbroke takes his stand against the foreign policy of Oliver Cromwell. But it is necessary to dissociate the real views of the great Protector from those of his less thoughtful panegyrists; for there is good reason to think that Cromwell, at the period of his decease, was becoming aware that he was playing little more than the game of France; and that the disseverance of the Anglo-French alliance would have very shortly taken place if his life had been prolonged.

We think that this view of the question derives additional support from the hitherto unpublished correspondence between Cardinal Mazarin and M. de Bordeaux, which M. Guizot has produced in defence of Cromwell's policy. It would be hard to suppose that a Minister endowed with the selfish duplicity of Mazarin would have lent the support indicated in the following letters to the falling house of Cromwell, had he not regarded them as tools for the accomplishment of his own designs against Spain:—

MAZARIN TO DE BORDEAUX.

Fontainbleau, Sept. 16.

I thank you for the care you have taken to communicate to me with all diligence the information you have received of the extremity of the Protector's illness it causes me all imaginable grief and disquietude though I will still hope that he will happily get over it. nevertheless, in case it should please his Divine Majesty to dispose otherwise, I beg you to assure my Lord Faulconbridge and all his family that they may very securely rely on the king's protection of their interests; and that, for my own part, I will render them all the services they can possibly receive from me.

This letter is dated September 16th. Six weeks afterwards, the French Government being wholly unable to comply with the application of Richard Cromwell for a loan, we find that Cardinal Mazarin offered his own jewels to support the Protectorate.

MAZARIN TO DE BORDEAUX.

Auxerre, Oct. 31, 1658.

Sir,—Mr. Ambassador Lockhart has paid his compliments to the King, the Queen, and Monsieur; he has also seen

me twice, and has spoken to me about the loan of money. I gave him to understand that we were not in a condition to advance any; and, nevertheless, to prove to him the affection (!) which I have for everything that may concern the satisfaction of the Protector, I offered him certain of my jewels *which are worth above two hundred thousand crowns*, and I strongly urged him to take them. But after having expressed to me how greatly he was touched by the manner in which I treated him, he thanked me very much for the offer, without however being willing to take the jewels.

Some of the Lord Cardinal's jewels seem, however, from the following letter, to have formed very convenient presents to the wives of English politicians:—

Nov. 13, 1658.

. . . . When I return to Paris, I will have search made for two handsome barbs to be sent to my Lord Faulconbridge, meanwhile, let me know what should be the value of the jewels which are to be presented to his wife.

The rivalry of this period lay chiefly between France and England. Austria and other great states had been too much enfeebled by the general hostilities in Central Europe, which had but recently ceased, to enter into this spirit of contention with the French Government. It may be assumed, therefore, that if the war with Spain had been productive of advantage to both the Allied Powers in a corresponding degree, the advantages accruing to France from its prosecution would have been comparatively slight, inasmuch as the power of the only state with which France then entered into rivalry would have been so commensurately increased as to be inconsistent with that French supremacy in the West of Europe which formed indisputably the sustaining motive of the Court of Versailles in the continued prosecution of hostilities. Would, then, the French Government have committed itself thus officially to the cause of a falling dynasty in England—and have thus compromised its contingent relations with the house of Stuart, whose return to the throne of this country was even then very surely presaged—would Cardinal Mazarin individually have thus offered his jewels to so large an amount, with a view of maintaining the house of Cromwell on the throne, but for the tendency of the Anglo-French alliance in that juncture to establish that supremacy of France over all other Powers, inclusive of England, which she effected in the following year, by the Treaty of the Pyrenees?

M. Guizot thus characterizes the foreign policy of Cromwell:—

To live in peace with the Protestant States of Europe, and to maintain peace among them by protecting those that were weak, and mediating between those that were at variance—to foment divisions between the great Catholic Powers, France and Spain, whose union would have imperilled, not only Protestantism, but even England herself,—such were the essential characteristics of that policy which Cromwell had commenced and practised in spite of the prejudices, no less than with the support of the passions, of his country. The peace he had concluded in 1654 had earned him the bitterest and most violent reproaches of those chimerical republicans who still dreamed of the incorporation of the two Commonwealths: the war with Spain entailed considerable loss and suffering on English commerce; all which shocked the inveterate prejudices, and awakened the ineradicable suspicions, even of a great number of the Protector's own countrymen.

M. Guizot writes at once as a Protestant and as a Frenchman. He writes also—if we may be permitted to say so—as an ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs of King Louis Philippe. The supremacy of France over Spain was the great object of his administration; and it was an object for which, strangely enough, he first created and then sacrificed the Anglo-French Alliance.

In speaking of the prominent Protestantism thus characterizing M. Guizot's political views, we allude to the praise which he bestows on Cromwell for fomenting hostilities between France and Spain, as two of the great Catholic Powers of Europe 'whose union would have imperilled, not only Protestantism, but even England herself.' Now it happens, in the first place, that this 'disunion' had actually assumed the shape of war between France and Spain, long before Cromwell arrived at power. These hostilities dated long prior to the dethronement of

Charles I. France, moreover, had a fixed object of ambition in the spoliation of Spain, which it needed no foreign influence to foment, although it did need and did obtain a foreign alliance to make good. It is therefore hard to discover even the religious influence (apart from the more general question) of Cromwell's policy towards France and Spain.

But when we come to the point at which M. Guizot eulogizes this policy for its tendency to prevent the union of those two Powers, as being dangerous at once to Protestantism and to Cromwell's own country, the argument appears to be conclusive against itself. It was this very policy which, in fact, produced that union. This union took place under the Pyrenean treaty, within a year of Cromwell's death. It was a union, moreover, far more solid and secure than any that could have been maintained by a previous alliance between the two countries, such as that which Cromwell is here extolled for preventing (or rather for *postponing*), inasmuch as it allied the Governments of Paris and Madrid by the tie of a royal marriage, such as Spain—under the position of political independence from which Cromwell and Mazarin conjunctively reduced her—would never have acquiesced in.

We now pass to the question of the domestic policy of England during the interval between the epoch caused by the loss of this great man, and the restoration of the Stuart dynasty in 1660, when every other conceivable scheme of polity had been tried and abandoned.

It is well known that nearly all the Continental Governments anticipated an immediate revolution in England upon the occurrence of the death of Oliver. The letters of Cardinal Mazarin betray an anxiety for his health during the last days of his life strongly indicative of this presentiment.

Mr. Macaulay, it will be remembered, combats the popular opinion that the power of Oliver was visibly declining towards the close of his life, and that had he survived during another year he would probably have fallen before the increasing difficulties of his position. The increase of these difficulties has very probably been exaggerated, but it is certain that the spirit of reaction against his tyranny was more and more visible, even though the subordination of his generals was preserved; and that his alliance with the firmly-established dynasty of the Bourbons—which was to him very much what the present alliance of the French Government with Great Britain has been to Louis Napoleon, and which greatly secured his despotic power—must necessarily have been compromised, if not altogether destroyed, by the ignominious alliance which the Spanish Government would have been compelled to form, whether he had lived or not, in 1659.

It was therefore, we believe, from a view of these circumstances, as well as from a sense of the impossibility of maintaining so anomalous a form of government as a self-constituted Protectoral power, without a national sanction, that the Council of State resolved upon the expedient of convoking a Parliament so early as January, 1659, four months after the death of Oliver. In fact, it was clear from the outset to those who possessed insight into the affairs of England, that the suddenness of the great Protector's death had found the rival generals of the Commonwealth unprepared to take advantage of the event; and that, while they lent an outward sanction to the hereditary descent of his power, they were in reality scheming assiduously for the overthrow of the house of Cromwell.

We are of those who refer that overthrow less to the loss of the abilities of Oliver, than to the fact that his successor was wholly wanting in the profession of a soldier, which was regarded by the army as the only just title to a supreme authority which had been established by military ascendency. The army, too, were the only other depositaries of moral or legal power throughout the country. The charge, in fact, which was ordinarily brought against Richard, when dissension had grown rife, was not so much that of alleged mental incompetency, as that he was not a general who had served in the

wars of the Commonwealth. Moreover, with Thurloe, Faulconbridge, and Broghill, the Council of State was in no need of additional energy and talent, so long as Richard was willing to obey its behests. It was obvious, however, that a Parliamentary sanction could alone enable the Government to make head against the inevitable hostility of the army, and Thurloe promptly resolved to interpose the scheme of a Constitutional Government between the warring elements of the existing Protectorate and a military revolution.

A Parliament was accordingly convened in January, 1659. The constitution of this assembly was illegal enough. The Long Parliament had passed an enactment changing and extending the operation of this electoral law. It was clear that if the Protectoral Government considered themselves as mere depositaries of power *de facto*, and were anxious to establish a settled polity by the most legal means that the revolutionary legislation of the Commonwealth could supply, it was their preeminent duty to recognise and obey the electoral laws which the revolution had created. The Protectoral Government, however, apprehensive of the anti-Cromwellian character of a Parliament convened under such an extension of the law, fraudulently contracted the representation. This is the earliest indication of weakness, in an appeal to the heart of the people, that the administration of Thurloe presents. It shows that neither the attachment of one party to the name of Cromwell, nor the conciliation of another by the adoption of a constitutional policy, nor the individual popularity which Richard had attained among the Cavaliers, were sufficient to inaugurate his Government, in the view of his most confiding advisers, with a formal declaration of popular support.

The first proposal submitted by Thurloe to this Parliament developed a masterly and comprehensive design to strike at the exiled king, the military chiefs, and the other republican sections simultaneously. After having first procured a vote recognising the Protectoral Government, as constituted in the person of Richard Cromwell, it was next proposed, on the part of the executive, that the Parliament should consist of two legislative chambers, fashioned, not according to Republican Constitutions, in which the Upper House is simply a Senate of Commoners, but in conformity with ancient usage. The Upper House was emphatically a House of Peers, comprehending all those nobles who were regarded as having been 'faithful to the Commonwealth;' and it may be surmised that the aristocratic element of the Cromwellian Constitution, however inferior to that of Charles I., was at least stronger and more considerable than that which Henry VII., upon his accession, was enabled to call into existence.

The triumph of the Cromwellian Government was now complete. It had combined the spirit of the Revolution with the tradition of the monarchy. It was for the moment immaterial whether or not the royal title were conceded to the house of Cromwell. They had become, at least, an integral part of the Constitution, and the source of government. It was impossible to dissociate the idea of an hereditary sovereign from the idea of an hereditary aristocracy, in a State where the two elements of government had subsisted uninterruptedly during a period of six hundred years.

The manner in which this change in the Government of England was brought about, excited the astonishment of foreign States. The exiled Royalists had incited those of their party who had not suffered the expatriation of their less fortunate associates, to enter the Cromwellian Parliament, that they might support the royal cause. Richard, too, it was thought, through early predilections for the Stuart party then established in the country, might be ready to yield up the Government to Charles II. But now all prospect of the realization of such a contingency vanished. Even in England itself, it seems that it was hardly apprehended that the ambition of the army would venture to array itself against a scheme of polity

thus wisely, deliberately,—and as it might also appear—freely wrought out.

The powers which the law—although no doubt it is only in a very limited sense that the word 'law' can be acknowledged then to have existed—confided to the Protector, were certainly more ample than those which it has bestowed upon the modern sovereigns of England. His revenue, for the defrayment of the expenses of Government, had been fixed at £1,300,000 per annum. This, although but one-half of the expenditure of the State, had the peculiar advantage of being granted as a *permanent* income. If, in the comparatively tranquil age of William IV., it was deemed prudent by the advocates of liberty to sequester and commute the Crown lands, which yielded a proportion to the then existing revenue of the State, presenting scarcely one-fiftieth of that presented by this grant to the total expenditure of the Government of that day, we may form a high notion of the power which such a permanent grant was calculated to confer on the head of the Executive in the age of the Revolution. Thus we find that Vane and Haslerig made serious efforts to diminish the revenue attached to the Protector; and they went so far as to suspect Thurloe of corruption. The family of Cromwell were high in office. Henry, brother of Richard, was Lord Deputy in Ireland; and the Home Government gave stations of eminence to his less close connexions. Lords Faulconbridge and Broghill we have already mentioned. In addition to these was Dr. John Wilkins, the moral and natural philosopher and latitudinarian divine, afterwards Bishop of Chester and founder of the Royal Society, who had married the sister of Oliver Cromwell, and whom Richard had transferred from the Wardenship of Wadham at Oxford, to the Mastership of Trinity at Cambridge. This personage was the chief adviser both of Oliver and of Richard in matters ecclesiastical.

To conclude the story of the Protectorate. Wallingford House, the residence of Fleetwood, and the well-known focus of military discontent, soon assumed an authority fatal to the State. M. Guizot, we think, tells very little that is new on this head. He describes vividly, however, the issue on which the Cabal bearing that name placed the existence of the Protectoral power. They called on Richard to dissolve his Parliament, promising their support to himself under the event of compliance, and threatening the double dissolution of the Protectorate and the Parliament under the event of refusal. There was, however, no alternative in the matter, and the power was destined in either case to pass away from Richard. Although the Protector did reluctantly as he was desired, he soon found the seat of Government transferred to Wallingford House; his orders were disobeyed on all hands; his attempts to call over the Stuarts, and then to call over foreign troops in support of his own authority, successively failed. A new phasis of the Revolution arose, and Richard Cromwell was politically defunct.

We here advert to one or two leading facts touching the dominance of the Long Parliament, which M. Guizot places in a striking prominence. In the first place, this narrative brings the incompetency of Richard Cromwell into a more glaring light than it has yet assumed. Richard had added to the meanest capacity of intellect, for which every one has given him abundant credit, a corresponding meanness of soul, and an indolence almost beyond parallel.

We may here briefly notice the difference in the portraitures of the ex-Protector by M. Guizot and by Mr. Hume. The latter historian has delighted to describe him thus:—

> The other qualities of the Protector were correspondent to these sentiments: he was of a gentle, humane, and generous disposition. Some of his party offering to put an end to those intrigues by the death of Lambert, he declared that he would not purchase power or dominion by such sanguinary measures. —*History of England*, vol. vii. p. 296.

Again, Mr. Hume describes him:

> Richard extended his peaceful and quiet life to an extreme old age, and died not till the latter end of Queen Anne's

reign. His social virtues, more valuable than the greatest capacity, met with a recompense more precious than noisy fame, and more suitable—contentment and tranquillity.—*Ibid.*, p. 298.

Now, in spite of the assertions contained in this ill-constructed passage, it is clear, from the documents and works to which M. Guizot refers, that the conduct of Richard Cromwell, in that hour of trial presented by the recent loss of power and the chance of its re-acquisition, displayed the strangest union of mean intrigue and lazy irresolution that has ever been combined in the person of any one man. He first endeavoured to sell his country to the Stuarts, and to favour their return, for the consideration of a large annuity. He next negotiated an offer of Cardinal Mazarin for the transhipment and disembarkation of a French military force for the suppression of the English liberties, and the exaltation of the house of Cromwell to despotic power. Then, from indolence, pusillanimity, or some lucid interval which introduced a better motive, he surrendered the project, and reverted to the negotiation with Charles II., offering to sell all that was left to him of government to the exile king for twenty thousand a year. These facts, and others of the same character, are abundantly verified in the Clarendon *State Papers*, which were as open to the perusal of Hume as to that of M. Guizot. When, again, the anti-Cromwellian revolution took place in London—while Henry, Richard's brother, ruled as Lord Deputy of Ireland—Richard allowed a whole month to elapse without sending him a single communication on the subject of the catastrophe which had laid low the house of Cromwell. Such is the only child of the Revolution whom David Hume delighteth to honour.

The ignominious history of the Long Parliament under its second convocation needs little additional criticism. Thus assembled on the fall of the Protectorate, it consisted of little more than what would serve to form a quorum at this day. Two hundred and fifty-five members indeed presented themselves: but of these not less than two hundred and thirteen, it appears, were rejected, on the ground that they had not attended its deliberations since the year 1648; and the remaining forty-two alone constituted the Parliament, thence denominated the Rump. Mr. Hume's assertion, therefore, that 'the numbers of this Parliament were small, *little exceeding seventy* members' (vii. p. 299), is indisputable enough, inasmuch as his computation is already very much too large. M. Guizot justly comments with severity upon the oligarchical spirit exhibited by these men in the adoption of this tyrannizing measure.

As a question of legality, the measure seems to us to have been indefensible, even according to the constitutional notions of that time. The Long Parliament had been recalled upon the ground that it alone had any legal existence. The legality of the Parliament summoned by Richard Cromwell was thus necessarily ignored: because, if its existence had been legal, the legality could only have been based upon the supposition that the previous Parliament was then already extinct, inasmuch as no two Parliaments could theoretically co-exist. The country having thus decided against a Parliament summoned by the powers of the Revolution, and having fallen back upon one summoned by the monarchy, it was clear that all those who had assembled in virtue of that summons were part of the constituent body. The Long Parliament had been originally convened in 1640: it had been expelled by Cromwell in 1654. Whether, therefore, certain members of a Parliament elected nineteen years ago had sat last in 1648 or in 1654, could scarcely affect the question of a right of resumption in 1659. The motive, however, of the exclusionists was obviously that of ejecting the Presbyterians who favoured the project of a Restoration, and who were in the category of those who shrunk from the assemblies that witnessed and sanctioned the extreme measures of the regicides.

If we may raise an objection to the merits of M. Guizot's work at this point, we should say that it does not appear to appreciate the importance of the measure of recalling the Long Parliament, and its im-

mediate tendency to produce a Restoration. That measure strikes us as the most suicidal act of the leaders of the Revolution. Hume very justly observes that the majority of the nation consisted of Royalists and Presbyterians, and that the Long Parliament formed the subject of the derision of either party. Now, it is certain that both these parties were essentially Royalist at heart,—that the difference between them consisted in the desire of the one for an absolute, and of the other for a constitutional monarchy. Provided, therefore, that a certain compact could be formed between these parties, gaining certain conditions of freedom with a restoration of the monarchy, any common impulse would induce them to unite. The revival of the odious dominion of the Long Parliament was just such an impulse: and from that event it appears certain that, in the heart of the nation, an immediate amalgamation of these parties took place, which—whatever had been the line of policy adopted by Monk—must soon have produced the restoration of the Stuarts. That result, therefore, may be said to have been certain from the moment that the Long Parliament had been recalled.

We will advert to one other historic fact which M. Guizot brings prominently to light under this period of the drama, and which has scarcely been noticed by any preceding writer. We allude to the Catholic plot, the aim of which was to prefer James to Charles in the succession to the Crown.

This scheme was immediately connected with the well-known insurrection of Sir George Booth. The Spanish and French Governments, then at war with each other, fostered the pretensions respectively of Charles and James. James, as M. Guizot observes, though not then avowedly a Roman Catholic, was strongly suspected of a disposition to join the communion of that church. Charles, meanwhile—although probably possessing in reality that species of negative infidelity common in a confirmed libertine—passed for what might have been termed during the age of George III., 'an orthodox prince,' a supporter of Prelacy and Protestantism. The Jesuits, who in that period were always ready to support the land of the Inquisition against the successor of Richelieu, supported the Spanish project, and became the moving power of the conspiracy for placing James upon the English throne. Charles, meanwhile, negotiated with Admiral Montague, who commanded the fleet in the name of the Long Parliament, for the shipment of a military force to England. That these miserably ill-conceived schemes signally failed, affords no reason for their having been generally passed over in silence. They were even worse executed than conceived, for the conspiring party made so many confidants on this side of the water, that their design had become notorious to the Long Parliament before the period for its attempted execution had begun.

We now pass to the career of Monk, as a leading organ of the Restoration. The Parliament, it will be remembered, was once more dissolved by military violence on the 13th of October, 1659, under a movement headed by Lambert. That general was then supreme in London, and it now became the policy of Monk to march from the Scotch to the English capital, under the avowed aim of restoring the Long Parliament, as the only legitimate authority which the nation was, in that juncture, in a position to realize. The true object of Monk's designs between this period and the Restoration will be made more apparent than it has hitherto been from the following observations.

The portraiture of Monk is undoubtedly the most graphic in this work. It is clear that his soldiers looked to him as the natural successor of Oliver Cromwell. His ambition was not of a fixed character; it was with him a quality always subordinated to the love of money. He had amassed a pecuniary fortune which, during that period of poverty, might be termed immense. He was essentially a disciple of the principle of order and discipline; and he would have supported almost any Government that would have preserved the peace of the nation. Unwilling to com-

mit himself to definite policy while any combination could be formed against him, he maintained a reserve up to the moment of this last victory of Lambert.

Toward the end of November, 1659, he set out on his march from Edinburgh upon London. The intelligence that he had positively passed the English frontier inspired with terror the Committee of Safety, an anomalous body of twenty-three lawless republicans, who had seized upon the Government at Whitehall. This Committee were his open enemies, and they had gone so far as to discuss the expediency of directing Lambert, then in command of the army in Yorkshire, to give him battle. But so skilfully did the latter general mask his real designs, that a policy of conciliation prevailed over a policy of war, and they adopted the opposite extreme of naming him General-in-Chief of their forces The City of London, and the naval Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Lawson, declared in favour of the return of the Parliament, for that odious faction had been now replaced by a faction more odious still.

Public men had now changed sides and opinions with a frequency and rapidity which makes it perplexing to follow the variations of the period. Vane stood in direct hostility to Parliament, and was a member of the committee that affected to direct public affairs. Lambert, a moment ago in the same position of eminence and opposition, was now a fugitive, his army, ten times debauched by mutiny and starvation, having already deserted him. Desborough, who had fled to the same camp, now fled from the same misfortune. Ludlow and Haslerig belonged to the same secession with Vane. While Monk, at the head of his army, was performing his weary march, the troops in the capital once more rebelled, and resuscitated the Long Parliament. That body immediately dismissed its generals, and threw the country into greater confusion than before. At length, on the 3rd of February, Monk entered London, having already prevailed on Parliament to withdraw the troops by which they had been reinstated in power, and replace that garrison by his own army. Master of the capital, the most interesting scene of the Revolution—the prelude of the Restoration—began.

No public name but that of Monk remained in authority. 'Vane and Lambert,' says M. Guizot, 'were proscribed: Thurloe was set aside: Ludlow was distrusted.' Monk, on the day following his entry, went to the Council of State, where he refused to take the oath which was tendered to him: thence he repaired to Parliament, where false and fulsome adulations were reciprocally exchanged, until a feeling of hatred or contempt grew up on either side.

But under this anomaly of a tolerated Parliament courting a general whom they feared and hated, a sudden event transpired which changed altogether the aspect of affairs. 'The City of London announced that they would pay no more taxes, except such as might be levied by a full and free Parliament.' The Council of State—who had now succeeded the Military Committee of Safety, and formed the Executive of the 'Rump'—summoned Monk on the same evening to deliberate with them. They sat until three in the morning. Monk in vain urged them against an adoption of hostile measures. His advice being neglected, he had no choice but to comply, unless he were prepared to pronounce against the Rump and the Council. He received their positive commands to attack the defences of the City on the following morning. Retiring to an inn, he was there met by the few in whom it could in any sense be said that he confided. The dead hours of night, after the Council had broken up, were thus consumed. Monk strode up and down the room, chewing his tobacco, and scarcely listening to the arguments of his friends. They represented to him that he was lost if he assailed the City. Monk's curt reply, that he could do no less by the duties of his office, unless he were prepared to join in the declaration of the City, and immediately create a struggle between himself and the Parliament, was unanswerable. The morning came and the work began.

Monk ordered his troops to

break down the chains and portcullises which bounded the privileges of the City. The corporation deemed it prudent to adopt a policy of conciliation, and they resolved to invite to a public dinner the invader of their ancient liberties. It naturally struck the wily general that he would make a ridiculous figure, in first assailing the corporation, and then accepting their hospitality. No sooner had he declined the invitation, than the Council of State (apparently viewing the refusal as an example, for that age, of a high degree of political morality) voted him an indemnity of fifty pounds for the loss of his dinner! But this political morality did not go quite so far as to prevent his acceptance of the more solid indemnity. Was Monk more avaricious or epicurean? No doubt the hospitable corporation were as celebrated for their good dinners in those days as in these. M. Guizot supposes that the council acted upon a knowledge of the general's avarice: but unless the epicurean temptation had already been very great, one would think that the self-denial would hardly represent the compensation.

Two days afterwards Monk began to see the verification of the predictions made by his friends as he had chewed his tobacco on the night preceding the attack, and to find himself on the verge of ruin. The whole mass of the country, who had even then suspected him to be disposed in favour of the Restoration, stood aloof from him. His troops were universally disaffected: many of his leading officers threatened active interference. Monk was absolutely in imminent danger of arrest.

There was not an hour to be lost—all depended on his vigour and promptitude. He accordingly effected a reconciliation with the City, and dined with the Lord Mayor. It is to be feared, however, that no record exists of his having refunded the fifty pounds to the Council of State. He made a solemn declaration to the City that the attack had been made against his own wishes; and in this there is no doubt that he was sincere. He finished the harangue by declaring in favour of a 'full and free Parliament.' The vacant seats were to be filled by writs within seven days, and a new Parliament was to be convened on the 7th of May.

'The rage and consternation of the Parliament,' says M. Guizot, 'exceeded all belief.' They still, however, truckled to the man who was now beyond their power; and were guilty at once of the meanness and impolicy of proceeding against Vane and Lambert (the only men in any degree capable of defending them), with the view of pleasing the Lord General of the Commonwealth. The demonstrations of joy in the metropolis were unequivocal. The bells of every church in London rang. Bonfires were lighted at night in all directions; and Samuel Pepys asserts that he could count not less than thirty-one blazing simultaneously from the same point of view. Cries of 'Down with the Rump!' resounded in all quarters. The secluded members reappeared, and were admitted. The full Parliament, losing in its last existence its former designation, appointed Monk, General-in-Chief, dissolving the military commission under which his powers over the army had been shared by four others. The principle of the Restoration had now triumphed. But it is singular to observe in the Clarendon *State Papers*, that the strongest doubt of Monk's intentions was, even up to that period, entertained by the royalists abroad.

Monk now took up his quarters in St. James's Palace, and became virtually a military dictator. A new Council of State, twenty-nine in number, and entertaining views favourable to the Restoration, nominally formed the supreme executive in the interval between the dissolution which had taken place in the middle of March, and the convention of the new Parliament. Monk had been offered the use of Hampton Court Palace; he caused it however to be known that he would prefer a grant of money to the grant of a palace, and received £20,000 as a reward for his refusal. Of this, £13,000 was paid down at once. When, therefore, we consider that the State was a moment before so impoverished as to have with the greatest difficulty extorted a

loan of £60,000 for the urgent purpose of paying a starved and beggared army, it would be difficult to conceive a misappropriation more conclusive against the public morality of Monk, than his becoming possessed of nearly one-fourth of this sum.

There is no sufficient evidence to sustain M. Guizot's position, that the leading republicans at this juncture offered the regal dignity to Monk. In vague terms indeed they proposed to invest him with 'the supreme power;' but we are not warranted in supposing this offer to imply anything more than a re-creation of the Protectorate in his favour. The proposal however, let it have been what it may, was immediately refused by Monk. The truth was that the republicans saw that the current of the Restoration had set in—that it would flow while Monk continued to direct its course—and that nothing but the deviation of the general from the line of policy he was pursuing could save the revolutionary cause. Government, it was clear, must be administered either by Monk or by Charles II., and there can be little doubt that the republicans, in choosing the soldier chose also the polity of the Revolution.

The secret negotiations between Monk and Charles II., which arise at this point, are however very curious, and are admirably developed by M. Guizot. Sir John Greenville, a relative of the former, had been employed by Charles to treat for him at St. James's Palace. Sir John experienced great difficulty at first in obtaining a private audience of the general, who was keenly alive to the danger of positive negotiation. Monk had a trusty friend in Morrice, to whom he at first referred the envoy. At length he consented to an interview, adopting the precaution of keeping Morrice outside the door as a contingent witness. Greenville then presented the king's letter. Monk affected to draw back in virtuous indignation and astonishment at such an insult to a faithful leader of the Commonwealth. To be sure the letter could contain no money in coming from a penniless fortune-seeker, and it could contain no invitation to dinner in coming from an exile. The contingent witness was then called in. Monk's indignation rapidly evaporated: he opened and read the letter. Finally, he assured Sir John 'that the restoration of the sovereign had been the first wish of his heart, but that until now no opportunity had presented itself,' &c.

The conditions of the Restoration were then drawn up; and while the Republican chiefs were disputing upon narrow questions between themselves, Monk and Sir John Greenville were quietly selling away the birthright of the Commonwealth. The general, however, would not permit the envoy to carry away any documentary evidence of his treason. He compelled Greenville to commit the stipulations to memory, and finally to burn the papers. Greenville was then despatched to Brussels. Under the roof of Hyde—afterwards Lord Chancellor Clarendon—he secretly meets the king in that city at midnight. Charles, by the advice of Monk, as secretly removes to Breda, whence, in consequence, was dated the celebrated declaration.

Meanwhile, several counter-schemes were afloat. One of these was that of the Presbyterian leaders, who, acknowledging the Restoration as an inevitable event, hastened to impose their own terms upon the sovereign. They were more honest than Monk, but their conditions were altogether incompatible, as M. Guizot observes, with the royal dignity. Among other things, they demanded an acknowledgment of the legitimacy of the war against Charles I. That the heir to the throne would readily have accepted, with hereditary faithlessness, any conditions that might have proved essential to his return, we cannot doubt. But the truth was, that the Presbyterians were a day after the fair. Charles had already obtained far better terms from Monk, who cared exceedingly little for raising a question of right as to the legality of past events, so long as his own pocket was well replenished, and his own dignity not to be included in the compromise.

The Presbyterians appear to have entertained another object, in undermining the influence of Hyde, who

was a rigid Episcopalian by inherent principle, as well as by the policy of his position. In treating directly with the king, they hoped to dissever the confidence subsisting between him and his prime adviser; and there was no doubt that Charles would prefer Presbyterianism and a crown to hierarchy and exile.

The plot thickened. Cardinal Mazarin, still at the head of the French Government, and aware that the Restoration was about to come to pass, was anxious to secure the alliance of that heir of the house of Stuart whom he had treated for the last eleven years with signal neglect. The French Court used every endeavour to induce Charles to make his debarcation from their shores. They also were too late. Charles was already at Breda, and, confiding in Monk, determined to sail from the Dutch coast. The current of the Restoration, indeed, was momentarily disturbed. Lambert now escaped from the Tower, and raised the standard of insurrection in the heart of the country. He was quickly subdued, partly by desertion and partly by the force of Ingoldsby; but there appears every reason to believe the assertion of Monk, that had the event been reversed, he would himself have immediately raised the standard of the Stuarts, and have finally settled the question by a brief and decisive civil war.

Now follows the difficulty as to the publication of Sir John Greenville's mission. This was surmounted, it must be confessed, by a preconcerted acting, characterized by no ordinary skill. On the 27th of April, while Monk was with the assembled Council of State, Sir John Greenville applied at the door for permission to deliver a sealed packet to the general. Monk came out of the Council Chamber, and in a conspicuous manner received the packet, emblazoned with the king's arms, in the presence of his guards. Monk again drew back in astonishment; and pointing to the royal arms, sternly ordered the soldiers not to lose sight of the bearer. What evidence more striking of the fidelity of the republican chief? Monk then carried the packet to the Council. They required that Greenville should appear before them. Greenville stated that the enclosed letters were from the king at Breda. The Council voted that Parliament alone was competent to open the packet, and proposed meanwhile to put the envoy under arrest. This was hazardous to Monk, and he at length prevailed upon them to place Greenville at large, on the surety of the Lord General being given for his appearance.

This solemn farce concluded, Greenville went to the Houses of Lords and Commons on the 1st of May, presenting a royal letter to either assembly. He was the bearer of a third letter designed for the City of London. Each of these bodies received him with formality and favour, and a copy of the famous 'Declaration from Breda' accompanied either communication. Letters also were enclosed for the General, Monk, and the Admiral, Montague. The two Houses of Parliament immediately voted 'That, according to the fundamental laws of this kingdom, the Government is and ought to be by king, lords, and commons.' The manœuvre of Monk had admirably succeeded.

The Restoration, of course, was now accomplished; but the poverty of the State was ill adapted to sustain the liberal tendencies of the Parliament. The House of Commons voted £500 to Sir John Greenville, and subsequently not less than £50,000 for the use of the king. So disproportionate was this munificence to the revenues at command, that the Treasury was unable to pay even the £500 which had been voted to the king's envoy. This sum was eventually advanced by a Mr. Forth, who was regarded as the Rothschild of the age.

The City of London, however, now came forward with its wonted liberality. It lent £100,000 for the support of the army, and £30,000 for the use of the king. Each of the chief trading corporations, to the number of twelve, presented Charles with £1000. So desperate, however, were the circumstances of the republicans, that while the Speakers of the Lords and Commons were solemnly proclaiming the king at Whitehall, a final effort was made (such as desperation only could have

suggested) for the restoration of Richard Cromwell.

The Bill of Indemnity and its circumstances are well known. While this was transpiring in England, all the Continental Courts were paying their fulsome adulations to Charles at Breda. Charles had been peculiarly sensitive, as the grandson of Henri IV., to the slight which he had received from the French court; and all the artifices with which Cardinal Mazarin sought to ingratiate himself into the king's favour proved ineffectual. The foreign ministers were claiming international alliances, and the great men and the little men, now in a state of transition from English republicans to English monarchists, were simultaneously seeking places of the king at Breda.

It is impossible to conclude the present review of M. Guizot's work without referring to two characters, who, while they stood aloof from the busy world of party politics, stood also in proud contrast to the turpitude and hypocrisy of the day. We allude, of course, to John Milton and Sir Matthew Hale. The great poet, indeed, had espoused the cause of the Cromwellian party; but it may be questioned whether he was more deeply compromised towards the republicans than many others whom that body had been ready to receive again among their supporters. To the last he remained an unflinching advocate of liberty of conscience, and of a government without monarchy. Even the defender of the regicides, amid the political profligacy of that age, might have found favour with the sovereign, if he would; and the king would have been by no means indifferent to the views of a literary defender of the talents and eminence which he commanded. Sir Matthew Hale, with a yet fairer fame, had withstood the tyranny of Cromwell and the tyranny of the Long Parliament; and he now exerted his influence to obtain from the king such conditions as should combine liberty with order.

The present subject, though happily its application to the politics of our country has long since passed away, is yet replete with interest and with warnings to the Continental Governments. It tells us, first, in the reluctance with which the liberal party went to war, the high moral value of a prescriptive constitution. It tells us, next, how the despotism which pays no regard to popular demands, in an advanced stage of civilization, must ultimately destroy that constitution. We learn from it, also, how signal was the difficulty experienced in framing a written in place of a prescriptive Government; and how the attempt produced another despotism, conceding indeed civil rights, but suppressing political privileges, and maintaining itself by the anomaly of a self-constituted system established neither by legal nor by popular sanction, and existing in virtue of military force. Such was the Government of the first Protector. We find, next, the failure of an effort to combine usurpation with a revival of the prescriptive estates of Lords and Commons. Then, we pass to a period of a year consumed by a calendar of revolutions. Finally, we enter upon a period in which prescription and revolution were combined, and the freedom of the people (although this was not fully accomplished until after another revolution) rendered coincident with the rights of monarchy. If there is one practical lesson to be deduced from this fearful history, it rests in the union of the regal and the popular interest—in the fact that monarchy is to be preserved, during a period of enlightenment, by freedom alone, and that the rights of society are to be secured only by the maintenance of an ancient polity. On this mutual confidence, this common dependence, this reciprocal moderation, the interests of social progress and of social civilization are essentially based. That this foundation will prove immovable in England is as certain, as our trust is strong that it will supply the model to which the other monarchical Governments of Europe may even yet be assimilated by their rulers. J. W. W.

SHAKSPEARE AND HIS NATIVE COUNTY.

IT has often been regretted that none of Shakspeare's acquaintances took the trouble to collect the anecdotes concerning him that must have been floating about for years after his death. What if any Boswell had noted down his sayings, and given us Shakspeare's *Table Talk;* or his son-in-law, Dr. Hall (for sons-in-law generally do such things, at least in our days), presented us with Shakspeare's *Remains and Marginalia?* How rich would his table talk have been,—how transcendent over all other,—what precious scraps might there not have been in his stray papers,—what invaluable gems of thought, what studies, what sketches! For in truth we know more of a man's mind from these so-called little things, from notes or passages in books, from letters to intimate friends, from literary memoranda, than from the cold, formal, lifeless biographies which are generally compiled. The former let us into the inner man, to the *penetralia* of his affections, to the holy of holies of his mind, to his heart of hearts. For all great men have been, and ever will be, reserved. Segregation is a necessary accompaniment to greatness. Does greatness care to have its every deed blazoned abroad?—that were not greatness, but coxcombry. Does greatness love greetings in the market-place?—it leaves this to the fools of fashion. Does greatness care whether it is remembered or not? no, it is *too great* to care to be remembered. This, then, is the true explanation why Shakspeare has left so few traces of his individual life and character behind. But oh, for some egregious coxcomb, the most vain, if you will, in this vain world, who, in the hope of perpetuating his own little name, had collected a few trifles about the immortal man. There were vain men, no doubt, who would gladly have done it, but the age had not learnt the marketable value of such gossip, and this omission is to be attributed rather to the age than to any deficiency of vain men in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. What positively fulsome memorials are penned of the lives of addle-pated authors in our days; note-book in hand will men sit by the side of some literary *dilettante*, ready to jot down his second-hand anecdotes. By-and-bye these same retailers—for such has taken place—are vain enough to think that their own autobiographies will interest the public, and sell; and, wonderful enough, they do sell, but don't interest the public. Woe to Shakspeare had he lived among us, *if*, when living, we had appreciated him. Every action, every word, bad, good, or indifferent, would have been related. The practice is most unjust, especially when a man's sayings are noted down without the context, to say nothing of the manner in which it was spoken; and we fully agree with Mr. Tennyson in his ode on this very subject. So, after all, it is perhaps a matter of rejoicing that we have neither records nor memorials of Shakspeare. When Jerdan and Jay have their biographies, let it be our boast that Shakspeare has none.

Still, there seems to be a universal craving to know something about him. Curiosity expends itself in various fashions. What can we do? His house can whisper nothing; there are no lingering echoes of his laughter closeted in the corners of its rooms. And yet men come to that house as if it could tell them something; they think some secret is contained within those four walls—they centre the whole of their curiosity upon that little tenement, forgetful of Stratford and the country round. Depend upon it, if anything more can be discovered concerning Shakspeare, that house holds it not. It has been ransacked and rummaged enough. No, the secret, if there be any, lies out in the open fields and woods round Stratford. The reeds of the Avon are more likely to whisper his life to us, for it flows through the midst of the land where he lived more often, we fancy, than within those four walls to which eager travellers flock.

The features of the landscape have not changed, the hills are the same which Shakspeare climbed, the course of the Avon is the same;

Shakspeare would recognise the country, but he would not know his native town, much less his own home, for in his time it stood out in the fields; now it is in a street blocked and bricked round with houses. Descendants of the flowers that he plucked grow in the fields; the offspring of the birds that he loved to hear still chant to us in the woods; these all have perhaps something to tell us; but let us beware not to wander in the dreamy land of fancy and conjecture. Let us not even border upon the probable, but keep to the real; the flowers and the birds are real, and the country is real, and Shakspeare's writings are real, and whatever connexion we may find between them, let that partake of their reality. Let us not forget, too, that the country round Stratford has other claims upon our attention. Shakspeare's mother, Mary Arden, came from the neighbouring village of Wilmecote, pronounced by the country people Wincot. His wife was from the adjoining hamlet of Shottery, and he was married to her at the village of Luddington, on the banks of the Avon. Verily there is much in the country associated with Shakspeare. Milton, depend upon it, did not speak without a deep meaning when he sang of Shakspeare's 'wood notes wild.' It had a reference to other things than his supposed non-classical education. In his plays are references to the neighbourhood. Justice Shallow's house is placed in the next county of Gloucestershire, where Davy (Second Part of *King Henry IV.*, Act v., Scene 3) serves the guests with 'leather-coats,' a delicately-flavoured apple still peculiar to these parts. Christopher Sly runs into debt at an ale-house at Wincot, not far from Stratford; and Davy beseeches Justice Shallow (Second Part of *King Henry IV.*, Act v., Scene 1,) 'to countenance William Visor, of Wincot, against Clement Perkes, of the Hill;' and a friend assures us that to this day whoever holds the Cherry-orchard farm there, is yet called Mr. M. or N. of the Hill.

It has been said by the best of critics that a man's book is the best interpreter of himself. So, no doubt, it is; and the best biographer of the *man* Shakspeare is he who most knows and thoroughly appreciates the *poet* Shakspeare's plays; and it would be interesting in many poets to trace the effect of their early associations throughout their poems. Coleridge affirmed that the memories of his youth were so graven on his mind, that he could still see the river Otter flowing close to him, and hear its ripple, as when, in long years past, he had wandered by its side. Scenery has often been held, and rightly, to have great effect on the character, especially in youth. The Athenian ever boasted of the situation of 'violet-crowned' Athens, and the German of to-day praises the beauties of his Rhine; which, however, cannot compensate for the loss of the sea, a loss which is not without its effect on German literature. Traces, no doubt, there are in all poets, of descriptions of scenes in which they have resided. A blind descriptive poet is an impossibility. We are no believers in Homer's blindness. At the same time Thucydides' saying, that 'the whole earth is the grave of a great man,' will bear reversing; and we may say with equal truth, that all the earth is the birth-place of a great man: for imagination conjures up scenes, and decks out common places with such beauty, that it is hard to fix them to any locality; but we shall revert to this by-and-bye.

We have had enough, then, of Shakspeare relics, Garrick mulberry cups, stone fonts, dusty registers, and such dead things. They can tell us nothing. Shakspeare valued not such trumpery, why should we make such ado? Let us leave them to connoisseurs and Wardour-street Jews; half of them are false. It is high time to turn to something living. Here are an old man and woman, Warwickshire bred and born, who are in themselves a glossary of old words. Let us interrogate and talk with them. Every county has its peculiar dialect and provincialisms. Warwickshire is no exception; and how strongly Shakspeare was imbued with them his plays testify. They mark, from internal evidence, not only the era, but the county in which he lived.

We are ignorant whether any Warwickshire words were given in the Ireland forgeries, but should imagine not.

One of the first peculiarities that will strike a stranger coming into this part of Warwickshire, is the use of Master among the middle and lower orders—the lower especially—for Mr. They will speak of Master Smith the carpenter, but never of Mr. Smith. The same use of the word is found in many other parts of England, but never so systematically as in this neighbourhood. Shakspeare might still hear 'Master Slender,' 'Master Fenton,' and 'good Master Brook,' so called if they were living now, as in his own days.

The word *wench*, here—which in most parts of England has a bad signification attached to it—means nothing more than a young woman. We have frequently heard a father or a mother call their daughter, as a term of endearment, the little wench. And the common country expression, 'a chap and his wench,' signifies merely a young fellow and his sweetheart. So Petruchio, in the *Taming of the Shrew* (Act v., last scene), when everything has been made pleasant, exclaims, 'Why, there's a wench, come on and kiss me, Kate.' Prince Hal, too (*King Henry IV.*, Act i., Scene 1), calls the sun 'a fair hot wench, in a flame-coloured taffeta.' Other instances will readily occur to every one.

Our readers will all recollect the witch of Brentford (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv., Scene 2), 'the rag, the baggage, the polecat, and ronyon,' that the jealous Ford calls her; and they will, we hope, still further remember the spirit, so widely different to that of his brother dramatists, in which Shakspeare adverts to witches and heretics. It is curious to note that, of all places in England, the belief in witches should be most prevalent in these parts. Several country people, and some, aye, of a higher station, whom we personally know, firmly put faith in them, and on no account would offend a reputed witch. So still, in all the much boasted enlightenment of this nineteenth century, amidst so-called national schools, with parsons and schoolmasters whose names are legion, Shakspeare would find the race of witches not yet extinct; so long is it before a deep-rooted credulity springing from the soil of ignorance, can be eradicated. At the little village of Bishopton, one mile and a-half from Stratford, there still lives a reputed witch; a poor harmless old woman in truth she is, rather eccentric perhaps, but in whom her neighbours suppose certain powers for evil or good to reside. We could relate many stories concerning her imagined spells; nay, we know well educated and otherwise sensible people who dread her resentment. The phrase, 'a Dorsington witch,' so called from a tumbledown village not far from where Shakspeare's crab-tree once stood, has passed into a proverb. Well may spirit-rapping and table-turning and millenarian prophets be believed in. Shakspeare's age credited witches and astrology; ours has not cast off these, but taken unto itself several devils still worse.

To return to our subject. Rosalind might hear her own expression of the rabbits '*kindling*' (*As You Like It*, Act iii., Sc. 2), still used. That prince of merry thieves, Autolycus, who so lustily sings in the *Winter's Tale*, Act iv., Sc. 2.,

> When daffodils begin to peer,
> With, heigh! the *doxy* over the dale,

might still find plenty of country-people who would understand his cant term for a not over virtuous maid, without a glossary. And they could tell you that 'pugging tooth,' a few lines further on in the song, meant, not as the glossary explains it, thievish, which is meaningless, but pegging, peg tooth, *i. e.*, the canine or dog tooth: 'the child hasn't its pugging teeth yet,' old women will say. The gadfly is still called the 'brize' (pronounced bree); the shepherd still talks of his 'eanlings,'* *i. e.*, his lambs; the woodman of his 'fardels,' *i. e.*, his fagots, or kids, as they are more commonly called. It is worth noting, too, that the most uncommon words have left the more immediate neighbourhood of Strat-

* Of Milton's *Lycidas*; 'the weanling herds that graze.'

ford, and can only be found in the more out of the way places, where civilization and refinement have not yet made so much progress. They will linger there for a time, and then will soon be gone; the traces of old Shakspearian lore are fast disappearing; new words are rapidly ousting them. The gardener, though, still speaks of his 'squashes,' *i. e.*, his immature peas, as Leontes calls his son; and which rare Bully Bottom christens the mother of the fairy, Peasblossom. We have heard rustics talk of 'go shogging off,' even as Falstaff commands his bullies to do. And there are cooks and housekeepers who know very well what the clown's speech in the *Winter's Tale* (Act iv., Sc. 2) means. 'I must have saffron to colour the *warden* pies (*i. e.*, composed of a species of pear), and a *race* (*i.e.*, a stick) of ginger.'

The following is a vocabulary of the principal Shakspearian words which we have from time to time picked up. Many of them we have discovered by questioning country-people from various quarters. Very often have we been answered, 'Ah! I can recollect my grandmother used to say that word, but you will only hear it from the very old *folk*.'

Batlet, rightly explained in the glossary 'as the instrument with which linen is beaten.' We have heard women speak of their batlet-tub. Round Stratford it is now commonly called 'a dolly,' or a maiden. Bavin.—Explained in the glossary as 'brushwood;' it rather means the scraps and scrapings of heather. Bow, still means a yoke: so Touchstone (*As You Like It*, Act iii., Scene 4), 'As the ox hath his *bow*, sir, so man hath his desires.' Bravery, still signifies finery. Broken-mouth, *i.e.*, a mouth which has lost part of its teeth; 'What a broken-mouth you have,' is a common phrase; so also Broken-tears, *i. e.*, tears which are stopped suddenly by a person's entry. Cage, *i. e.*, a prison, as in *Henry VI.*, Second Part, called also 'the hole.' Childing, *i. e.*, pregnant. Claw, to flutter. Cob-loaf, a badly 'set-up' loaf, which has a great deal of crust upon it; cob also means a cake. Committed, *i. e.*, cohabited. Thus Othello to the innocent Desdemona, 'What committed, O thou public commoner' (Act iv., Scene 2). So also Customer, in the same play, still means a common woman. Dout, literally to do out; the peasants still say, to dout the candle, *i. e.*, to extinguish it. Feeders, good-for-nothing servants. Forwearied, *i. e.*, tired out. The following line of Puck's is worth noting, where the preposition is carried on to the verb:—

> the heavy ploughman snores,
> All with *weary* task *fordone*.
> *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v.

Jet, *i. e.*, to strut, to walk proudly. Inkles, explained in the glossary as 'a species of tape or worsted,' it rather means broidery. Housewives still speak of a piece of inkle; so the servant in the *Winter's Tale* (Act iv., Scene 3) says of the supposed pedlar, 'That he hath ribands of all colours . . . inkles, caddises.' These latter we take to mean worsted. Irk, to make uneasy. Lated, *i. e.*, benighted; so in *Macbeth* (Act iii., Scene 3),

> Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace,
> To gain the timely inn.

Lifter, *i. e.*, a thief. Loon, *i. e.*, a stupid scamp; many a tailor is still so called, since King Stephen's catch was written (*Othello*, Act ii., Scene 3), where for the sake of the rhyme it is *loun*. The Nine Men's Morris, which Titania (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii., Scene 2) complains is 'filled up with mud,' has long since been cleared out; and the Warwickshire boys still play at it under the more common but less refined name of 'Holy-goly.' The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is rich in local words and allusions. Thus Nick Bottom's aphorism that 'man is but a *patched* fool,' is a pleonasm in fact, for the word patch (still) means a fool; and Puck calls Nick himself and his friends 'a crew of patches.' In the same speech (Act iii., Scene 2) occur the words, 'an ass' nowl.' It is still so used, both of quadrupeds and bipeds, but always in a sense implying stupidity. Again, Hermia, in the same scene, calls Helena 'Thou painted Maypole.' One of the few which still stand in our villages may be seen at Welford, about four miles from Stratford.

PUN, to pound; country-people still speak of punning fat. PICKTHANK, *i. e.*, as explained in the glossaries, 'an officious parasite.'* RID, *i. e.*, to destroy, from whence comes riddance? PASH, *i. e.*, a head, sometimes joined with it as a Pash-head. RAVIN, *i. e.*, to devour voraciously, from whence comes ravenous? PEEVISH, *i. e.*, foolish. LOGGATS (*Hamlet*, Act v., Scene 1), 'Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them?' evidently having reference to some game. They now signify here the *log* or clog put round an animal's leg, to prevent its running away. Is this a primary or secondary sense? SAGG, to sink down; thus a labourer will speak of a sagging job, *i. e.*, a tiresome one. SHIVE, a slice; so we hear, to cut a shive of anything. SPERR, to stir. WHIPSTOCK is still used for a carter's whip. DECK, *i. e.*, a pack; a deck of cards is common enough.

But there is an expression among the lower orders here which we must not pass over hastily; whenever there has been an unusual disturbance or ado—for we prefer using the plain terms—they invariably characterize it by the phrase, 'There has been old work to-day.' This seems to explain the porter's allusion in *Macbeth* (Act ii., Sc. 3), 'If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key;' which is explained in the notes as frequent. So also, in Ursula's speech, in *Much Ado about Nothing* (Act v., Sc. 2), 'Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home:' coil in the sense of stir, bustle.

Again, there is the remarkable word, 'mammet,' which Shakspeare uses, as was common in his day, for a puppet. It is now used by the crow-boys to signify the scarecrow they dress up to frighten the birds. The word is curiously enough derived by a sort of *boustrophedon* principle from Mahomet; and we recommend this further extension of its signification to Mr. Trench (vide *The Study of Words*, Lect. v.) Nor must we forget another expression, of being in a person's book, which is common about here. This must not be confounded with a later phrase, of being in a person's good books, and which is comparatively of recent date. The common people use it without the qualifying epithet. Thus, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, (Act ii., Scene 1), in the bantering between Kate and her lover, Petruchio says, jestingly, to her observation that he has no arms, 'A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.' So also, in *Much Ado about Nothing* (Act i., Scene 1), the messenger says to Beatrice, 'I see, the gentleman is not in your good books.' To which she replies, 'No; an he were, I would burn my study.' We cannot help thinking that this is the same phrase which has come down to us unalloyed.

It will be seen, by the scanty examples we have given, what a field remains still for investigation. Numbers of words may yet be rescued from oblivion. But now is the time. Sir Walter Scott once gave a labourer half-a-crown for the mere word 'whimmel;' and surely we can put ourselves to a little trouble for words which are far more valuable. By a little research, we think that even some of the snatches and burdens of songs which Shakspeare puts in the mouths of his clowns, might still be discovered. Our own experience would point, not to Warwickshire, but to Oxfordshire,† for such matters. We have the tradition of Shakspeare's being at Oxford, and his plays bear marks of a knowledge of Oxfordshire words. The second word on our list, Bavin, is used in the neighbourhood of Witney. Shive, sperr, ravin, pickthank, fardel, are all Oxfordshire words. Surely there is some profit and pleasure to be de-

* We heard it used in another sense, though; speaking of the late Peace rejoicings at Stratford, and the tea-drinking, &c., in the streets, a peasant observed to us, 'There will be pickthanking work to-morrow;' *i.e.*, grumbling.

† We once heard, at an Oxfordshire Harvest Home, the old song, 'I mun be married a Sunday;' with the burden of which, Petruchio banters Kate. (*Taming of the Shrew*, Act ii., Scene 1.) And on another occasion, the fine old drinking-song of 'Back and sides go bare.' The question, of course, was how they had been obtained; about this we could not satisfy ourselves.

rived from such investigation. We should indeed consider the gratification a poor one, if it consisted merely in discovering an obsolete word here and there; and as to those whose chief delight appears to be in paper warfare on some phrase they may have picked up, better far they kept out of the field altogether. If, on the other hand—for labourers are wanted—we shall have turned any one away from the present insane custom of *mere* sightseeing in their visit to Shakspeare's house, our object will be achieved. Let no one conclude from this statement we are indifferent to Shakspeare. We hope we show our regard for him more by studying his works, than by raving about his house and collecting subscriptions to buy it, which would have been better spent in teaching the children of England to read his works. Let us take care of his house, but let Germany understand him. We feel, too, as much as any of our readers possibly can, that

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air.

But we also reflect that Shakspeare himself would prefer something more than this stone-and-lime worship. The most sensible remark we ever heard about the house was from the lips of a ploughboy: 'Ay, sir,' said he, 'they must have a sight more timber to spare in those days than now,' as he stood gazing at the great beams which intersect its walls. One of the great Shakspeare-relic collectors in our county has one phrase for everything. Show him a new poem—'That's worthy of Shakspeare,' he'll say; show him a leading article in *The Times*—'Yes, Shakspeare might have written that.' His intimate friends avow he has never read a play of Shakspeare through, though he has the folio edition, and several others, in all languages, in his library. Betty, in the farce, who asked 'Who wrote Shakspeare?' would undoubtedly have been enthusiastic about his house. But we mustn't be too hard, though we are vexed to see men poking their noses into mulberry cups, and imagining they can discover Shakspeare's history at its bottom. Go—we would once more say to them—go study the speeches and the characters in Shakspeare's plays, and when you have mastered them, you have mastered not only his life, but something far better, his mind. Above all, do not forget his sonnets: *there—there* you may read something of his love, his struggles, and his misfortunes.

We beg pardon for this digression. We have before stated that we believe it is impossible to fix any place round Stratford as having given hints for his descriptions of scenery. It is easy and pleasant to guess, and

give to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

But a poet's mind is too much of a Proteus to be caught. It slips away, and mocks our theory in no time. It has been often remarked that the description in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was probably drawn from the scenery on the banks of the Avon. We have even read one book where it was complacently affirmed that the wood near the Weir-brakes—a little below the town—was the scene. Perhaps it was, or was not; but the same might be predicated of a thousand other places in England. It is worth noticing, however, in connexion with the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, that the belief in fairies is not yet extinct. At Long Compton, about fifteen miles from Stratford, the simple rustics will point you out where they are supposed to live in the hills and the old filled-up quarries. The place is not without interest to the antiquary, and a visit will well repay him the trouble of a journey, even though he sees not the fairies, which are still firmly believed in round the King-Stones. A popular tourist jumps to the conclusion that the forest of Arden, in *As You Like It*, must have been none other than that of Henley-in-Arden. He might as well have said it was so called from Shakspeare's mother, Mary Arden. The French characters, LeBeau, Jacques, Amiens, undoubtedly point to that of Ardennes in France. So also, when Falstaff (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv., Scene 2) proposes to creep up the chimney, but is

stopped by Mrs. Ford's hint, 'that there they always use to discharge their fowling-pieces,' it is said that Shakspeare must have been thinking of the old fire-side at Anne Hathaway's cottage, which has just such a chimney. This is sheer cant, for the description holds good of every cottage chimney in those days. We remember, too, to have seen, in a certain well-known guide-book, the following lines quoted:—

> The female ivy so
> Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
> *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1.

And the author immediately tells us what a number of elm-trees with ivy round them there are near Stratford. Our experience by no means confirms the assertion, and we are not aware that there is more of this particular hedge-row timber in this neighbourhood than in any other part of England. The truth is this, that in all such matters Johnson's remark, that Shakspeare's characters are not so much individuals as a species, would be more to the purpose if he had said that his descriptions are not so much local as universal; they apply to the whole or to any part of England; and we may be sure that wherever Shakspeare travelled, he worked up whatever he saw into his poems: no colour in the sky, but he painted it on his canvas; no flower, no tree, but he grafted it on his verse; there was no old snatch, 'no trivial fond records, no saws of books, no forms,' which he heard, without, like his own Hamlet, copying it

> Within the book and volume of his
> brain.

The old tradition, that he was a miser, and saved up every penny, would be far more applicable to the riches of the mind; he saved and hoarded up all he could learn. Listen to what he puts in the mouth of Pandarus (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv., Scene 4): 'Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse.' We may depend upon it, he acted up to this principle. The most probable pictures drawn from his Stratford life, we should say, were the forest scenes in *As You Like It*. We often think, too, that of all his characters, that of the moralizing, melancholy Jacques resembled in one feature the master who portrayed it. Genius is Janus-faced; nay, not that exactly: an invisible line divides the face of genius, and one side is melancholy, the other sportive; one of the corners of its mouth sober and sad, on the other plays many a jest. The allusion to the luces, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, is too well known for us to speak of, though we think commentators have missed the most epigrammatic point, which Page utters a little afterwards—'I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.' There is a bitter taunt implied in this, which would be enjoyed by Shakspeare's immediate friends. There is, moreover, a *double entendre* in the Justice's reply, 'I wished your venison better, *it was ill killed*.' A few lines further on, after all the badinage which Falstaff gives the unfortunate Justice, Page says, 'We have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope *we shall drink down all unkindness*.' This looks very much like a *naïve* allusion to something more than the mere topic on hand. We do not, however, like mere surmises, so will descend to something more certain,—that Bardolph, who in the same act calls Master Slender a Banbury cheese, would in our days have to call him a Banbury cake if he wished to be intelligible; this, too, may be classed with the other Oxfordshire allusions.

In the matter of the deer-stealing, Mr. Knight seems not only afraid that the poet should be convicted of deer-poaching,—a very trivial offence in those times, by the way,—but that his father should have been a wool-dealer. We are unfashionable enough to put implicit faith in both traditions. That Shakspeare knew something about the wool trade—which is still carried on in Stratford—is evident from the many allusions to it throughout the plays: he delights in sheep-shearings, images taken from shepherd's life, from young lambs. Then there is the famous colloquy between Corin and Touchstone (*As You Like It*, Act iii., Scene 2), where the whole calling of sheep-tending, &c., is set forth. The word

fell,* which Corin mentions, we may notice, is still used, and fell-monger still more so, in these parts. The question of Shakspeare's parentage is too ridiculous to enter into. What does it matter? Let him be born in a hovel, of the vilest of the vile, it signifies not to us: it is the man himself only we look at; pedigrees, and rank, and palaces can no more ennoble him than wool-dealing can degrade him.

But all this time we have said nothing about the flowers mentioned by Shakspeare; let us avoid the mistakes which we have mentioned that others, from their eagerness to find out something new, have fallen into. Let us act the reverse of the Frenchman, who cried, 'Give me facts and I'll *accommode* them to my theory;' we will accommodate our theory to the facts as we may find them. Let us take down some popular handbook, and see what are the most common Warwickshire flowers. Here is an extract from *Flowers and their Associations*, by Anne Pratt. 'In the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon there are some extensive grounds, upon which the violet is reared for the purpose of the chemist. Like the lavender and rose-grounds of Surrey, these spots, though fragrant, are not beautiful; and the flower loses from its association much of the loveliness which belongs to it in its native woodland' (page 27). We fear that the fair authoress has never visited Stratford-on-Avon. The gardens, we can assure her, exist only in her imagination. It is quite true that the violets here are used for medicinal purposes, and the principal chemist in Stratford lately told us that most of the syrup of violets used in England was manufactured in the town.

They are collected by the country people in the hedges and parks, where they grow in great abundance, and are sold at so much per ounce. On a market day the quantity brought in is something astonishing. Now there is no flower so often mentioned by Shakspeare, and we believe it is stated by some old authors on medicine and herbalists—and this is what our authoress must have been thinking of—that violet gardens long ago did exist at Stratford. In the famous flower catalogue in the *Winter's Tale* the violet has the finest compliment paid to it. The passage has often been admired for its beauty, but we are not aware that its extreme accuracy has been noted. Every flower fits into its right place, exactly in the order in which they naturally bloom. In *Cymbeline*, old Belarius compares the king's sons to zephyrs 'blowing below the violet, not wagging his sweet head.' In *King Richard II.* (Act. v., Scene 2), the Duchess of York asks,

> Who are the violets now,
> That strew the green lap of the new come spring?

Other instances will occur to every one, especially where Orsino talks of the sweet south,

> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odours.

He is even so fond of the name, that he christens one of his most beautiful heroines, Viola; and we may remark, what we have never before seen noticed, that Shakspeare shows his love for flowers and the woods by calling so many of his characters by their compounds. There is *Rosalind*, the archest, quickest of all his maids; there is *Silvia*, 'whom all our swains commend.' There is also a *Silvius*: a Prince *Florizel* too: and a Lord *Escalus*. Nay, he does not disdain to call his clowns after the same fashion, and we have Peter *Turf* and Henry *Pimpernel*, as friends of Christopher Sly; and good fellows they were, we warrant. Then who but Shakspeare would have drawn names for fairies from the same source from whence he gets his clowns? and so we have fairy *Peasblossom* and fairy *Mustardseed*, worthier names have they not in their own realms.

Let us return to our handbook for another quotation.

> In times when English wines were more used, every housewife in Warwickshire could produce her cowslip wine

* We quite approve of Mr. B. Field's clever emendation (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act v., Scene 1) of 'I, one Snug the joiner, am A lion fell' into, 'I, one Snug the joiner, am A lion's fell.'

. . . . the cowslip is still sold in many markets for this purpose, and little cottage girls still ramble the meadows during April and May in search of it.

Our authoress is this time more correct, and we can testify to the truth of her statement, in this portion of the country at least. The meadows round Stratford are completely 'smothered' (to use a country phrase) with these flowers. Shakspeare would naturally notice them, and they seem to be another special favourite with him. Ariel's home is 'in a cowslip's bell, where owls do cry;' then its doors are fast closed up for the night, and nothing can enter into its golden and crimson-canopied hall. The fairy, in praise of her queen, tells us,

> The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
> In their gold coats spots you see;
> There be rubies, fairy favours,
> In those freckles live their savours.

Was ever a flower described so minutely and yet so surpassing* beautifully? Then again, when the '*yellow* Iachimo' is cataloguing the beauties of the sleeping Imogen, he notes

> On her left breast
> A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
> I'the bottom of a cowslip.

One would have thought the former description had quite exhausted imagination, but Shakspeare's verse is ever fresh and sweet as these spring cowslips. This, then, is certain, that cowslips and violets are most abundant round Stratford, and that they bloom not less so in Shakspeare's verses.

In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act iii., Scene I), Titania bids her fairy feed rare Bottom

> With apricocks and dewberries.

Upon this latter word notes upon notes have been written, yet if we were to ask a common peasant lad or girl, they would show us the plant immediately. It is the *rubus cæsius* of Linnæus, and differs from the common bramble by its long trailing stems, the size and finer flavour of its fruit, as well as its delicate azure bloom. It grows plentifully in the hedge and ditch-banks, and on the sides of the Avon, and is in fruit from June to September.

In *Hamlet*, Ophelia crowns herself with

> Crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
> That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
> But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.

Upon this Mr. Lees, in his work on *Shakspeare's Rural Haunts*, remarks:—'Now, all the flowers mentioned above are common vernal flowers, and the 'long purple' or orchis (*orchis mascula*) still answers to what Shakspeare has averred respecting it of plain-speaking rustics and cold maids.'

Mr. Lees is, we think, mistaken. The orchis (*orchis mascula*), as far as our observation goes, is called king's fingers, never dead men's fingers. The allusion in the text, we conceive, is to the cuckoo-pint (*arum maculatum*), called in various parts of England lords and ladies, cows and calves, wake-robin, &c.; and about here dead men's fingers, by the children; and the allusion is obvious in its deep, dull, purple tint, and the peculiar limpness of its texture, as well as its finger-like shape. Both plants, however, like a great many others, have a second and a grosser nomenclature. The common explanation, that it is the long purple on the river banks, is beside the question; this latter Tennyson sings of in *A Dirge*, as 'the long purples *of the dale*.' Why of the dale, we know not.

But the whole passage has a deep significancy, and might be quoted as one out of the many instances of Shakspeare's delicacy and refinement of taste. The same motive that led him to suppress the name has its weight with us. 'The crow-flower' is the buttercup, still so called, and must not be confused with the crow-foot, or 'the tufted

* The emendation, in Mr. Collier's edition on this passage, of *all* for *tall*, completely destroys one peculiar beauty of the cowslip towering high over the primroses and oxlips, which did not escape Shakspeare's eye; the alteration of *coats* into *caps* is evidently out of keeping with pensioners, and spoils the imagery.

crow-tor,' as Milton calls it, which does not bloom till June.

Then there are the birds he mentions, and here we quote again from Mr. Lees:—'The birds that so sweetly sing in Shakspeare's pages *are all* of the Warwickshire breed; the bird 'with orange-tawny bill,' and the 'lark that tirra lirra sings,' as well as the nightingale, may all be heard any fine morning in May, in the Weir-brake below Stratford Church.' (p.45.) We don't absolutely say this; still, the subject is full of interest; we can imagine no more delightful essay, if well done, than on Shakspeare as a naturalist.* Here and there he may have committed an inaccuracy, or been misled by the common errors of his time, as when he speaks of 'the blind mole' (there is, though, a species in southern Europe quite blind); but you will never find him making mistakes in natural history such as occur in many of our best poets. For example, Tennyson, in *The Poet's Song*:—

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee.

Speaking of this charge against the bird, Mr. Broderip writes, in his *Zoological Recreations* (page 36), 'We believe that all our species are guiltless of such depredation.' Nor would Shakspeare have fallen into the error which Washington Irving commits, when describing his old church at Stratford:—'Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty grey spire.' Shakspeare would at once have seen they were not rooks, but jackdaws. A few years back, when repairing the steeple, the workmen filled up the holes where they bred, and nearly all the jackdaws have now left. It may, however, be only an Americanism, for Longfellow makes precisely the same blunder, when speaking of Nuremburg:—

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng.

A friend, from personal observation, assures us of what before we were convinced, that these also are jackdaws. The confusion between the two birds is not uncommon, we suspect, in American writers.

It is not a little singular that most of the proofs adduced that the play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is the joint production of Shakspeare and Fletcher, turn upon the former's minute habit of observation in natural history. The following line has often been adduced:—

Touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's plucked off.

We quote Leigh Hunt,—'This also has been supposed proof positive of Shakspeare's hand. I think it is; but I must also be of opinion that it is his hand in excess.' We shall say nothing more than that Shakspeare rarely introduces conceits for their bare sake, much less does he deal with unpleasant images when there is no necessity. A few lines after we meet with 'twinning cherries,' which is very lovely, and thoroughly Shakspearian; both passages are, however, pregnant with his closeness of observation. The description, too, of the horse that Arcite rides, is written by a true lover of nature.

There is one bird, however, whose *habitat* and breeding habits and food have puzzled naturalists more than any other—the cuckoo. Even at this present day the best authorities are by no means agreed. The best modern accounts of the habits of this bird, which we know of, may be found in Macgillivray; but far before Macgillivray, or any other naturalist, dead or living, with all due deference to them, would we place Shakspeare's account. We can find more of its history, evidently taken from life, in his plays,

* The ousel cock, or, as in some editions, woosel-cock,
So black of hue,
With orange tawney bill;—
(*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii., Scene 1.)

is explained in the glossaries and notes as the blackbird; can it be derived from the Warwickshire word *dousel*, to dive, in allusion to its ducking, dipping flight in the air?

than in any work professedly written by a naturalist. Here, in a few lines, is a description of the young of the cuckoo, which no one but he who had watched it often and attentively, could have given:—

> Being fed by us, you us'd us so
> As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
> Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
> Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
> That even our love durst not come near your sight,
> For fear of swallowing.
>
> *First Part of King Henry IV.*, Act v., Scene 1.

Who that has ever seen a young cuckoo, with its great gaping mouth ready to devour its step-parents, the sparrows, will deny the truth of this? Then again he marks its arrival in the well known song,—

> When daisies pied, and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver-white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
> Do paint the meadows with delight,
> The cuckoo then, on every tree,
> Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
> Cuckoo,
> Cuckoo, cuckoo;—O word of fear,
> Unpleasing to the married ear!
>
> *Love's Labour Lost*, Act v., last scene.

The meaning of the latter portion is still well understood in these parts. How accurately, too, he notes its departure.

> He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
> Heard, not regarded.
>
> *First Part of King Henry IV.*, Act i. Scene 3.

In fact, we might compile its history from him. Let us give one more example of his extreme minuteness of observation respecting another shy bird. Horatio says of Osric (*Hamlet*, Act v., Scene 2),

> This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

This is wonderfully true; we have seen the newly-hatched fledglings running about in the fallows, with the pieces of shell sticking to their down. Again, in *Much Ado About Nothing* (Act iii., Scene 1.), Hero says,

> Look where Beatrice like a lapwing runs, close by the ground.

In another place the bird is spoken of as the 'White-winged plover wheeling round.' Again, 'Far from her nest the lapwing cries away,' *i.e.* any intruder. Both passages are very descriptive of its habits. We are not, of course, going to draw a conclusion that cuckoos and plovers are peculiarly Warwickshire birds, or that they were more plentiful in Shakspeare's time than now, though an old country expression, that 'the land will grow nothing but lapwings,' seems to allude to an abundance of the latter formerly. We merely point to these two instances to show how accurate he is, and how well worthy his descriptions of nature are of more attention than naturalists have yet paid to them. But we have said enough for the present, and must close our scrambling remarks. We trust, though, that we have shown there are plenty of other ways of appreciating Shakspeare than by the usual idolatry of pseudo-relics and the folio edition. We owe him a vast debt of gratitude, and we can best repay him by studying his works.

Shakspeare seems to have been endowed with a telescopic and a microscopic vision. The one power he directed towards the furthest thoughts, the other he turned to the common things around him. And wherever we are it matters not, in Warwickshire or elsewhere, we can all contribute something which shall confirm his accuracy of observation. Go out into the open fields, into the air, into the woodlands, look around you, and enjoy them as Shakspeare enjoyed them. Flowers, and singing birds, and green grass, and rivers, and blowing breezes, nature has given unto us with no unsparing hand, everywhere, everywhere. And this is the moral, after all, that Shakspeare teaches us, that if we use them but rightly, we shall

> Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

J. W.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

WE sincerely regret that we are compelled to begin our notice of so amiable a man and so pleasing a poet as James Montgomery, by speaking in terms of indignant protest of the manner in which his biography has been written. This biography is the most scandalous specimen of book-making with which, even in these days of preposterously extended biographies, we have happened to become acquainted. The story of a quiet life singularly devoid of incident has been spun out into seven closely-printed volumes, by the pure incompetence, stupidity, and impertinence of its writers. It was quite fit that some permanent record of Montgomery's life should be prepared: his poetry has real merit and distinctive characteristics which entitle him to such a memorial; though had the life of Mr. Popkins run a similar course, most assuredly it would not have been worth recording. Still, one of the seven volumes we have toiled through might properly enough have been given to a memoir, written with moderate discrimination, of the author of *The World before the Flood*, *The Pelican Island*, and *The Common Lot*. But Messrs. Holland and Everett had for once got hold of a subject likely to have some interest for educated people, and they resolved to make the most of it; and, if possible, to associate their own utterly insignificant names with the respectable name of Montgomery. Mr. Everett gives us, at the beginning of the third volume, a picture of his own gross features; and Mr. Holland, if possible a more vulgar-looking individual, figures at the beginning of the fifth, in one of those white neckcloths with long limp ends which are indissolubly associated with the memory of Mr. Stiggins. The characteristics of the biography are faithfully mirrored in these two countenances, so redolent of self-conceit, stupidity, and vulgarity. We do not hesitate to say that Messrs. Holland and Everett are wholly incapable of writing a biography. Their main determination in this work appears to have been to cover as many pages as possible. It seems to have been Mr. Holland's system to cram himself from some cheap and popular manual, and then, with the information thus easily acquired, to come down upon Montgomery, and note down the 'conversations on various subjects' which ensued. Mr. Holland, of course, is the great man in most of these; and he has preserved them quite in the Boswell style. We have abundance of such lively and memorable dialogues as the following:—HOLLAND—'Sir, did you ever see a whale?' MONTGOMERY—'No, I never saw a whale.'

Whenever Montgomery said anything particularly weak and silly (which we regret to find he often did), Mr. Holland hastened to chronicle it as a valuable relic. Montgomery had a tendency, it appears, to write extremely long and very prosy, not to say twaddling, letters; and an immense number of these are given, almost all possessing not the slightest interest. Then Montgomery was for many years editor of a Sheffield newspaper; and in that capacity, as Mr. Holland tells us, 'the great and important events which have been significantly called 'The Wars of the French Revolution,' were consecutively chronicled and commented upon by him;' and of course this is good reason why in his biography all these 'great and important events' should be chronicled and commented upon again. Mr. Montgomery was accustomed to go about speechifying at Sabbath-school and Bible Society meetings; and no doubt all these speeches served a useful purpose at the time; but surely there was no occasion to preserve a great number

* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery; including Selections from his Correspondence, Remains in Prose and Verse, and Conversations on various Subjects.* By John Holland and James Everett. Seven Volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1854-6.

The Poetical Works of James Montgomery. Collected by himself. In Four Volumes. London: Longman and Co. 1849.

of them in his Life, the more especially as they have really no merit at all save that of earnestness and simplicity. But the biographers have thought fit to put on record a vast deal of the washy stuff which the good man was wont in his failing days to talk in the vestries of dissenting meeting-houses, and at Sheffield local charities.

We have no doubt at all that Messrs. Holland and Everett thought they were producing a book very like Mr. Forster's delightful *Life of Goldsmith.* They explain that it is their purpose to set forth the 'Life and Times of James Montgomery;' and accordingly we have nearly as much about Montgomery's friends (Messrs. Holland and Everett being always in the foreground), as about Montgomery himself. But unhappily, all these friends appear to have been the most wearisome and uninteresting of mortals. At the first glance, we might be surprised that Montgomery did not choose acquaintances of a different stamp: but the fact ceases to be remarkable when we remember that till late in life his position in society was not such as to afford him any selection; and when we discern in his character many indications of such weakness and silliness as prepare us to believe that he would take a pleasure in being surrounded by toadies and flatterers. No doubt he found such in Messrs. Holland and Everett: though the former in the preface to this work insinuates a graceful compliment to himself and his fit coadjutor, in the statement that 'the biography of such a man demands some literary and religious qualifications resembling his own.' Mr. Holland's grammar is imperfect; still, the meaning of the sentence may be gathered. And it does really appear that Montgomery was on a footing of intimacy with these two men: Mr. Holland tells us that rarely a week, generally only a day or two, passed without their meeting. And for many years before Montgomery died, Messrs. Holland and Everett were accumulating materials for this valuable work. Through all this period the purpose 'was never lost sight of:' and we are told that the poet tacitly approved it. 'To suppose that he himself had no suspicion of such a design, especially amidst the unguarded conversation of later years, would be to attribute to him the absence of even an ordinary degree of perspicacity.'* And the result of the entire process is before us in these seven volumes. The stupidity of Messrs. Holland and Everett is such, that they seem really to think that they are magnifying their friend when they set him before us as such a weak, twaddling, over-sensitive, and silly person, that we heartily regret we ever read his Life—written, at least, by such incapable hands.

The book sets out with a history of the noble family of Montgomerie through the chivalrous ages, the reason for introducing this in the Life of Montgomery being, that he was not in any way connected with that family. His parents were Irish: and they came to reside at Irvine, in Ayrshire, so immediately before the poet's birth, that he was accustomed to say that 'he had very narrowly escaped being an Irishman.' But Eglinton Castle, the residence of the Earl of Eglinton, is within a few miles of Irvine: the name of the Eglinton family is Montgomerie; and accordingly the biographer tells us that 'there seems nothing very improbable in the supposition that he may have had a common progenitor with that illustrious branch of the family.' But Montgomery himself, when asked to mention any of his relations, gave a list of names less known to fame:

Holland—Did you ever know any of your relations of that name? [Montgomerie.] *Montgomery*—No; our relations were the *Spences*, the *M'Mullins*, and the *Blackleys*.

It is really too bad that one 'than whom,' Mr. Holland tells us, 'there did not exist an individual of *any* 'celebrity' who was less of a tuft-hunter, or who so *really* recognised and habitually acted upon a well-known *dictum*, that CHRISTIAN is

* Mr. Holland's mind is evidently not metaphysical, nor are his expressions precise. The *absence* of a quality is not generally regarded as an *attribute*. But this is a trifle.

the highest style of man,* should be made ridiculous by his biographers' snobbish attempt to claim kindred for him with a noble family.

The poet's father was a Moravian preacher; accordingly, we are favoured with a history of the Moravians, their doctrines, and persecutions. The most remarkable circumstance about this primitive people is their odd manner of contracting marriages. It is decided *by lot* what 'brother' shall marry such a 'sister:' and this system has been submitted to for several centuries.† Montgomery told a story as to a certain Mr. Hutton, a great man among the Moravians:

George III. was fond of him; and on one occasion the King, who liked a joke, said, in his dry way, 'Mr. Hutton, I am told that you Moravians do not select your wives, but leave it to your ministers to choose for you—is it so?' 'Yes, please your Majesty; marriages amongst the Brethren are contracted, as your Majesty will perceive, after the fashion of royalty.'

The specimens which are preserved of Montgomery's *bon-mots* are such, that it is clear that had Sydney Smith ever come in contact with him, that distinguished wit would have met his match. We give some witticisms, culled with care:—

As Montgomery never wore any trinket, jewel, or personal ornament of that kind, we were amused one day by his exhibiting on his finger a *galvanic ring* (such as were then common, being made of a rim of zinc and copper), *archly remarking, 'that as it had been placed there by a lady, he dared not remove it!'*

June 4, 1822. Mr. Everett accompanied Montgomery on an excursion to Mansfield. The Hope coach left Sheffield at half-past seven in the morning, —an early hour for the poet. He was however ready to the minute; and watching the guard place a large watch in its receptacle, *'There,'* says he, *'is his time, locked up like a turnspit dog in a wheel, to run its rounds and do its work!'*

Then, for an example of wit and presence of mind conjoined:—

Mr. Robert Montgomery, from Woolwich, while walking out with the poet, came *suddenly* upon a field of flax in full flower,—beautifully blue. 'Brother, what sort of corn is that?' inquired the stranger. *'Such corn as your shirt is made of!'* was the PROMPT reply.

On one occasion, Mr. Holland was accosted by a gentleman, *sotto voce*, with the startling inquiry, 'Do you know that Mr. Montgomery is married?' 'Certainly not,' was the reply; 'why do you put such a question?' 'Because,' said the gentleman, 'there is a letter in existence which I am told proves the fact.' That letter is before us: it begins thus—'My dear friend—In a gloomy humour, I wrote the preceding trifle a few days ago. You will learn from it a secret, which I have hitherto withheld even from you and all my friends in Sheffield, namely, that *I am married!*'

To cut short Mr. Holland's story, the *trifle* was a copy of very poor verses, in which Montgomery mentions that he was *married to the Muse*. In such brilliant and novel *jeux-d'esprit* did the worthy man indulge.

Our readers would not forgive us, if we failed to record the following remarkable incident.

Coming into Mr. Holland's room one day, it was evident that something had tickled the poet's fancy. On being asked how he was:—*Montgomery*— 'Wait till I have *recovered my breath*, and I will tell you. You have noticed the immense piles of stones which your friend, William Lee, the surveyor of highways, has laid up yonder for paving the streets?'—*Holland*—'Yes, sir.'—*Montgomery*—'Well, I was coming along, in a most melancholy mood, when the sight of these stones, in connexion with a sudden fancy, so amused me, that I think the incident has really done me good. I thought that when our surveyor dies, the epitaph originally made for Sir John Vanbrugh, would, with the alteration of a single word, be exactly suitable for the worthy Sheffielder:—

Lie heavy on him, earth, for *Lee*
Laid many a heavy load on thee!'

Montgomery, notwithstanding *this pleasant sally* on the name of Mr. Lee, was *as ready as any one* to admit the value of the public services of one through whose official superintendence Sheffield might fairly claim to be regarded as one of the best paved, as well as best drained, towns in the kingdom.

We can recal a parallel instance of wit to Mr. Montgomery's jokes, from the writings of Mr. Dickens.

* Preface to vol. vii. p. 8. The typographical peculiarities are Mr. Holland's.

† Vol. i. p. 22.

Mr. Peter Magnus said to Mr. Pickwick, 'You observe the initials of my name; P.M.—*Post Meridiem?* In familiar notes to intimate acquaintances, I occasionally sign my name 'Afternoon.' It amuses them, Mr. Pickwick.' Mr. Pickwick, we are told, bowed; and rather envied the facility with which Mr. Magnus's friends could be amused.

Of the value of Montgomery's critical opinion we are enabled to judge by the following incident. Speaking of some preacher of whom we never heard before, he said:

There was, among other striking passages in his prayer, one *very fine sentiment.* 'God save the king, let not his greatness perish with him in the dust, but let him be great before Thee!' *That is of the very essence of the sublime!*

If this be 'of the very essence of the sublime,' so, we presume, must be the following passage, from a leading article written by Montgomery in his newspaper, after Napoleon's death:

He is dead; Buonaparte is dead; and *we promised to furnish his epitaph.* It shall be brief; it shall be the only epitaph worthy of him,—

'BUONAPARTE,'

his name, as it is written in his mother tongue, and unclipt by French flippancy.

Although it is evident from the biography, *passim*, that the people of Sheffield, including Montgomery, had an idea that their town was in all respects superior to any other of modern times, it is pleasing to observe that the poet's mind was comparatively free from provincial prejudices. We find the following important passage in a speech delivered by him at the founding of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, to a report of which Messrs. Holland and Everett give eleven pages of their book:

Sir, *I have never pretended,* nor could I be guilty of *such sophistry and falsehood* as to insinuate, that *Sheffield can boast of poets, historians, and philosophers, to rival those of Greece and Rome!!!*

Modest and candid old gentleman! Still he had his faults, for what says Mr. Holland?

'Posterity will no doubt be a little surprised, should I ever take it by the button, and say, 'Mr. Montgomery was a smoker!'

And he had a bad habit of throwing his letters violently about:

Montgomery called on Mr. Holland, and placing in his hand an envelope; 'See,' said he, 'there is a genuine autograph of Wordsworth. That is such a letter as one feels pleasure in receiving: not like *these,* neither of which are worth a farthing, in any way;' at the same time *casting the two impertinents violently upon the floor, as we have seen him do with similar epistles in other instances.*

The fact is important, still the anecdote is incomplete. It was wrong in Mr. Holland to leave us in suspense as to whether Montgomery left the 'impertinents' lying upon his floor, or before leaving picked them up and re-pocketed them.

Notwithstanding the enormous length of this biography, there is a total absence in it of anything like clearness and completeness of presentment of the life, character, and daily habits of the man. Whoever desires to have a vivid picture of the individual Montgomery, must piece it together for himself, from detached hints and imperfect statements gathered up here and there in unexpected nooks of the huge mass of verbiage of which these volumes consist. Before we go on to sketch out the story of Montgomery's life, we should like to give our readers some notion of the great features of it during by far the greater part of its continuance.

For nearly fifty years, beginning when he was little more than two-and-twenty, Montgomery was editor, proprietor, printer, and publisher of the *Sheffield Iris* newspaper. He lived an odd kind of frowsy life, over a bookseller's shop, in one of the dirtiest streets of Sheffield. He was never married; but he lived all that time with three respectable women, who kept the bookseller's shop already mentioned, and whom he regarded as his sisters, though they were not in any way related to him. We form a very kindly impression of them; and after the smirking impudence of Mr. Holland's portrait, we turn with great satisfaction to that at the beginning of vol. vi., which shows

us the pleasant homely features of Sarah Gales. Every evening, in the company of these worthy individuals, Montgomery smoked a single pipe. He was very fond of cats; he had always at least one pet of that race, which in the evening was wont to leap up into his lap and share his tea. From nervousness or indolence he never could shave himself. Unlike most men who write much, to whom

The fair undress, best dress, which
checks no vein,

is an essential both of comfort and of progress in their work, Montgomery always wrote, at every period of his life, when fully dressed in outgoing attire. The habit was probably acquired in his early days of editorship, when he sat in a room which opened into the shop, and always thought it necessary to appear in person to receive advertisements and orders of all kinds. He was keenly sensitive to cold, and went about shivering in a thick great-coat, even in the dog days. He was fairly educated, but had not the faintest claim to scholarship. He never was on the Continent; and but once in Scotland, and once in Ireland, in the last seventy years of his life. His newspaper began with a large circulation, being erected on the ruins of another put down by Government prosecution; and at first his political views were extreme enough, but they became more and more moderate; he had not the *push* and energy needful for the conduct of a popular newspaper, and though his journal—a weekly one—was always respectably conducted, its circulation latterly grew small. He had no reporter: he rode about and collected accounts in person. He had a feeble frame, an oversensitive mind, spirits almost equably depressed, a most sincere and amiable heart. Intense honesty, guileless simplicity, humble and unaffected piety, were characteristic of James Montgomery. His poetry we shall estimate hereafter: his prose was very prosy indeed; his conversation in no way remarkable. In his letters and speeches he had an inveterate tendency to say everything in the greatest possible number of words. He was a true philanthropist; wealth and energy were all he wanted to have been another 'Man of Ross.' He was weak, no doubt, in many respects, but we do not wonder that all who knew him loved him. His poetry breathes a serene and simple piety, and he was as good as he wrote.

But we have gathered from these seven volumes all that is worth recording of Montgomery's life, and we proceed to give our readers a sketch of it.

On the coast of Ayrshire, ten miles north of Ayr, in a flat, sandy, uninteresting country, stands the ugly town of Irvine. There James Montgomery was born, on the 4th November, 1771. Much of the Ayrshire coast is very bold and striking; nothing can exceed its beauty in the neighbourhood of Largs and Skelmorlie; but for miles on either side of Irvine, the coast, and the country for a mile or two inland, is weary sand. So Montgomery was drawing on an imperfect recollection when he described his native shore as either rugged or romantic:

The loud Atlantic ocean,
  On Scotland's rugged breast,
Rocks, with harmonious motion,
  His weary waves to rest;
And gleaming round her emerald isles,
In all the pomp of sun-set smiles.

On that romantic shore,
  My parents hailed their first-born boy;
A mother's pangs my mother bore,
  My father felt a father's joy.*

The poet's father, John Montgomery, was born at Bally-Kennedy, in a parish bearing the euphonious name of Ahoghill, in the county of Antrim. His mother, Mary Blackley, was a native of the same place. They had four children—three sons, of whom James was the eldest, and a daughter, who died before the poet's birth. John Montgomery became a preacher among the Moravian Brethren, and was appointed minister of a small congregation at Irvine, where he remained for several years. The Brethren's church had, and has, but few members in Scotland, and after John Montgomery left Irvine, his con-

* *Poetical Works*, vol. ii. p. 166.

gregation became extinct, and his humble chapel was turned into a weaver's shop. When his more distinguished son, at the age of well-nigh fourscore, revisited Irvine, he went to see the chapel where his father had preached. He found it thus desecrated—but there he enjoyed a foretaste of posthumous fame:—he saw a tablet, which had been inserted in the wall, bearing an inscription that under that roof had been born James Montgomery, the poet. And although he had left Scotland with his parents at the age of four years, he recognised the features of the place. He remembered especially two large stone balls at the entrance to the jail, placed there—he had been told—that the heads of malefactors might be knocked against them at entering.

On leaving Irvine, Montgomery's parents settled at Grace Hill, a Moravian settlement in the parish of Ahoghill; and here the poet received the first rudiments of education from Jemmy McCaffery, the parish schoolmaster. When he was seven years old, his father took him to Fulneck, in Yorkshire, where were a Moravian settlement and school. In 1783, John Montgomery and his wife went as missionaries to the West Indies, and their two younger sons, Robert and Ignatius, were sent to join their brother at the Brethren's school at Fulneck. When any Moravian minister devotes himself to the Missionary work, his children are adopted and maintained by the brotherhood.

The Moravian establishment at Fulneck consisted of a handsome range of buildings, in a pleasant retired situation, and looking upon a rich country. Fulneck is about six miles from Leeds. The air is salubrious: and the land attached to the Institution, originally a tract of rough moorland, has been brought to fertility by the labours of the Brethren. The school was an excellent one; and its fame attracted many pupils whose parents were not of the Moravian community. Here James Montgomery remained during ten years, 'distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy.' His odd appearance and over-sensitive temper made him a mark for the ridicule of his more vigorous companions; and here he laid the foundation of that shrinking, morbid disposition which went with him through life. He was very pale, very near-sighted, had 'an abundant supply of carroty locks,' and a scorbutic taint in his blood thus early manifested itself. *Robinson Crusoe* was the work which fired his youthful fancy; though even so innocent a work of fiction was tabooed by the stern discipline of the Brotherhood.

On being interrogated what first led him to court the Muses, Montgomery replied,—'The master one day took several of the children out, and read Blair's *Grave* to them behind a hedge. My attention was strongly arrested, and a few lines made a powerful impression on my mind. I said to myself, if ever I become a poet, I will write something like this. I afterwards resolved, oddly enough, that I would write a *round poem:* this notion was perpetually in my head, an idea of *round* being my idea of perfection.' This he illustrated by referring to a glass globe, which was smooth and entire; that anything added to it might augment its size, but would never add to the perfection of its rotundity; while anything taken from it would be destructive of its globular form, and so far of its perfection. 'I remember,' he said, 'as well as if it was but yesterday, how I leaned upon a rail as I stood on some steps at Fulneck, and deeply and silently mused in my mind on the commotion which would be produced upon the public by the appearance of this *round poem*.'

Montgomery's first poetical efforts were imitations of the rude ungrammatical old Moravian hymns. By the time he was thirteen, he had filled a book with these. His instructors carefully guarded their pupils from contact with books which they regarded as improper. So vigilant were they, that the father of one of the boys having sent to the school a volume of selections from Milton, Thomson, and Young, consisting, as he supposed, of some of their finest moral and religious sentiments, it was carefully examined, and pruned of its unprofitable passages, before the masters suffered it to fall into the hands of the boys. And on reaching them, it was found seriously mutilated, many leaves cut out, and others in a mangled state. The usual result

followed from this extreme severity of discipline. Montgomery fell in with an extract from *Hamlet:*

We were of course prohibited from reading the entire play; and that very prohibition created in me the most ardent desire to see the whole; nor did I ever rest till I had read it.

The ten years Montgomery lived at Fulneck were spent in monastic seclusion from the world. 'I do not recollect,' he says, 'having once during all that time conversed for ten minutes with any person whatever, except my companions, our masters, and occasional Moravian visitors.' There seems to have been much simple piety among the children; an amusing example is given:

It was customary for the boys of different classes to take tea with each other. One day the beverage was changed; and when the boys had all partaken, they formed a circle hand in hand, and sung a hymn. One of the least was then placed in the centre of the ring, to officiate in prayer. He knelt down and said, 'O Lord, bless us little children, and make us very good! We thank thee for what we have received. *O bless this good chocolate to us, and give us more of it!*'

Notwithstanding the prohibitions of his superiors, Montgomery gradually became acquainted with many of the English poets. Poetry was his passion thus early. Cowper was the first 'whole poet' he had seen; but he did not care for Cowper's poetry; he 'thought he could do better himself.' Before he was fourteen, he wrote a mock-heroic poem of 1000 lines. He began a poem called *The World*, which he intended should outvie Milton on his own domain; and contemplated a long work on the history of Alfred, in a series of Pindaric odes. An event which occurred at this time made a great impression on his mind, and was often recurred to by him in after years. The eccentric Lord Monboddo, on visiting Fulneck, was taken by the Moravian bishop to the school, and the names of several boys mentioned to him. The old judge paid little attention till the bishop said, 'Here, my lord, is one of your countrymen.' On this Monboddo started, and flourishing a large horsewhip over Montgomery's head, cried out, 'I hope he will take care that his country shall never be ashamed of him.' 'This,' said Montgomery, 'I never forgot; nor shall I forget it while I live: I have, indeed, endeavoured so to act that my country might never have cause to be ashamed of me.'

The poetic boy became silent and abstracted, to the great annoyance of the good Brethren, who had hoped to have made him a Moravian minister. The school diary contains several unsatisfactory entries about him: under May 2nd, 1787, we find 'Complaints that J. M. was not using proper diligence in his studies, and was admonished on the subject;' and on July 3rd, 'As J. M., notwithstanding repeated admonitions, has not been more attentive, it was resolved to put him to a business, at least for a time.' J. M. was accordingly placed with a small shopkeeper at Mirfield, near Fulneck. He remained behind the counter for a year and a half, writing poetry and composing music; and finally, on Sunday morning, the 19th June, 1789, he ran away, with three-and-sixpence in his pocket. 'I had just got,' he tells us, 'a new suit of clothes, but as I had only been a short time with my good master, I did not think my little services had earned them. I therefore left him in my old ones. And thus, at the age of sixteen, set out James Montgomery to begin the world.'

On the evening of the second day he reached the hamlet of Wentworth; and here he conceived a plan for recruiting his lessening finances. He knew that Earl Fitzwilliam's residence was near. Having fairly copied out a little poem he had composed, he proceeded to Wentworth Park, and after waiting a while, espied his lordship riding through his domain. With great agitation he presented his poem to the kind-hearted nobleman, who read it upon the spot, and forthwith presented a golden guinea to the gratified author. In a few days Montgomery was established as shopman to Mr. Hunt, who kept 'a general store' at the pretty village of Wath, near Rotherham, where he sold 'flour, shoes, cloth, groceries, and almost every description of hard and soft ware.' The kind

Brethren at Fulneck sought to persuade the prodigal to return to them, but Montgomery was resolute, and at Wath he remained a year, 'remarkably grave, serious, and silent,' —'a slender youth, shrinking from the cold, and still more from contact with the villagers generally, who regarded him with a mysterious interest, as being sure 'no vulgar boy.''

At Wath, Montgomery became acquainted with a neighbouring bookseller, who encouraged his taste for literature. At the end of a year he sent a volume of manuscript poetry to Mr. Harrison, the publisher, of Paternoster-row, and a week after followed in person. We have no particulars of his first journey to London, but we are told that Mr. Harrison gave Montgomery a situation in his shop, though he declined to print the young poet's volume. Montgomery retained his quiet disposition. While in London he never entered a theatre, nor ever visited the British Museum; 'he had no curiosity,' he tells us, 'for such things.' He first saw himself in print in an Edinburgh weekly publication, entitled *The Bee*, where, in November, 1791, appeared a tale by him, called *The Chimera*, of little merit. He next wrote a novel, in imitation of Fielding, which he offered to Mr. Lane, the publisher. Lane read the work, and offered Montgomery twenty pounds for it, provided he would re-write it: 'for,' said Lane, 'you swear so shockingly, that I dare not publish the work as it is.' 'This,' said Montgomery long after, 'was like a dagger to my heart, for I never swore an oath in my life, nor did I till that moment perceive the impropriety of making fictitious characters swear *in print*, as they do in Fielding and Smollett.' The novel was again offered to Lane long afterwards, and refused; and in after life its author often expressed his thankfulness that things were so ordered.

But in the meantime the disappointment was a bitter one, and Montgomery resolved to return to Yorkshire. He accordingly entered once more upon his shopman life at Wath. Meanwhile, in 1790, his mother died at Tobago, and was followed in a few months by his father. They had been conducting the Moravian Mission there for seven years. Their simplicity and piety appear to have been beyond all praise, and there is something very touching in the way in which the good missionary wrote to the Brethren of Fulneck, recording the death of his wife, whom he was so soon to follow. On November 10th, 1790, he wrote:—

With a heart deeply affected, I must inform you that it has pleased the Lord to take my dear wife home to eternal rest, on the 23rd of October. Her illness was a fever, which lasted seven days. In the beginning no danger was apprehended; but on the fifth day the physician expressed some fears. I asked her whether she was going to leave me alone in this island? She replied, indeed I should wish to remain longer with you, knowing how much you want my assistance; but the Lord's will be done.

He himself died on the 27th June following. A brother missionary wrote of him:—

He fell happily asleep, as a ransomed sinner, rejoicing in God his Saviour, upon whose atonement he rested all his hopes, and now seeth him face to face in whom he believed, and of whose cross and death he bore many testimonies before whites and blacks.

A less feeling heart than the poet's would have cherished the remembrance of parents so early parted and so sadly lost, and we are not surprised to learn that, till the end of his long life, Montgomery was accustomed very frequently to speak of them in terms of warm affection.

My father, mother,—parents now no more!
Beneath the lion-star they sleep,
Beyond the Western deep:
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves!*

At the age of twenty-one, Montgomery, being still Mr. Hunt's shopman, took up by accident one day the *Sheffield Register*, a newspaper published by Mr. Gales, and there read an advertisement for a

* *Poetical Works*, vol. ii. p. 166.

clerk in a counting-house in Sheffield. That advertisement formed the turning-point in the poet's history. He found it was Mr. Gales himself who stood in need of a clerk; and in a few days he was domesticated with him in that house in a busy thoroughfare called 'The Hartshead,' which was to be his home for five-and-forty years. Mr. Joseph Gales of Sheffield was printer, bookseller, and auctioneer; also editor and publisher of the newspaper just mentioned. Montgomery said publicly in 1845, that there was not perhaps in the world a more lonely being than himself when, on a dark Sunday evening, he crossed the Ladies' Bridge, and walked up the market-place towards his future home. At that time Sheffield had only one-fourth of the population which Montgomery lived to see it contain.

It was the future poet's business to make himself generally useful in his new situation. He attended Mr. Gales to act as clerk at the sales where he presided as auctioneer, and attended in the bookselling shop. Here he became acquainted with the *Pleasures of Memory*, the proof sheets of which were given him by a young man, a compositor in the printing-office, who had assisted while in London in 'setting-up' the first edition of Mr. Rogers's pleasing work. Politics ran high in Sheffield, as elsewhere, about the year 1792. Mr. Gales was a vehement partisan; and Montgomery, who regarded his master as 'a generous, upright, and noble-minded' man, very naturally came to feel 'every pulse in his heart beating in favour of the popular doctrines.' On the 8th of April, 1793, Mr. Gales occupied the chair at a Reform meeting held on the Castle-hill, which sent up a petition to the House of Commons expressed in terms so disrespectful that the House refused to receive it. Montgomery gradually began to write some political papers in the *Register*, concerning which he afterwards said, with tears, that when he wrote them 'he had been one of the greatest fools that ever obtruded himself on the public notice.' A royal proclamation having appointed the 28th February, 1794, to be observed as a general fast, the 'Friends of Peace and Reform' at Sheffield chose to honour the day after their own fashion, by holding a large public meeting; at which, after a prayer delivered by 'Billy Broomhead,' and a 'serious lecture' by 'Neddy Oakes,' a hymn, written for the occasion by Montgomery, 'was sung in full chorus' by the assembly, consisting of several thousand persons. A series of violent party disturbances followed; and on one occasion, it being understood that the authorities contemplated some interference with Mr. Gales, a band of 'a hundred stout democrats' guarded his house for a day, singing 'God save great Thomas Paine,' to the national air. But government suspicion—not without some reason—fell upon Mr. Gales, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. He fled to America, whence he did not return, and the *Sheffield Register* went down.

By this time Montgomery had been two years in the office: he had acquired the confidence of the Gales family; he had latterly been writing a good deal in the newspaper: and now, in conjunction with a certain Naylor, he announced a new weekly paper, the *Sheffield Iris*. Thus rapidly had he passed from more than cloister quiet, to the bustle of a position the very last that might have been anticipated for one of his shrinking nature—that of editor and publisher of a Radical newspaper in stormy times. On July 4th, 1794, the first number of the *Iris* was published, on 'peace and reform' principles. How little suited was his sensitive spirit for party strife and business cares, we learn from his own declaration made at the period—'I hate politics, and would as soon meet a bear as a ledger.' He knew that the eye of the Government was upon him; which is not to be wondered at, if it was true, as his biographers tell us, that 'his paper was the organ, and his office the rendezvous, of the disaffected party.' A month after Montgomery had started on his own account, occasion was found for coming down upon him.

One day a ballad-singer came to his shop, and asked if he might have six quires of a certain ballad

printed. Montgomery glanced at the ballad, which appeared innocent, and agreed to give the poor man what he wanted for eighteenpence. Two months afterwards, Montgomery was taken into custody on the charge of having printed and published a seditious libel respecting the war then waging between his Majesty and the French Government. The ballad he had printed, which was entitled *A Patriotic Song, by a Clergyman of Belfast*, contained the following verse:—

Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends;
Most important its issues will be:
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends;
If she triumphs, the world will be free.

Montgomery was held to bail, and was tried at Doncaster in January, 1795. Everything about the proceeding was made as oppressive as possible. The enlightened jury found that 'James Montgomery, printer, being a wicked, malicious, seditious, and evil-disposed person, and seditiously contriving, devising, and intending to stir up and excite discontent and sedition among his Majesty's subjects, and to alienate and withdraw the affection, fidelity, and allegiance of his said Majesty's subjects,' &c. &c. &c., 'did publish the said libel.' Montgomery was sentenced to suffer three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and to pay a fine of twenty pounds. Poor Montgomery was at this time just three-and-twenty. At this date we need not hesitate to call the entire proceeding a scandalously-oppressive one. Half a century afterwards, the poet came into possession of the papers, including the *brief* for the prosecution. In that document it is stated that 'this prosecution is carried on chiefly with the view of putting a stop to the meetings of the associated clubs in Sheffield.' Thus were things done in the grand old days when Eldon was Attorney-General.

In literary occupation the time of imprisonment soon passed away; and at its close Montgomery resumed his work at the *Iris* office. Soon after he became sole proprietor of the journal. But further ills awaited him. On occasion of one of those disturbances which were too common at Sheffield at that period, the military fired upon the people. The circumstances were described in the *Iris* in terms which the commanding officer regarded as levelled at himself. A second time did the luckless editor experience justice's justice, being sentenced, after a tedious prosecution, to six months' imprisonment in York Castle, to pay a fine of thirty pounds, and to give security for good behaviour for two years. Montgomery had been racked with anxiety while the matter was in suspense, but his spirits became more cheerful when he found himself in his old quarters. By his gentleness he won the regard of all the officials of the prison; and he beguiled the tedium of confinement by writing a small volume of poetry, which was published in the following year (1797) under the title of *Prison Amusements*. It is pleasant to record that the poet *lived down* the enmity of prosecutors and justices: some of those who had been most eager for his punishment upon both these occasions lived to know him better, and to become his fast friends.

Montgomery's work at the *Iris* office now went on quietly in the course in which it was to run for many succeeding years. He thus describes his workshop:—

From the room in which I sit to write, and in which some of my happiest pieces have been produced, all the prospect I have is a confined yard, where there are some miserable old walls and the backs of houses, which present to the eye neither beauty, variety, nor anything else calculated to inspire a single thought, except concerning the rough surface of the bricks, the corners of which have either been chipped off by violence or fretted away by the weather. As a general rule, whatever of poetry is to be derived from scenery must be secured before we sit down to compose.

From this *sanctum*, Montgomery was always ready to emerge when a customer entered the shop; and an occasional relaxation was found in long rides for the purpose of getting payment of accounts due to him. On one such occasion he mistook a private house for an inn, had his horse taken care of, and sat

down to dinner with the family without invitation. The awkwardness of the bashful poet when he discovered his mistake may be imagined.

The romance of Montgomery's life was early over. A girl named Hannah—the surname is unknown to us—had attracted his admiration while he lived at Wath. In the *Iris* of August 29th, 1801, appeared, without any signature, a poem with the title, *Sacred to the Memory of Her who is Dead to Me*. Some time after it was reprinted in a volume of Montgomery's poems, under its present well-known title of *Hannah*. His friends in after years often endeavoured to learn from him how far the story is to be regarded as a true one, but he always shrunk from the subject. It appears beyond question that Hannah was, in Montgomery's history and memory, a humbler version of poor Goldsmith's *Jessamy Bride*.

In 1805, Montgomery wrote *The Grave* and *The Common Lot*, his first poems indicative of great ability. The latter was destined to an almost unequalled popularity. It was written upon his thirty-fourth birthday. His first long poem, *The Wanderer of Switzerland*, was published in 1806. So little importance did he attach to it, that it was three years passing through his own press, being proceeded with only when the types were not more profitably engaged. It has always appeared to us, we confess, a very washy production; still it passed rapidly through two editions of five hundred copies each. Soon after its publication the poet visited Fulneck for the first time since he quitted it for the counter; and on this occasion he wrote his pleasing little poem, *Departed Days*. *The Wanderer of Switzerland* was favourably noticed in the *Eclectic Review*; and at the request of Mr. Parken, the editor, Montgomery became a regular contributor to that periodical. For several years almost all its articles were written by Parken, Montgomery, and John Foster. One of the poet's first papers was a slashing criticism of Moore's early poems. Writing to Parken, he says—

I can assure you I have done my best—that is, my worst—to condemn this profligate volume according to the strictest justice. I endeavoured to admit the full merit of the author's talents, while I did not spare one hair of his demerits as a libertine in principle, and a deliberate seducer in practice.

Montgomery's critical papers exhibit him rather as a good pious man of a fine honest spirit, than as a powerful writer. About this time, from conscientious scruples, he left off theatre-going, and also ceased attending a club which he had frequented almost every evening for several years, at too great an 'expense of time, conscience, and self-respect.' He became more decidedly pious than heretofore, and began to attend a Methodist chapel regularly. He was by no means of a sectarian spirit, and, in his latter days especially, testified much affection for the Church. A third edition of *The Wanderer of Switzerland* having been published by Messrs. Longman, the poem attracted the notice of Jeffrey, and was severely commented upon in the *Edinburgh Review*. We give an extract:—

We took compassion upon Mr. Montgomery on his first appearance, conceiving him to be some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea and the praises of sentimental ensigns, and tempted, in that situation, to commit a feeble outrage on the public, of which the recollection would be sufficient punishment. A third edition, however, is too alarming to be passed over in silence; and though we are perfectly persuaded that in three years nobody will know the name of the *Wanderer of Switzerland*, or any of the other poems in this collection, still we feel ourselves called on to interfere to prevent the mischief that may arise from the intermediate prevalence of so distressing an epidemic. Mr. Montgomery is one of the most musical and melancholy fine gentlemen we have descried on the lower slopes of Parnassus. He is very weakly, very finical, and very affected.

In a letter to his friend Mr. Aston, Montgomery says that 'he had been wounded perhaps as deeply by these envious and pitiful slanders as the critic intended.' And to Parken he writes—'The *Edinburgh Review* made me miserable beyond anything that the malice and tyranny

of man had been able to inflict on my sensibility or my pride.' A long season of depression followed, though the sensitive poet was cheered by the praises of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Scott.

Mr. Bowyer, of Pall-mall, proposed to commemorate the abolition of the slave-trade in 1807, by the publication of a series of engravings, representing the sufferings of the slaves, accompanied by an illustrative poem. This he asked Montgomery to contribute: and in the spring of 1809 the *West Indies* appeared in a five-guinea quarto volume, accompanied by one or two pieces by other authors. This poem, afterwards published in a cheaper form, attained a large circulation: a friendly critic told its author that its earnestness and vehemence 'give to the versification something of the character of loud speaking.' Cowper was at this time Montgomery's model. Roscoe wrote of the *West Indies*, that 'he was delighted with its simplicity and pathos, no less than with its poetical ornament and spirit.'

In 1813 appeared *The World before the Flood*, the most popular of Montgomery's long poems. One Sunday morning, he tells us, before starting to his usual place of worship, he happened to be meditating on the history of Enoch. At the same time, a passage in the Eleventh Book of *Paradise Lost* occurred to him, in which Milton describes Enoch's translation. Instantly an idea flashed upon him; and in a few months the plan thus suddenly conceived was elaborated into a poem of four cantos. By the advice of Roscoe and Southey, the poem was re-written, and after great labour was brought to its present form in ten short cantos. It at once became known. It was favourably noticed in many periodicals; and in two years four thousand copies were sold in England alone.

Montgomery now began to take that interest in religious schemes which he manifested through the remainder of his life. He thus provoked the enmity of some of his former political friends, who said that he 'had ceased to be an advocate of the poor, further than as respects their *souls*, and in that we have not a more bigoted advocate in the country, because it is much *cheaper* to feed *them* than *the other*.' He was fond of attending the 'May meetings;' and on a visit to London in May, 1812, he heard Campbell and Coleridge lecture at the Royal Institution. In 1813 he partook of the Sacrament for the first time, having hitherto had conscientious scruples as to his fitness. And in this year Mr. Everett first saw him; and 'gazed upon him with inexpressible delight, while purchasing a volume of his poems.'

In November, 1814, at the age of forty-three, the poet applied for re-admission to the communion of the Moravian Church at Fulneck, from which he regarded himself as an apostate. The reply he received is rather startling. The Rev. C. F. Ramftler writes: 'I will not delay informing you, that in our Elders' Conference to-day, *our Saviour approved* of your being now re-admitted a member of the Brethren's Church.'

But as Fulneck was forty miles off, Montgomery's connexion with the church there was merely nominal, and he continued to attend the Methodist chapel at Sheffield. In pp. 78—80 of vol. iii. we have an account of the solitary occasion on which the poet *preached*. He appears to have much delighted his audience; and we presume that a layman officiating in this manner is not deemed a breach of ecclesiastical order among the Dissenters. Becoming more strict in his notions of duty, he now refused not only to sell tickets (as he had been accustomed to do) in the State Lottery, but to insert advertisements relating to it.

In 1819 was published the missionary poem of *Greenland*, in which Montgomery celebrated the labours of the Moravians in that bleak country. On the death of George III. he wrote a copy of verses, containing a graceful tribute to the memory of that weak but good old man. And the *Songs of Zion*, a collection of religious poetry, appeared soon after. In this collection was first published that beautiful little poem entitled *Prayer*, so popular among all classes of professing Christians. Two or three years later, Montgomery edited the *Climbing Boy's*

Album, the purpose of which was to call attention to the sufferings of the children engaged in chimney-sweeping. Montgomery's best contribution to this work is its Introduction, beginning with the lines,

I know they scorn the climbing boy,
The gay, the selfish, and the proud:

and ending with the vigorous verse,

Yes, let the scorn that tracks *his* course,
Turn on *me*, like a trodden snake;
And hiss, and sting me with remorse,
If I the fatherless forsake!

All this while the circulation of the *Iris* was diminishing, and the poet was longing to get out of harness. The paper was very ill printed, the same fount of long primer having been used for twenty years. An opposition journal, professing more liberal politics, was started in 1819. Montgomery's shrinking nature was not suited for a position better fitted for men of the mark of Messrs. Slurk and Pott. After negotiating with several parties, Montgomery finally sold the *Iris* to a Mr. Blackwell, a retired Methodist preacher; and on September 27th, 1825, the last number under the poet's *régime* was published, with a farewell address from the editor. A public dinner was given him on his birthday, the 4th November, 1825. It was attended by a hundred and sixteen gentlemen, of every shade of politics, under the presidency of Lord Milton, —all eager to testify their esteem for one who needed only to be known to be respected and beloved. An elegant ink-stand of Sheffield manufacture was presented to him; and the people of Sheffield offered him a tribute yet more graceful by subscribing funds to establish in the island of Tobago, where his parents had died, a mission-station bearing the name of *Montgomery*, which at the present day contains about 1400 adults and as many children. 'With God's blessing upon the preaching of his gospel by his servants there,' said the pious poet, in 1840, 'may it perpetuate, to the end of time, the memory of those sainted relatives who left that name to me.'

Now set free from business cares, Montgomery gave his time to literature and works of benevolence. He went about making speeches at religious meetings in the neighbouring towns, sometimes going as far as Liverpool and Chester. His friends kept him busy. On one occasion we find him speaking at six Bible meetings between Friday and Monday. He was a leading man in all town matters, and took a chief part in the interest of the Church, at a stormy and scandalous church-rate meeting held in the parish church at Sheffield. He was invited to meet Moore at Stoke Hall: but a needless scruple led him to decline, thinking that he ought not to 'write with severity against the immoral doctrines of the anacreontic poet, and afterwards meet him at the social board as if nothing of the sort had happened.' During this period Montgomery wrote *The Pelican Island*, which was published in August, 1827. The idea of this poem had been floating in his mind for nearly ten years. He prided himself upon the unintelligibility of its title: 'I defy all the heads into which the thought of poetry ever came, to guess the plan or anticipate the issue, even while they are reading, before it is all developed; and yet nothing can be more simple, gradual, and natural.'

In February, 1828, appeared a widely-circulated notice of the publication of 'Montgomery's new poem, *The Omnipresence of the Deity*.' All readers of Macaulay's *Essays* are well aware that this work was written by Mr. Robert Montgomery, afterwards author of *Satan*, *Luther*, and other trashy writings. The Sheffield poet was much annoyed at a mode of advertising calculated to lead to the supposition that this 'new poem' was written by himself, and the discreditable subterfuge led to the *Omnipresence* being bought, if not read, by many who would assuredly not have become possessed of anything avowedly by Mr. Robert Montgomery. A London evening paper reviewed the poem as James Montgomery's, and several booksellers ordered copies of the book under the same impression. In 1834, in the *Quarterly Review*, there was a flattering notice of *The Common Lot*, to which the following note was appended:—

The Common Lot, by the poet Montgomery. We mean, of course, the

individual properly designated Montgomery, and properly also designated the poet; not the Mr. Gomery who assumed the affix of 'Mont,' and through the aid of certain newspapers has coupled his name with other additions not less factitious.

Upon this Mr. Robert Montgomery wrote to James Montgomery a letter, calling this passage from the *Quarterly* 'infamously false and disgustingly malignant,' and requiring the poet to 'address a line to Mr. Lockhart, and insist on my not being slandered in order to gild your name.' To this extremely absurd request the poet sent a long reply, declining to accede to it; advising patience and forbearance; and concluding with the very sensible remark, that all confusion would have been avoided, had the publishers of 'Montgomery's new poem,' 'Montgomery's *Satan*,' &c., employed 'the simple prefix of *Robert* to a name already known with another antecedent.'

In May, 1830, Montgomery read a course of lectures on *The History of English Literature* at the Royal Institution, which made no striking impression. And in the same year he published a large work, a *History of Missionary Enterprise in the South Seas.* Like Thomas Moore, he was alarmed at the passing of the Reform Bill: and indeed his political views had now (his biographers inform us) become what might be called moderately Conservative. A pension of £150 a-year, given him by Sir Robert Peel in 1835, to the extreme indignation of the Radicals of Sheffield, may not have been without its effect. On a subsequent visit to London, he 'considered it becoming to pay his respects personally to Sir Robert,' who received him with great kindness, and invited him to dinner. On this occasion he met several men of note, among them his early friend Chantrey; and he was delighted by the 'old English cordiality' of the Bishop of London, who 'shook him heartily by the hand in a manly manner, not finically offering him two fingers, after the manner of some persons.' Rogers invited him to dinner, but the invitation was with characteristic principle declined, as it was for a *Sunday.* He met Horace Twiss, who immediately asked him, 'Are you the Montgomery who wrote *The Common Lot?* It is one of the finest compositions in the language.' 'It has, indeed,' replied the poet, 'had the *uncommon* lot of being highly praised.'

In 1835, he declined the office of Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh. Mrs. Hofland writes as follows of his appearance at this time:

Nature has rendered him the very youngest man of his years ever beheld. Had he not been known to the world as a poet for thirty years, he might at this very time pass for thirty; such is the slightness of his figure, the elasticity of his step, the smoothness of his fair brow, the mobility and playfulness of his features when in conversation.

Montgomery had lived for more than forty years in the house in the Hartshead which had received him on his first coming to Sheffield. Three daughters of his old employer, Mr. Gales, lived with him, and kept a bookseller's shop. From this they retired in 1836, on the death of one of the sisters: and Montgomery, along with the two survivors, removed in that year to 'The Mount,' a handsome pile of building, 'comprising eight genteel dwellings, and situate on an eminence about a mile and a half west from the centre of the town.' In March, he went to Newcastle to deliver six lectures *On the British Poets,* for doing which he was paid £45, and from this time forward he added something to his income by similar engagements. In this year also appeared the first uniform edition of his *Poems,* in three volumes. It had a large sale. A copy of the book was sent to Wordsworth, who replied promptly and gracefully. In 1837, one of the Misses Gales died, leaving Sarah the sole survivor. The deceased had been for a long time in a fretful and ailing state: and Montgomery wrote feelingly, that 'neither of patience nor good nature had he much to spare, being in continual need of both for home consumption.'

The 'Penny Postage' was not regarded as a boon by Montgomery, as it multiplied the number of his correspondents in an annoying de-

gree. He was pestered by multitudes of young ladies to write in their albums,—a request he never failed to comply with. One cool lady wrote to him, saying that she had heard a great deal of his poetry, and would like to read it; and that as she could not afford to buy a set, she wished him to *give* her one. The good-natured poet at once complied with the extortionate demand.

In 1841, being then seventy years old, he revisited Scotland for the first time since he had left it, sixty-five years before. Along with Mr. Latrobe, he held a number of meetings in various towns, at which he raised above £600 for the Moravian missions. The poet was received everywhere with every token of respect and admiration. At Glasgow, Paisley, Kilmarnock, and Ayr, multitudes assembled to listen to his addresses: and at Irvine, his native place, the enthusiasm of the people was irrepressible. He wrote to Sarah Gales:—

I was met at the station by the provost and magistrates, and being conducted to their hall, was made a burgess of that ancient and royal burgh; and my freedom-scroll was presented with many very fine and cordial congratulations. I cannot say more than that the heart of all Irvine seemed to be moved on the occasion, and every soul in it, old and young, rich and poor, to hail me to my birthplace. My heart was almost beyond feeling by the overpowering kindness that oppressed it, and the outflowing gratitude that could scarcely find vent in words or tears.

Montgomery visited his father's chapel, and the cottage where he was born. He saw an aged woman, who told him she had many a time carried him on her back. 'I had no idea,' he said, at Edinburgh, 'till I came to Irvine, how great a man I was.' From Irvine the deputation proceeded to Stirling, Perth, and Edinburgh, large missionary meetings being held in each of these towns. His reception was such that it reminded him of the saying of Dr. Johnson on Lord Mansfield, that much may be made of a Scotchman if he is caught young. 'My case,' he said, 'was the reverse of this: I thought much was sometimes made of a Scotchman when he was grown old, for I never was so much made of till I came to Scotland.'

Mr. Robert Montgomery was now a popular preacher in Glasgow, but he did not think fit to pay a visit to his illustrious namesake while in that city. The poet went to hear him preach, but did not admire his oratory. Miss Gales asked, 'Do not the ladies of Glasgow admire his person and address?' Montgomery replied, 'Yes, I heard some of them praise the delicacy of his hands; but it seems none of his fair admirers can get fast hold of them.'

After Montgomery's return from Scotland, the evening of his life glided away with little incident. In 1842, he went with Mr. Latrobe on a missionary tour to Ireland, and visited his father's former abode at Grace Hill. The death of his brother Ignatius, a worthy Moravian minister, deeply affected him; and in his last years he often expressed his regret that he himself had not entered the ministry of the Brotherhood, as his parents had desired. On the death of Southey, his friends thought it probable he might be offered the laureateship; but the office was conferred on Wordsworth. After the beginning of 1843, the poet began to sink fast in health and spirits, often describing himself as 'ailing, feeble, and spiritless.' He regarded it as a mile-stone marking his downward course when, in 1845, he became unable to put on his great-coat without assistance; and though he continued to appear occasionally at religious meetings, his voice had become so weak and his mind so much enfeebled, that his appearance there was painful to his friends. 'His mind,' he said in 1846, 'was worn down to a grindle-coke,'—the Sheffield term for a worn-out grindstone. In October of that year he fell down a long flight of stairs, and 'was dreadfully bruised, and sadly shaken and unnerved.' Still he was able in the following year to pay a visit to Fulneck; and in May, 1848, he presided at the anniversary meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society at Sheffield. In that year the *Sheffield Iris* became extinct. The poet continued to read with interest the periodicals and new books of the day: he wrote a hymn now and then, but even that slight

exertion affected his health. In 1849, the new edition of his *Poems*, in four volumes, was published by Messrs. Longman, and in 1850, the edition in one volume. Montgomery was startled, in 1851, by reading in an American newspaper, a notice of his death, with a sketch of his life and character. On the evening of July 19th, 1852, he delivered a lecture at the Music Hall, *On Some Passages of English Poetry little known;* but his feeble state excited the sympathy of his audience, 'all of whom were now conscious that it was the last time they should ever so meet and hear him.' In October of that year he 'cried many a time' over *Uncle Tom's Cabin:* and so late as February, 1854, he listened with much interest to passages from Landor's *Last Fruit off an Old Tree.* He had hoped to spend Easter of that year at Fulneck, but failing strength disappointed him. On the afternoon of Saturday the 29th of April, he called on Mr. Holland, and complained of some oppression at the chest, but walked home as usual. He was 'fidgety' during the evening, and at family-worship handed the Bible to Sarah Gales, and asked her to read: he then knelt down, and prayed with peculiar fervour. He retired to rest at his accustomed hour, but the next morning a servant found him lying unconscious on the floor, where he must have been for several hours. Medical aid was procured, and he recovered so far as to take a little dinner. At half-past three in the afternoon, while Miss Gales was sitting by his bedside, watching him apparently asleep, a slight change passed over his features. Montgomery was gone.

He was buried on the 11th of May, in the cemetery at Sheffield, amid such demonstrations of respect as were never paid to any individual in Sheffield before. The shops were generally closed, and the manufactories deserted. All the official bodies of Sheffield were represented in the procession. The vicar of Sheffield and twenty-four of the clergy formed part of it. The burial service of the Church of England was read by the vicar, and at its conclusion, a hymn, written long before by the poet himself, was sung by the parish choir, and the children of the boys' and girls' charity schools. The coffin bore the inscription—'James Montgomery: died April the 30th, 1854, in the 83rd year of his age.'

We have not space to offer anything like a satisfactory estimate of this good man's poetical genius. That he had from an early age the poetic temperament strongly developed, cannot be questioned; nor need we hesitate to say that no religious poet has ever surpassed him in the grace and melody of his diction, the purity, pathos, and fervour of his thought. A great charm in Montgomery's sacred poetry results from its evident sincerity: the glittering conceits with which Moore has surrounded pious themes do not *ring sound* when we compare them with the simple earnestness which breathes from every line of the happiest effusions of the poet of Sheffield. Not force and passion, but chaste beauty and gentle pathos, are the characteristics of what Montgomery wrote; and the piety of the man had so permeated and leavened his entire being, that without a thought or effort it coloured everything that proceeded from his pen. No short poems in the language have found a wider circulation or a more universal acceptance than *Prayer* and *The Common Lot:* and we might easily gather from *The Pelican Island*, and *The World before the Flood*, specimens of a more daring flight than are familiar to such as know Montgomery mainly as a hymnologist. We find nowhere in his four volumes that insight, passion, and reach of reflection, which distinguish the highest class of the poetry of to-day. The beautiful *Lines to a Mole-hill in a Church-yard*, which Montgomery amplified and spoiled in his latest edition, have always appeared to us to comprise, within a short space, the most favourable characteristics of his poetry: there is, indeed, that undue *dilution* of thought, which marks the composition of one who never learned to compress; but there are likewise a vein of gentle original reflection, a pathos which permeates the whole, a sympathy with all that is or was human,—all sobered somewhat by the poet's pervading sadness, and all expressed in words so

choice, so harmonious, so naturally arranged, as prove how lightly the material trammels of verse sat upon his gentle and graceful spirit. No wonder if all who knew him loved the simple, pious, amiable, weak old man; no wonder if Sheffield was and is proud to claim him as her citizen; no wonder if the little Scotch town by the shore of the Atlantic, that gave him birth, and then saw him no more till he came back a man of threescore years and ten, frail, timid, and famous, makes it her proudest boast that *there* was born James Montgomery, and preserves in her archives, with maternal solicitude, the manuscript of *The World before the Flood.*

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

A PERSON of cynical temper is likely to note with emphasis, and with the grim pleasure that testifies his perception of a fact his humour can assimilate and grow by, a peculiarity in the mode which poets have almost uniformly adopted in their treatment of love. These interpreters of life would by no means support the cynic in his estimate of that passion; they have, on the contrary, exhausted heaven and earth for similitudes by which to express their sense of the beauty and worth of women, of the woes of slighted and the raptures of successful lovers, of the agonies and ecstasies, the torments and the blisses, which women are capable of exciting in the hearts of men, and of the comparative poverty and worthlessness of all the delights of life weighed against one hour of the transports of requited passion, or the calm of satisfied affection. They may, moreover, be credited with a degree of sincerity in this appreciation, which it would be difficult to accord to their tuneful raptures on many of the other emotional elements of human life. Poets are unquestionably born with fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters occasionally, and by chance aunts and uncles; but except *Arma Virumque, King Lear*, and *Antigone*, we remember no great poem in which the natural affections of kindred have been among the leading motives; and, unfortunately, *pius Æneas* is only another name for *horrid bore.* Poets, too, have countries, with institutions and beliefs, unless Schiller's theory be true, which assigns them the clouds for dwelling-place and domain; but those who have tuned their harps to great national themes, to the foundation of empires, the formation of civil society, the triumphs of liberty and order, the origin of supernatural beliefs, and the growth of religious worship, belong, so far as they have been successful, to a remote past, and are the study of scholars rather than the delight of the people, while their modern imitators have made the very name of *epic* a bugbear to all moderately sensible and candid minds. In fact, success in the treatment of subjects disconnected with love has been most exceptional; and even the greatest poets, who have looked abroad upon human life, and have found it poetical throughout its whole extent and under every variety of circumstance, have felt the attraction of love so irresistible, that they have shot its golden threads to illumine the darkest and enliven the dullest parts of their microcosmic web, and to bring down upon the whole surface the sheen of heaven's light; while this universal passion has alone by itself sufficed to make common men poets for the moment, to raise minor poets to unwonted richness of thought and imagery, and has brightened the faces of the great masters of song. By its light, when poetry and the world were young, blind Homer read the tale of Troy; and through a vista of three thousand years, amid myriads of armed warriors, the eye still follows Briseis as she leaves with reluctant feet and reverting gaze the tent where captivity had found a solace, and the stern master was softened into the lover; still above the din of battle, above the grave turmoil of debate, we listen to the

fierce Achilles moaning for his lost mistress; the charms of Helen are more to us than the wisdom of Athene and the counsels of Nestor; and the sympathies of all but a few extremely right-minded people are throughout with the Trojans, and would be with Paris, but that he is a downright coward, and the world instinctively adopts the maxim,—

None but the brave,
None *but* the brave,
None but the *brave,*
Deserve the fair,

as old Sheridan used to insist upon accenting glorious John's chorus. Society—and poetry with it—had degenerated between the birth of the epic full-grown and full-armed, like its own Athene, from the head of Homer, and the time when Æschylus slaughtered Persians at Salamis, and exhibited their ghosts upon the stage at Athens. The *forte* of the Athenian drama certainly does not lie in the representation of love. But then it must be remembered that the Attic stage was eminently the domain of stateliness and conventionality, that waxen masks frozen into one unchanging no-expression, to which even Charles Kean can only feebly approach, would have been an inadequate instrument for rendering so eminently versatile and variable a passion as love, even reflected in the countenance of an ancient philosopher or a modern mathematician. Besides, the construction of the mouthpiece of these masks, to serve for a speaking-trumpet, could only have illustrated one rather curious scene, belonging more to comedy than tragedy—a gentleman proposing to a lady who is stone-deaf. Fancy Romeo, *major humano* by ten inches of cork sole, sweeping along the stage with a drawing-room train of dowager dimensions, and bawling, 'I would I were a glove upon that hand,' through the sort of instrument with which the captain of the *Bellerophon* speaks the *Arrogant* half a mile off. Or, still worse, Juliet sighing through the same instrument, 'O, Romeo! O, gentle Romeo!' and all that wondrous play of passion not once flushing up in the cheek or kindling in the eye. But the ugliest old hag that ever rode a broomstick would be less repellent of the gentler emotions than an automaton Venus, made to speak through a *vox humana* organ pipe. In short, without insisting upon the social circumstances of Athenian women, and the peculiar notions that regulated Athenian tragedy, these mere mechanical conditions under which the tragedians wrote, are sufficient to account for the insignificant part assigned to love in their compositions, though their choruses abound in passages of the highest lyrical beauty and fervour, which indicate that the passion was still as powerful as ever to sway the feelings and excite the imagination. When the stage became again a mirror of actual contemporaneous life without disguise, as in the later comedy of Menander and his Latin imitator Terence, we find that even the mechanical obstacles before-mentioned were not so insuperable but that women play an important part in these dramas, and love becomes a prominent motive and a principal attraction. Pindar unfortunately gave himself up to the turf, the prize-ring, and a curious kind of Pagan high church hagiology, much as if the editor of *Bell's Life*, the author of *Boxiana*, and the poet of the *Christian Year*, were all three gentlemen in one. The universal human vein shows itself, however, here and there, with a strange gleam of tenderness, in stray biographical allusions and moral reflections, interspersed with the main subject in hand, which is always to celebrate some Derby event of that old time, or to trace up the lineage of Hellenic game-chickens and White-headed Bobs to Hercules. In Theocritus, again, love is 'the main haunt and region' of the song, and that song about the sweetest whose echo still sounds over the waters of Time from the dim shore of ancient Hellas. Then if we come somewhat nearer to our own times, and to poets who have influenced modern literature—at least, up to a very recent period—more than their greater Hellenic brethren have done, the names of Ovid and Horace suffice to carry on the succession. Horace certainly wrote plenty of good moral sentiment and patriotism of the sort

possible under a despotism of the modern French type; but he will always be for us the little fat man who loved and lived with various Lalages, and made them, we feel perfectly assured, of more account in his existence than the great 'nephew of his uncle,' his primo minister Mæcenas, or even, we fear, than the Palatine Apollo himself, and that Jupiter Maximus who half frightened the little sceptic with summer thunder. Even the grandiloquent Virgil cannot get through his epic without a strong spice of love, and pius Æneas vindicates for himself the English as well as the Latin force of the stereotyped epithet by behaving like a scoundrel to a woman, and sneaking off without even saying good-bye, or leaving a christening-cup for the possible Tyrian Iulus. That episode has saved the *Æneid* from becoming a mere scholar's poem, in spite of its magnificent versification. And when a greater than Virgil took up his mantle, was it not—by permission of the allegorists, be it spoken—by the woman whom he loved that Dante was guided to the Heaven of Heavens—to the presence of the ineffable? Nay, was it not in reality under her guidance

> Donna beata e bella
> Tal che di comandare io la richiesi,—

as her messenger says of her, that the poet ventured all through that mystic voyage? by her goodness, sweetness, and beauty alone that his heart was sustained amid the wrongs, the torments, the purgatorial discipline of life? by the light of love alone that life became to him tolerable and intelligible? And in spite of his stern theology, with its

> Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate,

is it not just amid hell's fiercest torments that love—the most passionate, the most sensuous love of man and woman—shows itself to him mightier than the torment, outbraving despair, and stronger in its own simple strength than Hell and Fate, and that terrible foreknowledge of an eternity without hope? It is needless to pursue a topic so familiar through the great names of modern poetry. Only conceive this passion of love blotted out from the pages of our own first-class poets, from Chaucer, from Spenser, from Shakspeare, from Milton—what a sky without its sun would remain! what an earth without its verdure, its streams, and its flowers! Something, no doubt, there would be still to attract us in the manner-painting, the grand thoughts, the vivid natural descriptions; but even these would have lost a charm that now often insensibly mingles with them and enhances them. And the poor minors! where would they be? All of them in the same category that Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, Davenant's *Gondibert*, were in before Southey and Co. fanned a small flame of antiquarian poetic enthusiasm, and are in again now that small flame has gone out. Here and there some lyric, short and tersely expressed, would survive in popular esteem, especially if married to fine music; but the bulk would float in undistinguished heaps by Lethe's wharf, and scientific cultivators of literature would resort to them, as agriculturists do to the guano stores, to fertilize dry brains, and astonish the world with spasmodic crops of lectures on historical development of poetry, and so forth. If we go on to English poetry since the Revolution, we find the same, or even greater, predominance of this single element of emotion. With the exception of a few reflective and satirical poems—that is, with the exception of versified sermons and essays borrowing some of the ornaments of poetry proper—where is the really popular poem that does not depend for its main charm on its pictures of love? What would even Walter Scott himself be without it? Cowper indeed is a real exception, so far as his poetry does not come under the head of reflective or satirical, as most of it does; but Cowper was no less exceptional as a man than as a poet; he fell, however, early in life into hypochondria and confirmed valetudinarianism, and was anything but a normal specimen of the warm-blooded male mammal whose differentia is poetry-writing. Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, have written the finest poetry of passion since the Elizabethans;

Moore wrote little else than sentimental love poetry; Campbell's *Gertrude* stands highest of his long poems; and if Wordsworth thought to wield a poet's influence while he regarded the poet's mightiest spell as a Circean drug, has not the result been that he is more respected than loved, almost universally acknowledged to be a great teacher but a heavy writer, and that the poems and passages of his which are the greatest favourites are precisely those, like *Laodamia, Ruth, She was a Phantom,* &c., in which he has mingled this spell, or composed his enchantment entirely of it? We will not say a word here of Mr. Tennyson, for his name alone at once brings to the mind some of the most delicious love poetry in the English language, however much noble poetry of another kind it may also recall.

The cynic, then, with whom we started, and whom our readers will probably have forgotten, has certainly no great reason to pique himself upon the support his opinions obtain from the poets, so far as his and their estimate of love are brought into direct comparison. But the fact that he would not fail to notice as characteristic in the poetical estimate, and supporting his own opinion rather than theirs of the worth of women and of the influence of love upon human happiness, is that, with a very few exceptions, the poets expend their raptures upon the period of courtship rather than of marriage, upon the pursuit rather than the attainment, as if a woman were like a fox, precious only for the excitement of the chase, worthless when won. Or if they venture at all beyond the wedding-day, it is too often to treat marriage —according to that terrible *mot* of Sophie Arnauld—as the sacrament of adultery. A vast quantity of literature turning on this crime is written indeed in the spirit of that typical young Parisian who, seeing an injured husband on the stage shoot his wife's seducer, was heard to mutter to himself, *cochon de mari!* And our cynical friend might go over nearly the same range of poetry that we have taken, and would show us that Briseis was not the wife, but the mistress, of Achilles; that Helen's husband was not Paris, but Menelaus. He would add that Odysseus only sighed for Penelope while he was away from her, enduring moil and toil in the trenches before Troy, and remembering the substantial comforts of his island home, as well as its sentimental attractions; moreover, that as soon as he returned he was tired of his wife, and finally could not stand domestic felicity any longer, but proceeded on a voyage with an extremely vague destination, from which he took good care never to return. The Greek tragedians, too, would furnish our friend with ample materials for his humour. Though there is little enough in their plays of that love which is the flower of life, making youth glorious, manhood calm and strong, and age peaceful and serene, there is enough and to spare of all the foul and terrible results that belong to the corruption of this consummate excellence. We should hear of Clytemnestra and Phædra, of Deianira and Medea; be told probably that the Furies were represented as women; that mythology, the mother of poetry, began and continued in this key, having little to say of faithful wives and constant lovers, but delighting in vagrant loves, in ladies celestial and semi-celestial, all acting with the largest liberality. We fear, too, that the lovers in the Pastorals of Theocritus had not been to the register's office; and Queen Dido could no more have been received at Queen Victoria's court than Queen Isabella the Second. The loves of Ovid and Horace were little better, it is to be feared, than that poor Violetta at whom the great *Times* has been letting off such tremendously overcharged artillery. Dante, too, unfortunately had a wife and children at home all the time he was taking that mystic journey under the protection of the *donna beata e bella;* and Petrarch's Laura, *par excellence* the type of a poet's mistress, was another man's wife. The ladies of the present day would scarcely thank Chaucer for his portraiture of Griselda; and the *Wife of Bath,* which, it is said, Dr. Doddridge used to read aloud to the young misses of his pious circle, cannot be considered

on the whole complimentary to the fairer half of mankind. The only thoroughly charming wife whom Shakspeare represents, was married to a black man, and throttled by him in the honeymoon or shortly after. Spenser's idolatry was paid to a maiden queen, on the very ground of her maidenhood. Milton's Eve—no less, the cynic would say, from the poet's personal experience of married life than from the historical necessity—ruined her husband, and brought upon the whole world sin, woe, and death. Our 'Augustan' poets were not, as a class, sentimental men. Swift, Pope, and Addison are three persons as thoroughly *desillusionnés* as M. de Rochefoucauld himself; and Matthew Prior turned for such feminine consolations as he needed to the Lalages of Drury Lane. Byron, Scott, Shelley, Keats, all paint courtship, not marriage; if Burns wrote *John Anderson my Jo, John*, and *The Cottor's Saturday Night*, he wrote *Amang the Rigs of Barley* with quite as much gusto, and modulated into that key a great deal oftener than into any other. Mr. Tennyson has indeed written the *Miller's Daughter*, and the close of the *Princess;* but we should be reminded that the latter is merely a lover's anticipation, his ideal picture of what married life should be, and that the miller's daughter's husband is not a strikingly interesting person, if he be not to be called decidedly imbecile, in spite of the two charming songs of which he claims the authorship.

The cynic has unquestionably a strong *prima facie* case. It is a remarkable fact, that wedded love has been almost uniformly rejected, as offering no available material for high poetry, except in its corruption, as a theme for tragedy; while, on the other hand, satirical and comic writers have exhausted ridicule and malignity in depicting the vices, the absurdities, and the mean miseries, of people who are ill-matched in marriage. As we believe that the elements of high poetry exist wherever human hearts beat with true vital heat; and as we furthermore believe that the emotional and truly human life of a man and woman, so far from being over when, from lovers, they become husband and wife, then only begins to attain its full growth and capacity of bearing fruit and flower of perennial beauty and fragrance, we are tempted to inquire into some of the causes of this one-sidedness which we have charged the poets with, and to indicate briefly some of the real poetical capabilities of wedded love, and the sort of treatment they require in being wrought into actual poems.

The first and most obvious temptation to limit the poetical representation of love to the period before marriage, lies in the fact that this period seems spontaneously to supply that *beginning, middle,* and *end* which narrative or dramatic poems are truly enough supposed to require. Courtship, in ordinary cases, divides itself into two phases, the termination of each of which is a point of definite interest, towards which all the incidents, all the talk, all the surprises, suspensions, difficulties, and triumphs, which make up the plot of a love-story, are directly subordinated. A man falls in love with a woman, and has to win his way by degrees more or less rapid and eventful, to her affection; this is the first phase, rich, as experience proves, in elements of poetical pleasure, which all men and women are capable of enjoying without effort. Then follows the period, richer still in all the materials for varied incident, in which the social arrangements come in to interpose obstacles between the lover and his mistress, and to keep the interest of the reader or spectator always on the stretch. The advantage is beyond all computation which this natural framework, made ready to his hand, confers upon the poet who seeks mainly to amuse his audience by a series of connected occurrences, in each of which the least cultivated, the least thoughtful, the least generous, can take an interest that demands no strain, scarcely any activity, of the imagination, the heart, or the reason. And the free, vigorous exercise of the imagination is so rare among mankind, that it is little wonder that poets have been content with making their appeals to sympathies

that are sure to have been familiar to the hearts of their audience at some time or other in the actual experience of life, and need but the faintest outline of reality in the representation to awaken them again. But though it must be allowed that the love of husband and wife offers no such obvious and facile series of connected incidents, with well-marked divisions, and all tending, by due gradations of interest, to one event; and though in proportion as the interest of poetry is made to turn less on striking outward circumstances, a heavier demand is made upon the imagination of both writer and reader, and a mere passive reception of familiar thoughts and feelings becomes no longer sufficient for the enjoyment of the poem; yet this only amounts to saying that poetry has some higher function than to amuse idle people, some nobler office in cultivating the heart, and enlarging the range of the inner life, than can be attributed to it so long as it merely strikes one chord of feeling, or at best plays over and over again, from the beginning of time to its close, the same old tune in different keys and on different instruments. It is, indeed, quite true that it would be impossible to mark the commencement of any poem, which should deal with ordinary wedded love as its main subject, by an event as definite as the first meeting of a man with his future mistress, or a feeling as definite, as distinct from his previous state of mind, as the first awakening of the passion that is to rule his life henceforward through the story. *The same remark applies as forcibly to the want of any event equally definite with marriage to serve for a termination, unless all such poems were to have a mournful close, and end with a deathbed, or fall into the old tragic vein of seduction, adultery, and murder. We must candidly consent to give up that source of interest which lies in the changes produced upon the outward relation, upon the union or separation of outward existence betw[illegible] the two persons whose inner relati[illegible], whose mutual influence u[illegible] each other, and affection t[illegible]s each other, are by supposition the subject of the poem. Instead of watching the formation of a double star, and having all our interest concentrated upon the critical moment when the attraction of one for the other finally draws them within the inevitable vortex in which they are henceforth eternally to revolve, we have to explore the laws and witness the phenomena of their mutual action, henceforward bound by a limit in the preservation of which consists the whole peculiarity, the whole interest, of this class of objects. Or, if we may be allowed another illustration from physical science, instead of having to deal with a problem mainly dynamical, we advance into the higher because more complex and mysterious region of chemistry, and are dealing, not with the mutual action of distinct bodies, but with the composition of bodies, with the changes their constituent atoms undergo by combination, and by the action of the subtile elements—heat, light, electricity, and so forth. Will any one deny that the analogy is a true analogy? And if it be so, is it not mere sloth and dulness, mere want of subtile imagination, of delicate sensibility, that can complain of want of incident, and consequent want of interest, in the drama of wedded love? There can be no want of incident so long as character influences fortune, and fortune character; so long as the destinies of human beings in this world are carved out by their virtues and their vices; so long as wisdom and goodness sweeten the bitterest cup of adversity; so long as folly and wickedness infuse gall into the bowl of nectar which fortune hands her favourites in jewelled gold. It is the stupidity of poets which can see no incident in married life so long as the marriage vow is kept to the letter in the grossest interpretation of that letter; and which has for the most part induced them, when they have introduced married people at all, to use marriage to give a spicier piquancy to intrigue, or a darker glow to hatred and revenge.

But this notion of want of incident unfitting married love to be a subject for poetry is closely con-

nected with another notion still more false, vulgar, and immoral. The romance of life is over, it is said, with marriage; nothing like marriage, is the congenial reply, for destroying illusions and nonsense. In which notable specimens of 'the wisdom of many men expressed in the wit of one,' as a lordly living statesman defines a proverb, there are two remarkable assertions involved. The first is that love is an illusion; the second, that marriage destroys it. We may concede to the wisdom of the market-place thus much of truth, that the love which marriage destroys is unquestionably an illusion. We may also concede to it this further truth, that the love of husband and wife is no more the love of the man and woman in the days of their courtship, than the blossom of the peach is the peach, or the green shoots of corn that peep above the snows of February are the harvest that waves its broad billows of red and gold in the autumn sun. If indeed there are persons so silly as to dream, in their days of courtship, that life can be an Arcadian paradise, where caution, self-restraint, and self-denial are needless; where inexhaustible blisses fall like dew on human lilies that have only to be lovely; a world from the conception of which pain and imperfection, sin, discipline, and moral growth are excluded, marriage undoubtedly does destroy this illusion, as life would destroy it were marriage out of the question. If, too, attracted originally to each other by some slight and indefinable charm, by some chord of sympathy vibrating in harmony at a moment's accidental touch, often by the mere force of the tendency at a particular age to what the great Florentine calls—

> Amor che al cor gentil ratto s'apprende,
> Amor che a nullo amato amar perdona,

two young persons fancy that this subtile charm, this mysterious attraction, is endowed with eternal strength to stand the shocks of time, the temptations of fresh attractions, the more fatal because more continual sap of unresting egotism, ever active to throw down the outworks and undermine the citadel of love; and trusting to it alone, think that wedded happiness can be maintained without self-discipline, mutual esteem and forbearance; without the charity which covers the defects it silently studies to remove; without the wisdom and the mutual understanding of character to which profound and patient love can alone attain — this is another illusion which marriage will destroy. What is, however, generally meant by the sayings we have quoted, is, that there is nothing like marriage for taking the passion out of people, for taking out of them all disinterested aspirations, all noble hopes and fears, all delicacy of sentiment, all purity of mind, all warmth of heart—nothing like marriage for making them see, in respectable money-making, in respectable dinners, respectable furniture, carriages, and so forth, the be-all and the end-all of human existence. So far as marriage in our actual world realizes these noble predications;—and, so far as it does, the result is mainly owing to the miserable views of life and its purposes which society instils into its youth of both sexes; being still, as in Plato's time, the sophist *par excellence*, of which all individual talking and writing sophists are but feeble copies—just so far is married love, if the phrase is to be so outrageously perverted, utterly unfit for any high poetry, except a great master of tragedy should take in hand to render into language the too common tragi-comedy of a human soul metamorphosing itself into a muckworm. But surely every one can look round among his acquaintance, and find marriages that are not after this type, marriages which

> have wrought
> Two spirits to one equal mind,
> With blessings beyond hope or thought,
> With blessings which no words can find.

The romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle—no base fear, because

suffering and distress cannot affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power is exorcised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties. Once romance meant chivalry; and the hero of romance was the man who did his knightly devoirs, and was true and loyal to God and his lady-love. If with us it has come to mean the sensual fancies of nerveless boys, and the sickly reveries of girls for whose higher faculties society can find no employment, it is only another instance in which the present is not so much wiser and grander than the past, as its flatterers are fond of imagining. To us it appears that where the capacity for generous devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love, exists, there exists the main element of romance; and that where the circumstances of life are most favourable for the development of these qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances, whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, a tailor; or, like King Arthur, a man of stalwart arm and lordly presence. Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance, are in themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the true modern knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has solemnly taken at the altar, to love, comfort, honour, and keep in sickness and in health, the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life, and happiness into his hands.

It may, however, be said that married life, when it is not utterly corrupted into crime and wretchedness; when, that is, it in any degree answers to its ideal—is necessarily monotonous; and that, though to the husband and wife it may be a perpetual source of discipline and delight, it offers no scope to the poet, whose story must march, his characters develop, and their passions and affections exhibit change, gradation, and culmination. We have already admitted so much of this objection, as to concede to the period before marriage greater facilities for marked gradations of interest depending on changes in the outward relations of the persons whose fortunes and feelings are being narrated. We have said that those outward relations once fixed by marriage, the action of the poem which is to depict married love must lie within narrow limits, and that its interest must depend on more subtile delineation of shades of character and feeling, on a perception, in a word, of those effects which spring from the conduct of the affections in married life, and those influences which circumstance and character combine to work in the affections, and which, slight and commonplace as some persons may choose to think them, are important enough to make human beings happy or miserable, and varied enough to account for all the differences that an observant eye can find in modern family life. And the fact, which few persons will dispute, that in our actual family life there is found, quite irrespective of distinctions of class and differences of wealth, every possible gradation of happiness and misery, of vulgarity and refinement, of folly and wisdom, of genial sense and fantastic absurdity, is a sufficient answer to those who talk of the monotony of married life as an objection to its fitness for yielding materials for poetry. In real truth, there is much more monotony in courtship than in marriage. A sort of spasmodic and, to spectators well acquainted with the parties, a somewhat comical amiability is the general mask under which the genuine features of the character are hidden. Moreover, the ordinary interests of life become throughout that period comparatively insipid; and lovers are proverbially stupid and tiresome to every one but themselves. No doubt this has its compensating advantage for the poet, who transforms his readers into the lovers for the time being; but it certainly gives monotony to all manifestations of the passion in this its spring-time, which is not found in the same passion when the character has recovered from the first shock, and life, with all its interests, again enters into the heart, but invested with

new charms and higher responsibilities, and with the deeper, fuller affections swelling in a steady current through the pulses.

So much for those more obvious objections that may in great measure account for the almost universal rejection of married love as a theme for poetry. We do not care to argue against any one who says, much less any one who thinks, that it is only young men and women who are interesting. Even with respect to mere sensuous beauty, it is a great absurdity to suppose that its splendour and charm are confined to two or three years of early womanhood. 'Beaucoup de femmes de trente ans,' says a shrewd French writer, after enumerating the supposed attractions of youth in women, 'ont conservé ces avantages; beaucoup de femmes de dix-huit ans ne les ont plus ou ne les ont jamais eu.' Certainly no Englishman who uses his eyes needs this assurance; and no one who delights in the society of women can doubt that they continue to grow in all that charms the heart and intellect, in all the materials of poetry, after they become wives and mothers.

There is, however, one solid objection to the tenour of our remarks to which we are inclined to give great weight. We can fancy many persons, for whose opinions we have the highest respect, protesting against the intrusion of the poet into the recesses of married life, against the analysis of feelings that were not given us to amuse ourselves with, against

> Those who, setting wide the doors that bar
> The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
> Let in the day.'

Literature was made for man, and not man for literature. There are, unquestionably, scenes which the imagination had better leave alone, thoughts which should find no utterance in printed speech, feelings upon which the light and air cannot dwell without tainting them. But without in the slightest degree trenching upon ground that should be sacred to silence, we conceive married life, as one of the most powerful influences at work upon the character and happiness of individuals and of nations; to present capabilities of noble and beautiful poetry, that, so far from weakening the strength or vulgarizing the delicacy of domestic affection, would exalt and refine it. We see no reason for supposing that the conjugal relation would suffer in purity or spontaneous power by being passed through the alembic of a great poet's imagination. If it became the subject of morbid poetry or of weak maudlin poetry—supposing such a combination of terms allowable—the same result would follow as from the morbid or weak treatment of any other powerful human emotion—the poet would influence only weak and morbid people. Nor do we see that the danger is really so great of getting morbid, trashy, unhealthy poetry on this subject as on the more familiar subject of love before marriage. It would demand qualities of genius which in themselves are a strong guarantee—the power and the taste of delineating subtile shades of character and feeling, a perception of the action of character upon fortune, an insight into the working of practical life upon the affections, and their reaction upon it. Such topics are not to the taste, or within the capacity, of melodramatic or sensualized minds; and whatever good poetry was produced on the subject would, as all good poetry does, abide and work upon the highest class of minds, and go on ever spreading its wholesome influence, and giving the tares less and less room to grow. Our domestic life is not so uniformly beautiful as that it may not be profited by having its faults, its shortcomings, its miseries brought into the full light of consciousness, as only poets can bring them; and bright pictures of what that life might be, what it sometimes is in actual experience, may surely do good as well as give pleasure. But we are not so much concerned to vindicate a large field of strictly ethical teaching for poetry as to open to her almost untried and certainly unhacknied regions of beauty, pathos, and varied human interest; to bid her cease to stop at the threshold, and boldly, fearlessly, and reverently penetrate into the inner shrine of love—cease to sing

for ever of the spring-green and the promise, and remember that love has its flush of summer, and its glow of autumn, and its winter's lonely desolation. Happily, we have not to advocate a theory without being able to produce recent cases of successful practice. Mr. Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy*, those poems by Mr. Tennyson of which we have already spoken, and some of the most beautiful of Mr. Browning's lyrical poems, as well as his narrative poem of *The Flight of the Duchess*, and such a character-piece as his *Andrea del Sarto*, will indicate sufficiently how rich a field lies waiting for observation and delineation in poetry of the highest order. Some of the pieces introduced upon our stage within the last few years, principally of French origin—such as, for instance, *Still Waters Run Deep*—in spite of the coarse tendency to make adultery too constant a feature of the action, point to the capabilities of the subject for lighter treatment.

One word before we close upon two special advantages to be anticipated from the habitual extension of poetical representation to married love. The subject, in the first place, interests mature men and women, who must feel, at the perpetual iteration of the first stage of passion in literature, much as if their bodily diet were confined to syllabub and sweetmeats. Poetry is comparatively little read by grown people who do not pretend to cultivate literature as a special study—mainly, we apprehend, because it confines itself to repeating, with a variety of circumstance, experiences which they have passed through, and of the partial and one-sided truth of which they have long ago been convinced by their more mature experience. A poetry which interpreted to them their own lives, which made them see in those lives elements of beauty and greatness, of pathos and peril, would win their attention, stimulate their interest, and refine their feelings, just as much as the same effects are produced by ordinary love-poetry on the young. We shall not argue the question whether the latter effect has been upon the whole for good or not; such an assumption lies at the root of all discussions upon particular extensions of the poetic range. To us it appears indisputable that, along with some perils, the representation of any phase of human life by a man of genuine poetic pow[illegible]is a step towards improving that phase practically, as well as an enlargement of the range of that life which forms so important a part of a modern man's cultivation, the life he partakes by imaginative sympathy.

A second advantage which we should anticipate from the proposed extension would be the creation of a literature which would, in some important respects, rival and outweigh any real attraction which the properly styled 'literature of prostitution' may have for any but *mauvais sujets*. It may shock some good and innocent people to be told that such literature is attractive to any but abandoned men and women. A statistical account of the perusal of the worst class of French novels by the educated classes of this Christian and highly moral country would probably be a startling revelation. One can only say off-hand, that a familiar acquaintance with this class of works is commonly displayed in society; and the reasons are not very recondite. These novels depict a certain kind of real life without reserve; there is flesh and blood in them; and though some of the attraction is due to the mere fact that they trench on forbidden ground, some to the fact that they stimulate tendencies strong enough in most men, and some to their revelations of scenes invested with the charm of a licence happily not familiar to the actual experiences of the majority of their readers, there can be little question that one strong attraction they possess is due to their being neither simply sentimental nor simply ascetic. In accordance with an established maxim, which tells us that, *corruptio optimi pessima est*, these books are almost inconceivably worthless, even from an artistic point of view, but the passions of these novels are those of grown people, and not of babies or cherubim. We can conceive a pure poetry which should deal with the men and women of society in as fearless and unabashed a spirit, and

which should beat this demon of the stews at his own magic,—should snatch the wand from the hand of Comus, and reverse all his mightiest spells; though, doubtless, this task belongs more to prose fiction, as the objectionable works [illegible] themselves prose fictions. In the poems we have already mentioned, this has been done. There is no reason why literature, or poetry in particular, should be dedicated *virginibus puerisque;* men and women want men's and women's poetry; the affections and the passions make up the poetical element of life, and no poetry will commend itself to men and women so strongly as that which deals with their own passions and affections. Again we say, we are not careful to guard our language against wilful misconstruction.

The volume published last year, with the title of *The Angel in the House*, Part I., inspired us with the hope that a poet of no ordinary promise was about to lay down the leading lines of this great subject, in a composition half narrative and half reflective, which should at least show, as in a chart, what its rich capabilities were, and give some indication of the treasures that future workers in the same mine might have gathered in one by one. But two Parts* have been already published, and he has only got as far as the threshold of his subject; while the age is no longer able to bear poems of epic length, even with, and much less without, epic action. He has encumbered himself besides with the most awkward plan that the brain of poet ever conceived. The narrative is carried on by short cantos—idyls he calls them—in which, however, the reflective element largely prevails; and between each of these are introduced, first, a poem wholly reflective, and as long as the corresponding narrative canto, upon some phase of passion not very strictly connected with the narrative, and then a set of independent aphorisms, which are often striking in sentiment and sense, and frequently expressed with admirable terseness and force, but which convey the impression that the writer is resolved not to lose any of his fine things, whether he can find an appropriate place for them or not. We doubt whether any excellence of execution would have won great success for a poem written on such a plan, and threatening to extend to such a formidable length. But had the writer really set about singing his professed theme, and not wasted his strength and the patience of his readers in this twofold introduction, he possesses many of the qualities requisite for success. His conception of feminine character is that of a high-minded, pure-hearted, and impassioned man, who worships and respects as well as loves a woman. His delineation of the growth of love in the woman's heart is delicate and subtile, and the lofty aspirations and unselfish enthusiasm he associates with the passion of his hero no less true to the type he has chosen. And as we conceive him not so much to intend to relate the story of any individual man and woman, as to embody in a narrative form a typical representation of what love between man and woman should be, he cannot be censured for selecting two persons of a nature higher-toned and circumstances richer in happy influences than fall to the lot of most of us in this world. Had it been the purpose of our paper to review *The Angel in the House*, we could have found many admirable passages in which sentiments of sterling worth and beauty are expressed with great force and felicity of language. Perhaps the only very prominent fault of execution lies in the writer's tendency to run into logical puzzles by way of expounding the paradoxical character of love, which, like wisdom, is yet justified of her children. This tendency betrays him not only into prosaic and even scholastic phraseology, that gives frequently a ludicrous turn to his sentiments, but tempts him too often into the smartness of epigram, varied by the obscurity of transcendental metaphysics. To the same feature of his mind, as shown in the fondness for

* *The Angel in the House.* Part I., *The Betrothal.* Part II., *The Espousals.* London: John W. Parker and Son.

this way of expressing his subject, we are inclined to attribute the jerkiness of the verse, which often reads like a bit of *Hudibras* slightly altered, and is very dissonant from the innermost spirit of the poem. If we might venture to offer a bit of advice by way of conclusion, we should say to him, forget what you have done; treat these two parts as an experiment that has partially failed; begin at the real subject—married love—on a different plan and in a different key. Let the narrative, the drama, occupy a more prominent position; reject every phrase, every turn of thought, that appears to you to be particularly smart and clever, and adopt a measure that cannot run into jingle, but will flow with a calm delicious melody through the pleasant lands along which [illegible] course will lie. And if we add one exhortation more, it would be to guard against over-refinement; not to be afraid of the warm blood and beating pulse of humanity; to remember that the angel in the house is, as the least sensuous of poets reminds us—

'An angel, but a woman too.'

THE TWO TUPPERS.

My name is Tupper—Tupper of Tuppleton, in Shropshire. To prevent mistakes, I may as well mention that I am in no way related to the celebrated Mr. Martin Tupper, a gentleman who is not only a Doctor of Law, but also a Professor of Proverbial Philosophy. I know very little about Law, and not much about Proverbial Philosophy. But, as I said before, I am one of the Tuppers of Tuppleton, in Shropshire. When, at the age of twelve, I quitted the preparatory institution of Mr. Squeers, in order to complete my education at Eton, this was the advice of my maternal parent: 'My darling Phil,' she said, 'be a good boy, and write home once a week, and take care of your new hat, and don't run into debt, and above all, never forget that you belong to the Tuppers of Tuppleton.' I didn't forget it. I wasn't likely to forget it. I have never forgotten it since.

The first morning after my arrival at Eton, as I was wandering about, lost in admiration at the manners and customs of that noble institution, I was stopped by a big, stout youth, who inquired, in a peremptory tone of voice, 'Are you a new fellow? what's your name?' I meekly replied that I *was* a new fellow, and that my name was Tupper. 'Tupper,' I said, 'of Tuppleton, in Shropshire.' 'Tupper of *what?*' shouted my examiner. I repeated the answer. 'Oh indeed,' said Smith — this I afterwards learnt was his name, Steady Smith his friends called him—'oh indeed; then there's one kick for Tupper, and another for Tuppleton, and a third for Shropshire.' Suiting the action to the word, the ruffian sent me howling away with a severe pain in my inexpressibles, and from that time forward I was known in the school as Tupper of Tuppleton, in Shropshire. And only last week, at a friend's house in the country, a stout, jolly-looking person came up to me, saluted me as Tupper, and shook me warmly by the hand. I bowed politely, and professed that he had the advantage of me; I could not remember his name. 'Ah,' he said, 'but I know yours; you are Tupper of Tuppleton, in Shropshire.' It was Steady Smith. I had not seen him since he left Eton. He is a clergyman in Somersetshire, and looks steadier than ever. But to return: It was only a few hours after the incident recorded above, and the kicks of Smith were still fresh in my memory, when the question, 'What's your name?' was put to a boy who was standing near me. Mindful of the sad consequences of my own answer, I listened anxiously for his. What was my amazement to hear him reply 'Tupper.' My own name! I could hardly believe my ears. I forgot all about Smith, and burst out with 'But you're not a Tupper of Tuppleton, are you?' 'Tupper of Tuppleton,' he said; 'what the

dash is that? and what the *dash* is it to you who I am?' I am sorry to say that the word he really used was not 'dash,' but was the name of a personage very often appealed to in my young days, but whose existence, I am told, is completely ignored by the rising generation. Such was my first introduction to 'the other Tupper.' I afterwards discovered that he came of a younger branch of the Tuppers of Tupper-Biddle, in Dorsetshire. We were much of the same age and size, were pupils of the same tutor, were under the same master in school; and how we hated each other! Each was for ever getting into scrapes of which the other was the cause. We had rows and fights without end; and as he was rather the stronger of the two, I generally got the worst of it. He became a colleger—one of the boys upon the foundation, whom we Oppidans,* like young snobs as we were, looked upon with contempt, because they wore black gowns and were fed upon mutton. I used to chaff him about his poverty, about his dress, about his food, and all the other delicate and playful topics which suggested themselves to my boyish mind. But he had his revenge. Terrible and frequent were the opportunities for bullying afforded by the customs of that seminary of learning (I speak of the days of my hot youth, when Dr. Keate was head-master); and mercilessly did Tupper the Colleger avail himself of them. Was he sent to fetch a lower boy to perform some toilsome or degrading office, my evil genius invariably put me in his way, and as invariably I was selected for the task. My life became a burden to me, and (I blush to write it) I could with pleasure have cut Tupper the Colleger's throat.

One morning, after eleven o'clock school, it happened that an idle curiosity led me to go upstairs to the flogging-room, where corporal punishment was being administered by the head-master. Boy after boy was called forward to be chastised; and still his arm seemed untired. At last to my horror I heard him vociferate, 'Tupper, where's Tupper?' I reflected an instant, and then, knowing it must be Tupper the Colleger, I remained silent. But no Tupper appeared. Again the head-master called 'Tupper,' and then his eye lighted upon me. 'Well, sir,' he said, 'why don't you answer to your name; why don't you come and be flogged?' 'Please, sir,' I replied in terror, 'it isn't me; it's Tupper the Colleger.' Dr. Keate frowned and made that dreadful noise which only he could make, and which was known in the school by the mysterious name of 'the Baffin.' My heart sank within me. I knew that flogging was meat and drink to Dr. Keate; and that he would sooner, Brutus-like, flog his own son than not flog somebody. 'I don't believe you, sir,' shouted that venerable person; 'I don't believe you. You're a liar, sir, and your father was a liar before you; I flogged him, and now I shall flog you. Come and be flogged, sir.' Such was the reverend Doctor's speech. Faithfully to have learnt the ingenuous arts, as we all know, softens the manners, and does not suffer them to be brutal. The faithful teaching of the same arts has sometimes just the contrary effect. However, I had no time to moralise. The fiat had gone forth; down I knelt, and flogged I was. With my heart swelling with indignation and my body tingling with pain, I went off to my tutor. 'Please, sir, was it me you complained of, or was it Tupper the Colleger?' 'Tupper the Colleger, to be sure,' he replied. 'Because, sir, he didn't come, and I was flogged instead.' 'Oh! you were flogged instead, were you,' said this kindest of men; 'never mind: I dare say you'll deserve it to-morrow, if you didn't to-day. However, I'll take care of Tupper the Colleger.' Accordingly, at three o'clock school, Tupper the Colleger was told to 'stay' and be flogged. Directly school was over, off I rushed to the place of execution, to gloat over the punishment of my enemy. There was a large number

* Oppidans, *oppidani*, literally, town-boys—so called because they lodge in the village of Eton, as distinguished from the collegers or scholars, who live within the college walls.

of culprits. About the middle of his operations, I heard the Doctor call loudly for Tupper. I looked round triumphantly, but no Tupper was to be seen. Again the Doctor's eye lighted upon me; again he called me forward; and again I explained that it wasn't me, but Tupper the Colleger. He looked at the paper which he held in his hand, and saw that it was so. 'Well, then,' he growled out, 'if it isn't you, what are you here for?' 'Please, sir, I came to see him flogged,' was my answer. 'Oh! you came to see him flogged, did you, sir? Then you exhibited a base and cowardly spirit of malignity, for which I shall flog you, sir. Come, sir, make haste and kneel down.' There was no alternative. If not Seraphic, the Doctor was certainly Irrefragable—a real Master of the Sentences; from his doom there was no appeal. Once more I knelt down; once more the fatal instrument, guided by no unskilful hand, left John Keate + his mark, upon my unlucky person. I rose, and vowed vengeance. I had it; at five o'clock school, Tupper the Colleger was caught. He received a considerable flogging; for, as the head-master justly observed, in addition to his other offences he had caused an innocent and unoffending boy to suffer in his stead. From that day forth we hated each other worse than ever. At last, however, we became friends. Tupper the Colleger went to King's College, Cambridge, where in due time he became a Fellow of that royal and religious foundation. He afterwards took orders, married, succeeded to a small property at Tupper-Biddle, and now resides in that lovely and retired village. Last year I met him in Regent-street with a distinguished-looking female on his arm, whom he introduced as Mrs. Tupper. From the manner of that majestic person, and from Tupper's general appearance, I should conjecture that he would not be sorry to find himself once more in the flogging-room at Eton, even under the hand of Dr. Keate.

C. J. E.

THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES: ITS PRESENT STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

FOR nearly half a century in this beautiful portion of Italy the nation has maintained an unceasing struggle with the dynasty of the Bourbons; and the cause of the struggle has been, that the members of this family have insisted on being, not princes, but masters; Padroni—to adopt a Neapolitan term used by their flatterers—of the wills, consciences, lives, affections—of everything, in short, belonging to their subjects. Hence their aim has been to corrupt rather than to govern; for by such a mode of procedure alone could one mind be imposed on the kingdom; and whilst the first and leading offence of the people has been to think, the next in magnitude has been the effort to carry independent thought into execution. Perhaps the condition of this unfortunate country is not well understood by the foreigner, and especially by foreign diplomacy. Its misfortunes are regarded as a chronic malady not admitting of a cure; and its inhabitants are always blamed for whatever attitude they may assume. Thus, when bowed down beneath a double yoke—that of their own native princes and of Austria—they are deprived of all power of movement, it is the custom to stigmatize them as unworthy of liberty. Should they, however, attempt to break their chains, and range themselves amongst free nations, then all Europe pronounces them demagogues, republicans, Mazzinians; and under the pretext of order and of religion, hastens to place them under the inquisition of the policeman and the priest. Such is, in fact, the position of the Neapolitans at this moment; and whilst nearly eight millions of men raise their arms and entreat the great Cabinets of Europe to give them, not good laws, not reforms, for they are in legal possession of these already, but a prince who will respect

his oaths and promises, they are in danger of being repressed as rebels, fanatics, and demagogues.

After a long and painful history of political enormities, the nature and the facts of the government of Naples have been again brought before the tribunal of public opinion. To accusations and remonstrances the King has replied with refusal and defiance; and the same despotic and ruinous system is still persevered in, despite the friendly efforts of foreign diplomacy. Advocates are found to extol in the foreign press the piety of Ferdinand — as if superstition and hypocrisy could make a people happy, or conceal the excesses of despotism; nor are there wanting amongst the ultra-clerical party those who assert that the great majority of the Neapolitans love absolutism and adore the hand which chains them; whilst many, again, feeling that they cannot justify the excesses of the Government, endeavour to soften them by asserting that the liberals are republicans, and on that account the constitution of 1848 was superseded. In answer to these statements, and the better to explain the real position both of the Government and the people, we propose to take a brief survey of events from 1848 to the present time.

About the beginning of that year, all Sicily, and some of the provinces of the Continent, rose in arms to obtain a constitutional *régime*. Less would have contented them had it been timely, generously, and honestly offered; but to all applications for concessions a deaf ear was turned. The Pope, who had taken the initiative in reforms, became an object of ridicule and enmity to the Court of Naples to such an extent, that the possession of a handkerchief or a snuff-box bearing the head of Pius IX., exposed the unfortunate owner to the persecutions of the police. So far back as the summer of 1847 it was evident, indeed, that a storm was pending which a prudent sovereign might have avoided; instead of which the King, together with his family, made a trip to Trieste, there to meet his Austrian relatives. Then, descending the Adriatic, he terminated his wanderings at Palermo, during the fête of Santa Rosalia. At Bari, Messina, and other places, abundant proofs were offered of the disaffection of the people. At Messina, the royal statue was crowned with a *pot de chambre*, and the following inscription placed beneath:—

A tanto guerriero
Si degno limiero.

Whilst the King was at Palermo, an outbreak was anticipated; and had it not been for the presence of a French fleet, under the command of the Prince de Joinville, it is more than probable that it would have taken place. During this visit, a strong protest was several times thrown into the royal carriage, and an indignant defiance openly declared that if, by the 12th Jan., 1848, some attention was not paid to the demands of the Sicilians, the Palermitans would rise in arms. They kept their word to the hour. During this interval, Naples as well as Sicily was heaving with agitation. Nothing was, however, done to satisfy the public demands, and it was but too evident that a crisis was approaching.

On the 16th January, 1848, the official journal of the kingdom printed a series of decrees regarding the press, a *Consulta di Statò*, and a separate administration of the island of Sicily. A week earlier, these might have been gratefully accepted as a boon; but it was too late. They were looked upon now as the reluctant concessions of a faithless prince, and rejected as insufficient. On the 27th January, a most imposing demonstration was made in the Via di Toledo, the principal street of Naples, in favour of a Constitution. The red flag was hoisted, in token of hostility, on the Castle of St. Elmo; and had not the commander of the fort, General Roberti, refused to fire upon the people, a terrible carnage would have ensued. Then it was, and not till then, that the King yielded, and promised to grant the much-desired statute. Perhaps such a scene has seldom been witnessed as that which presented itself on the morning of January 29th, when the basis of the Constitution was published. The King issued from his palace on horseback, attended by his royal brothers. Pale with agitation and excitement,

we saw him pursue his way up the Toledo, amidst tens of thousands of enthusiastic subjects, who appeared as if they knew not how to express their gratitude. They touched the royal person as though it had been that of a saint, and then kissed their consecrated hands; the same with the trappings of the horse, the stirrups; anything, in fact, which was connected with the constitutional Sovereign. These were fine elements to work upon, had Ferdinand been a prudent and an honest prince; but he was neither; and hence the disasters which followed. Disturbed by the unanimity and the strength of public opinion, his Majesty, before retiring, visited the plebeian quarters of Santa Lucia and of the Mercato, which were to become the hotbed of reaction, and there reproved the use of the Italian colours. It would be beyond our object to describe in detail the events which occurred between the 29th January and the 15th May, during which interval enthusiasm and gratitude gave way to mutual suspicion and to social disorder. The principal events, however, form a necessary part of our survey, as serving to show the causes which led to this unhappy change. There was a long delay in taking the oath to the statute; an apparent hesitation or unwillingness to embody the National Guard. The people, who for many years had been governed by a severe and suspicious despotism, and had passed in a few hours to unlimited liberty, were abandoned to themselves. To all the other Italian constitutions a clause was appended, to the effect that until new laws were framed by Parliament, the old ones should remain in force. Nothing of the kind was done in Naples; and a people disposed to suspicion, were left in a state of unbridled licentiousness.

Again, there was an obvious unwillingness to unite with the other States of Italy for common objects. The old officers of the police and of the Government, began to gather strength, and to hold secret meetings; reports of an alarming character were scattered by them amongst the 'plebé;' the people divided; the suspicious began to consider themselves in danger; and a free press, unchecked by any law, assumed a desperate and a menacing tone.

Meanwhile, the 'Camarilla,' working in darkness, were waiting their opportunity. Leipzenter, as Minister of Austria, had become chief of the conspirators, so that the new ministers were compelled to complain, and then to dismiss him from the kingdom. Large sums of money were disposed of by him, in order to produce anarchy; and when he found it impossible to seduce public opinion by the word Republic, he caused a proclamation to be distributed in favour of the Constitution of 1820. But this was as ill received as the proposition for a republic, for the nation desired nothing more than to see the recent statute honestly and promptly carried out. All these circumstances combined to produce an amount of suspicion and disorder which embarrassed even the authorities themselves, and a clear-sighted man could easily perceive that the separation was becoming daily greater and greater between the King and his people. One irreversible fact, however, existed, and gave something for hope to build upon — the Constitution had been officially promulgated, and sworn to by the King on the Holy Gospels, 'in the most holy name of the Omnipotent God, One and Three.' The 15th May was now approaching, when full effect was to be given to the Constitution by calling the Parliament together. Some difference, however, arose as to the formula of the oath to be taken by the Deputies; and members of the royal household, and the functionaries of the police, attempted to stir up a few hot-headed young men —principally Calabrese — amongst the National Guard. They were urged to defend themselves; superior officers of the Swiss regiments assured them that their troops would not fight against the people; and the consequence was, that these enthusiastic youths, aided by their enemies, threw up in a few hours barricades in the Toledo, and resisted for a long time the assaults of the regular troops. There was

no concert in this resistance; no ammunition distributed; no orders given: it was the mere ebullition of a few, not the combined project of the many; so that it cannot with any justice be urged as a violation of compact between the King and his people, or as a ground for depriving them of the Constitution. Nor was this use ever made of it at the time. This we regard as a point bearing materially upon the actual position and demands of the Neapolitans. A partial writer in the interest of the Government, Gennaro Marulli, captain of the 2nd regiment of Grenadier Guards, says—

> It is to be lamented that a majority of the moderate Deputies suffered themselves to be subdued by the cries of certain madmen, and some of the National Guard, who were returning timidly to their homes, instead of opposing a strong phalanx to that weak minority of licentious and malignant men.

The horrible slaughter which took place on that occasion was intended to avenge and to cancel, according to general opinion, the much-desired Constitution.

Still the condition of Europe, and of Sicily in particular, was far from assuring. The Intendenti, on being asked if the provinces menaced insurrection, replied that peace could be looked for only on the condition of the Constitution being guaranteed. It was necessary therefore to simulate; and on the 16th May, surrounded by soldiers, and followed by the hordes of the Mercato, his Majesty passed through the smoking ruins of the city to thank the Madonna del Carmine for the triumph he had gained. A description of a short walk through two or three streets at this time will give an accurate idea of the consequences of this success. A crowd of men, women, and children are coming down the Via di Toledo, bearing before them a picture of the Madonna, flanked by those of the King and Queen. They are shouting and howling, and screaming out, *Viva la Madonna! Viva il Rè!* They run at us to seize our hats, but we prudently anticipate them, and take them off. And so they hurry by. Houses are burning; some are threatening to fall; most are pierced like the head of a pepper-box with cannon-shot. Mattresses and blankets are hanging out of the windows, which are shattered to pieces; and articles of furniture are strewed about the streets. Ruffians who have been robbing under the protection of, and in company with, the soldiery, offer for a trifle their rich and ill-gotten booty. Every house, too, has its tragic history; the chastity of women violated in this one—old age murdered in its bed in that—sickness, sex, nothing respected. And mark that window—an unfortunate man, who has escaped from the soldiery, flying from storey to storey, at last appears at it. He throws himself out, and hangs suspended from the sill, in the sight of the waving and agonized crowd below. The soldiers rush in; they appear at the window—they discover their victim, and severing his hands from his body, he falls a fractured mass of human flesh and bones! That street on the right is called Santa Brigida, and near the church a terrible slaughter took place. A slight rain was falling, and the coagulated blood, mingling with the water, ran down the street, a red stream. There was a shudder amongst the people, and men were sent for on the instant to sweep the street, lest the populace should become too much excited.

Whatever might have been the danger then, no such fears could spring up in the present state of order and tranquillity. There are cannon now on the castles, cannon on the churches, cannon on the monasteries, cannon in the palace—and all pointed towards the city: there are parapets, too, erected on houses and churches, and monasteries provided with breastworks, under cover of which the mercenary soldiers of any cause that pays them may fire upon the people. Happy nation! well may the King appeal to the admirable order which exists as a proof of the excellence of his system!

But to return: his Majesty went to thank the Madonna, in her church of the Carmine, for the triumph he had achieved. Ay, it was a right royal triumph, and doubtless is inscribed amongst those eternal re-

cords which the Judge of all the earth will, in his own good time, bring forth to light.

This was the day after the revolution, when, if at any time, the King might have found excuses for cancelling the Constitution; but even the partial author quoted above says:—

> His words were those of peace and fidelity to the Constitution he had sworn to observe, exhorting even and imposing fidelity to the Constitution whenever he heard any voice in the crowd raised against it. And the cries of all the soldiers echoed those of the sovereign—'the defence of the royal person with their blood, and of the constitutional law of the 10th February, the two sacred articles of their oath!

The King also telegraphed to the provinces that tranquillity had been re-established after a collision between the two branches of the service, and that another day would be appointed for the opening of the Chambers. In addition to this, they were assured, by means of the Intendenti and the other authorities, as also by the Deputies themselves, that the Constitution would be maintained; and believing in this assurance, many battalions of the National Guard who were marching upon the capital returned to their homes. A few of the Deputies, however, who had fled from the catastrophe of the 15th May, not trusting to the deceptive promises of the Government, summoned the Parliament to meet at Cosenza. Various proclamations were published to the municipalities of the Calabrias, calling on them to rise for the sole object of defending the Constitution—but not a word was said of a republic, and if the insurrection was in itself a step which merited condemnation, the blame must be imputed in the first instance to the Government, which, by its delays, its secret machinations, and its violence, had filled the people with suspicion. All the other provinces of the kingdom participated in this distrust. On the 27th June a deputation from the municipality of Bari called on the communes of the kingdom to create deputations for the preservation of public order, and the maintenance of the political rights guaranteed by the laws previous to the 15th May. Accordingly, on the 2nd July deputations from many of the municipalities assembled at Bari, and expressed their determination to support the programme of the 3rd, and the royal decree of the 5th of April, and a committee was formed for the space of one month. The result will prove whether such general suspicion was well founded.

But for the magic word 'Constitution,' it is certain that the insurrection in the Calabrias would not have been subdued. General Busacca therefore, on the 10th June, published a proclamation to the Cosentini in the following terms: 'The sovereign, whose principal attention is directed to the maintenance of the Constitution, voluntarily proclaimed and solemnly sworn to by him .... has made positive arrangements for the sure preservation of the constitutional statute of the 10th February.' In answer to this the Cosentini replied, on the 18th July, that they, with the army, were prepared to shed their blood for the same objects. General Lanza said, in another proclamation, that whilst 'all regard would be paid to those who had been misled, public order would be restored, and would be employed to support that Constitution which the King, the military, and the people have sworn before God to observe. Thus shall we be happy.' General Nunziante, in his proclamation of the 7th June to the inhabitants of the three Calabrias, was even more persuasive. He assured them that 'he had come amongst them to preserve the constitutional statute granted by the King on the 29th January, sworn to by him on the 10th February, and with immense joy and gratitude received by the nation—a statute which he intends now and always to sustain and preserve in its full integrity. May Providence cause all erring men, if any such there be, to return to their duty—if the magnanimous conduct of the sovereign has not sufficed already to bring them to their duty. He might, on account of the illegalities committed, have withdrawn all that he has given; instead of which, with unheard-of loyalty, he has confirmed the Constitution he has sworn to observe, deeming it unjust to punish a whole people for the faults

of a few who, when once they have returned to the path of duty, may expect pardon from his inexhaustible clemency. The soldiers, believe me, desire to prove themselves to be your true brothers, and united with the majority, who are undoubtedly good and loyal, to maintain the oath given to the King and the Constitution.'

The Calabrese replied, that for such a purpose bayonets and cannon were not needed—that they had taken up arms simply to preserve the laws; and they concluded by entreating that the soldiery might be removed, the constitutional law maintained, and the Deputies recalled to their high functions. Another appeal was made by General Nunziante to the National Guard, which obeyed, and in the following year rendered important services to General Statella. But it soon happened in the provinces, as it had already happened in Naples, that this body was disarmed and persecuted as demagogues. Even General Nunziante himself was subjected to the insults and attacks of Orazio Mazza, the late notorious Minister of Police, but at that time the Intendente of Calabria Citra. The comparatively honest zeal which the General had shown in obeying the orders of a Government which wished to be misunderstood, gave offence: and the determination with which he put down parties of brigands who at that time scoured the Calabrias, was not well regarded—for these had been organized by certain royal military agents, and, supported by Mazza, were, as they were intended to be, a terror to the Liberals. At a later period another effort was made to organize these bandits for similar purposes, but they refused to confide in a Government which had first supported and then betrayed them.

The facts we have just stated show that, the hour of triumph over, an insurrection was the time chosen for confirming, in stronger terms than ever, the constitutional statute; that the movement of the 15th May was spoken of as the insurrection of a few only; and that not the slightest allusion was made to republicanism.

We shall now see whether any stronger act occurred afterwards to justify the sovereign in violating an oft-repeated oath. An interval of transition followed the incidents of the 15th May. A new ministry, subservient to the throne and devoted to the King, soon abolished the programme of the ministry of Troja, and recalled the contingent which had been sent under General Pepe to Lombardy. Many who clearly saw the direction things were taking, emigrated or concealed themselves; some of the public functionaries who were regarded as too liberal were removed; men of reactionary opinions were appointed as Intendenti in the provinces; emissaries were despatched throughout the kingdom, and instructions were given to the authorities to obtain Deputies devoted to the King. We repeat, it was an interval of transition. If up to the 15th May everything bore upon it the impress of popular action, from that time every event was stamped with the royal seal. With a docile ministry, and a disarmed and intimidated people, the King was omnipotent, and might by a word have recalled the privileges he had granted; but his intention was to work more secretly and more surely.

The Parliament was opened amidst public terror, on the 1st July, 1848. On the 5th September, it was prorogued till the following November, and then again to the 1st February, 1849. Reopened on that day, it was dissolved by a royal decree, dated Gaeta, March 12, which promised by a future decree to call together the electoral colleges. The King refused to accept any address from the Chambers; the Deputies both in and out of Parliament were menaced with danger to their lives; the deputy Mazziotti was attacked one night on his return to his house by the police, and the canon Pelicano, Director of Ecclesiastical Affairs, assaulted as he was leaving the church of Gesù Nuovo. In proof of the dishonesty of the Government, and in justification of the suspicions and precautions of the people, it may be mentioned that on the 5th September, 1848, the very day on which the Parliament was prorogued, the

famous 'candid and spontaneous' demonstration of the fishermen of Santa Lucia took place. Thousands of Bourbon cockades were prepared in the palace of the late Prince of Salerno; and at mid-day, priests, servants of the royal palace, and police agents, bearing a flag adorned with the Bourbon arms and an image of the Virgin laden with gold, preceded and conducted the Luciani to the square before the royal palace. The King was shouted for with acclamation; *Viva il Rè, abbasso la costituzione*, were the watchwords. The shops were threatened, the Liberals were assaulted, and it is doubtful how the movement might have terminated, if another party in the royal interest had not issued from the quarter of Monte Calvario, and put the Liberals to flight. Many of the latter now pine in the Bagni, as the authors of disorder and as republicans. On the 29th January, 1849, in commemoration of the Constitution which had been granted on that day in the preceding year, a considerable number of the people walked unarmed and peaceably through the Toledo. Many of the leaders of those people have been since condemned to the galleys, as republicans.

The nation watched attentively what was passing in Italy and Europe for an explanation of their future destinies. So also did the King, in order that he might entirely throw off the veil and begin the work of vengeance; and in a few months everything was resolved according to his desires. On the 23rd March, Charles Albert was defeated at Novara; and on the 26th April, Palermo and the other *valli* of the island were reduced. In July, the keys of Rome were consigned to the Pope; and on the 26th of the same month, the Grand Duke of Tuscany re-entered his dominions. The field was now open, and the havoc began. The printing-presses were assaulted and broken; printers and writers were imprisoned; the journals were suppressed by the grand criminal courts; the Parliament House was sacked, and the covering constructed at the entrance destroyed by the fury of the mob; the flag with the Italian colours was removed, and the ancient one substituted; even the title of *Constitutional* was withdrawn from the official journal, and the Treaty of the Congress of Vienna of 1815 inserted in its pages. Most of the authorities were deprived of office, and replaced by others, often of ignoble rank and character, but whose great recommendation was devotion to *il Rè nuostro, e Padrone assoluto*. Thus the officers of the communes, the Intendenti, the judges, the functionaries in the public offices, were all swept off, and sworn creatures of absolutism substituted. All this, however, did not content the sovereign, who wished to be entreated to return to despotism, and to punish the great event of 1848. In Sicily there was not a commune which was not compelled to express its submission to the King in such terms of devotion and attachment to the throne as to appear almost a satire. A book was published by a public functionary decorated and enriched, with a view to show the benefits which had been lavished by Ferdinand II. upon Sicily, and the ingratitude of the Sicilians.

In Naples, political catechisms were published of a nature to make any honest man shudder; whilst the journals were made to declare that the people had never desired a Constitution, and that it had been the work of a few hot-headed ambitious young men. Royal generals had stated, however, at a critical moment, in their proclamations, 'that the Constitution had been received with joy and gratitude by the nation.' At length the idea of getting up petitions for the abolition of the Constitution was formed, and carried out with such threats and violence that even under a reign of terror some portion of the existing press protested against it. But let it not be supposed that these petitions were prepared to justify the Government in the eyes of the people: on the contrary, the principle was maintained, that subjects had no right to discuss the nature of a government or the rights of a throne. These petitions were to serve as a *coup de reserve* for foreign diplomacy. But there is no fact which admits of a surer proof than that those petitions were prepared and enforced by the agents of the Go-

vernment, and that from that time to this it has been the custom to send orders from the capital to all the municipalities of the kingdom, to celebrate royal and religious *fêtes* with all the outward expressions of reverence and devotion to the *assoluto Padrone*.

The great blow had now been struck; the King had apparently obtained the popular sanction to his ruling as an absolute sovereign—what, then, can foreign diplomacy object to? Still his Majesty has never had the courage to abolish the constitution in so many words; and it exists, *de jure*, as well founded as any other law of the monarchy, although, by some measures generally known, and by others not perhaps so well understood, he has entirely suspended its action.

As the consummation of the plot, we publish the oath which, by a royal rescript of the 12th June, 1850, was ordered to be administered to all public officials:—

I, N. N., promise and swear fidelity and obedience to King Ferdinand, and prompt and exact execution of his orders. I promise and swear that in the execution of the orders entrusted to me I will employ myself with the greatest zeal, and with the greatest probity and honour. I promise and swear to observe the laws, decrees, and regulations which, by the sovereign disposition of his Majesty, are actually observed, and which it shall hereafter please his Majesty to publish. I promise and swear not to belong to any secret society whatever, of whatever title, for whatever object, or of whatever denomination, and that I never will belong to such; and so help me God.

This was the last act of the drama which opened in 1847-48. From that time to the present, except within the last few months, a system of terrorism has been adopted. The Majesty of the Two Sicilies, firmly seated on his throne, with all his satellites around him, has acted like one who was only vindictively mindful of the past, and anxious and careful of the future. To avenge and confirm the royal power has been the sole object kept in view, whilst all national progress has been disregarded and impeded. At first, the defenders of the King extolled his generosity and loyalty in having granted the statute, attributing the cause entirely to the disorders of the people if it was not observed. But when such representations ceased to have the appearance of truth, as no agitation existed, a different language was adopted: it was contended that the King had no right to diminish the rights of the throne and of the dynasty—that the Neapolitan monarchy was essentially pure and absolute, and that his Majesty, compelled to dissemble, had yielded only to the force of circumstances. A door was thus opened to the most decided persecution against every one suspected of attachment to the constitution—the impenetrable veil which the Government had declared it would throw over the past was rent in twain—amnesties were regarded as having been extorted by circumstances; the Birri, assuming the toga of the magistrate, discovered guilt in sentiments and phrases which had been published with the permission of the police even before 1848. Thus a future was erected in the past, and whilst an effort was made to smother the very recollection of their privileges, measures were taken to destroy the men who cherished them in their affections. The demoralization and corruption of the lower classes, who were blindly associated with the Government in its crusade, were necessary consequences. Espionage and ignorance were protected; episcopal sees were reserved as the reward of subservient priests; distrust of every one became an important feature in the national character; the prison and the stick subdued those who uttered even a sigh of despair, and the secret records of the State prisons could speak of attempts which were made on the lives of some of those who are still immured within their dungeons. With astonishing energy and inflexibility of purpose, and with a shameless disregard of all law and decency, has this system of oppression been persevered in for now nearly eight years, until, literally, to speak of a constitution is a crime; and to offer divine honours to the *adorato ed assoluto Padrone*, the favourite phrase of the official journal, is the surest method of obtaining the royal grace. We have been compelled to content our-

selves with a hurried glance at the fall of the nation from the height of liberty to the lowest abyss of political despair. But, had time or space permitted, we might have illustrated our brief sketch by many facts of a deeply tragic and comic interest.

The trial of Baron Poerio and his companions is a tale thrice told which we shall not repeat, but it is not, perhaps, generally known that these unhappy men are still in prison and in chains. There is *indisputable* evidence to show that their chambers were, even so recently as April and May last, so damp that bread in a few hours became 'green' within their walls, and that salt melted away. The consequence was, that 'all their joints' were afflicted with grievous pains; that one was paralytic, another dying of consumption, and a third so oppressed by cough and pain in his chest, that he was compelled to shift the extremity of his chain from his girdle to his shoulder, to find some interval of relief, or rather to vary his torment. In those prisons they still remain. and the delicate sensibilities of England and France will not permit them to insist upon their release. These men were too distinguished to be permitted to fall into oblivion; but how many are those of an humbler rank who, within the last eight years, have suffered punishments which will at a future time be considered almost fabulous, and who have at length sunk beneath their weight!

The defenders of the Government have lately boasted of the number of political offenders who have been pardoned within the few last years. An attempt is thus made to establish for the ruling sovereign the character of a kind and indulgent prince. But, in justice, it should be made known, that of the thousands who filled the islands and other spots used as places of penal transportation, most had been swept away by a simple order of police, without any crime being imputed to them, without any trial awaiting them: fourpence a-day was allotted to them, and the privilege reserved by the authorities, after many years of privation, of bringing them forth as instances of royal clemency. One case of the kind occurs to us—and it is sufficient for our purpose—of a gentleman well known to us, who, in the month of July, 1848, was arrested and sent from prison to prison. No offence has ever been imputed to him; to his applications for a trial not a word has been deigned; and his petitions—not for pardon, because no charge has been ever made, but for liberty—have been passed over with chilling silence. This gentleman is still detained under the surveillance of the police; and hope, that comes to all, has almost abandoned him. Yet those who are unacquainted with the state of things in this country, or those who write for a purpose and a reward, represent the recent acts of mercy as many, and the laws as admirable. The laws are undoubtedly excellent; and it is to secure the observance of those laws, that the only guarantees—the guarantees of a Constitution—are desired.

Amongst the crowds of unfortunate men whom travellers meet with in wandering amongst those lovely spots which make Naples almost a paradise upon earth, might have been seen many who had returned from the Lombardy crusade. They went forth with the sanction of their sovereign, and came back to find that obedience was a crime. They were shipped off by hundreds to the islands and elsewhere; and many a heartrending story might be told of them—of mere boys, whom the love of novelty had sent forth to the north of Italy, and who, with fourpence a day alone (a carlino) to live upon, lay helpless on a wretched mattress, whilst they gasped out the name of a mother or a sister with their dying breath—of a madman buffeted about by a thoughtless mob, and brought up before a judge on the charge of having uttered blasphemy—of restless, quarrelsome youths exposed and lashed in a public piazza—of one of those struggling, and refusing to undergo a sentence which he declared to be unjust, and darting off through the city, followed by soldiers, who pricked and goaded him with their bayonets till he fell, half-dying and covered with blood. That man was a Sicilian—he was thrown into prison, he died there during

the night; and his blood-stained mattress, as it was brought out the next morning by the gaoler and his attendants, attested the horrible fact. These are individual cases, it is true; but they serve to show that general assertions are not made without reason, and they are not by any means the only cases which could be adduced.

From the tragic let us turn to the comic—to the hat movement, to the beard movement, to the moustache movement—to the regulations of a sovereign who would act the barber and the tailor, and rule his people with a yard and pair of shears. There is a circular of the Neapolitan Government to the 'royal judges' and police functionaries, which, after alluding to the delusive hopes of change awakened by the Russian war, and enjoining on the authorities to punish with the lash all those who scattered about alarming reports, and urging fidelity to the *Augusto adorato Padrone*, thus continues:—

I therefore (the Intendente of the province) communicate to you what follows, for your rigorous execution:—1. Continual vigilance over all who are under surveillance, well observing all their movements, both without and within their several communes; their habitual meetings, whether in the country or the city; in what precise spots, the true object of them, and if persons attend who are not compromised in political matters. 2. Who of these persons are the most constant in reading the official journals; where these are read, what observations are made on the Oriental question, and what conversations are held on the subject of these journals in public and in private; in what sense the news necessarily published is understood; who circulates intelligence; who foments it, and with what means. 3. If the compromised are more than usual in contact with influential persons; what is the reason of it, and whether their intercourse is open or secret. 4. To attend with circumspection and acuteness the discourses of ecclesiastics, and take account in your reports of those expressions which oppose the views of public order. 5. To ascertain if the compromised, directly or indirectly, endeavour to awaken the foolish sympathies by disturbing the minds of the imprudent. 6. If the party of the royalists appears to be discouraged, alarmed, and intimidated; by whose means, and by what facts and deductions. 7. To follow everywhere idlers, couriers, and every other individual who, without any well-ascertained reason, travel from one commune to another, or have contact with demagogues, whether from abroad or at home, sending them to me according to the regulations communicated. 8. To make with care a precise and minute list of those who use hats of a strange fashion, and of the entire beard; distinguishing between those who are or who are not compromised, and letting me know immediately. In the column of observations, you will note at what epoch they began to wear the beard, as also the form of hat, and if this is a novelty, or an old costume of the country. Also if any one, without exception, besides foreigners, makes use of hats of a strange fashion, or of the entire beard, you must give them directions to take them off directly, and when the order is not complied with, you will proceed immediately to arrest, and send me a procès verbale of the case, &c, &c.

In compliance with these directions, inspectors of police stopped persons in the streets, and taking off their obnoxious hats, cut them up with a pair of shears which they carried for the purpose. Beards met with no milder fate, for those who wore them were hurried off to the Prefettura, where they found a batch of other companions in misfortune, gathered together and shut up like mad dogs at midsummer, waiting for the executioner. The servant of a British authority was walking near the Mole, and seeing a crowd gathered together, ran to inquire into the cause of it. In the centre stood a poor fellow, with a posse of policemen, whose commander was occupied in cutting up a wide-awake. And so the servant looked on and laughed.

'Come along with me,' said a surly-looking fellow in undress, tapping him on the arm.

'Why?' was the reply, 'what's the matter?'

'Nothing at all in the world, but come along with me immediately.'

It was the voice of authority evidently, and so the man followed till he came to the dreaded Prefettura.

'And now,' said the unknown, 'we will send for a barber.' So the barber came, and the unfortunate wight was shaven, together

with several others, and amidst jeering and laughing, was congratulated on his improved appearance. Similar anecdotes might be related of the servants of other English families; of single ladies losing their servants for a day, and being compelled to apply to their Minister; of doughty cooks being deprived of the pride of their faces, and of some of them pleading most piteously in behalf of the scanty remains of a beard, which they had reduced only a few days before; but the policeman was as inexorable as the Fates. The cases that daily occurred would appear, were they written, to be better adapted to the pages of *Punch* than to those of sober history; and it is only within the last three months that the persecution has ceased by a royal rescript. One of the last cases that occurred, consisted in the seizure of a box of hats in the Custom House; they were directed to Mr. Pierce, an Englishman, and the circumstances are too good to be omitted. Mr. Pierce applied on the subject to the late lamented Sir W. Temple, by whom he was referred to Signor Bianchini, the Director of Police, who referred him to Signor Murena, the Director of Finance, who referred him to the Director of Customs; who said,

'Your hats are forbidden by superior order, but we will purchase them; what is your price?'

'Twelve ducats each' (about £2 5s.)

'Rather dear,' said the Director, 'is it not?'

'I don't know,' said Pierce; 'I am indifferent about this sale, but if you are determined to have them that is my price.'

The hats were bought and paid for, they were taken to the police office, and distributed amongst the *employés* and others, and we could point out more than one man who rejoices in a police hat. It would not be difficult to fill a volume with the excesses and absurdities of the police authorities in the Two Sicilies, and indeed it would be necessary to enlarge much more in order to give any adequate idea of that ferocious and all comprehensive power which, setting aside the laws, has ruled for several years over this unhappy kingdom. It has for the moment merely suspended its action, or rather softened its *modus agendi.* The organisation still exists, and the will to wield it is as strong as ever; and when Europe has again fallen into a mesmeric slumber as regards Italian affairs, it is not improbable that the same antics will be played before high heaven. The actual position of the country may be clearly understood from the brief sketch we have given. There is but one independent mind in the kingdom, and that is the mind of the King, who regards it as his duty to suppress anything approaching to the free expression of thought. Those who serve him, therefore, must be men for the most part of the lowest moral and intellectual order, inasmuch as their continuance in power depends on an utter negation of self. Hence hypocrisy and corruption, as well as an affectation of hatred of anything that savours of progress, distinguish the officials. 'The King, my master,' said one of those men to a professor in a public school, 'desires not Doctors but good Christians; the Catechism, and not false maxims of worldly science.'

It will be readily conceived that whilst such views are in favour and such a political system is adopted, men of learning, of talent, and of probity, are set aside; and there is no fact more patent than that such men are either in exile or kept entirely in the shade. Foreign universities are adorned by those who belong of right to the Two Sicilies, and would have done much to enlighten the kingdom and raise it to distinction in the eyes of the world; and public institutions have been deprived of men of European reputation, who, if they are not in prison or in exile, are eking out a scanty subsistence in this country under the surveillance of police. It is sufficient to mention the names of Capocci, Guarini, Scialoja, Gasparrini, Degasparis, and a host of others, whose talents and learning were a daily protest against the system pursued.

Such being the position of this people—a position which we have not in the slightest degree exaggerated—it becomes an interesting question, What are their prospects? One thing is very certain, that such a state of things as now exists can-

not by any possibility endure. This kingdom is evidently in a state of crisis and of transition; and statesmen will do well to consider how the crisis may be passed with the least danger to the country itself, as well as to the great commonwealth of Europe. The actual government being a pure absolutism, it is natural, of course, to look to the character and disposition of the Sovereign for the development of the future of his dominions, and from this source we regret to state it as our confirmed opinion that nothing can be expected.

His Majesty is a Bourbon, and has learnt nothing from experience. He has a will that remonstrance will only strengthen; and hence, as we have recently seen, the representations of individuals and of States will be alike ineffectual. He has the highest conception of his power and his prerogatives; and up to a certain point would ruin everything rather than sacrifice them. He is firmly convinced that his power is a commission from on high; that as he is born to rule over his people, they are born to serve him; and hence, as the heaven-directed sovereign, and *adorato ed assoluto Padrone*, conviction and pride will alike prevent Ferdinand from condemning the acts of twenty-six years by a change of system. Those who expect it will be miserably disappointed. The antecedents of his Majesty confirm our opinion, for in all the great crises of his reign, it will be found that he has maintained his ground till absolutely compelled to yield. Conciliation has only awakened his suspicions, and remonstrance strengthened his obstinacy; hence is it that no boon has ever been volunteered; and when it has been wrung from him, it has been at so late an hour as to have lost the appearance of either dignity or grace. *E troppo tardi* is a phrase which is stereotyped in the minds of his subjects.

Failing, therefore, in our hopes of the actual sovereign, let us turn to the heir. The Neapolitans must have patience. Let revolution be avoided. A few years, in the course of nature, must give them another king, and with another king perhaps a change of system. The hereditary Prince is loved by anticipation for the sake of his mother. She was a princess of the House of Savoy, and the melancholy recitatives of the people still tell of the hold which her memory has upon their affections. The son of so good a mother must needs be good. Such, in fact, is the faith of the mob, who have an implicit faith in blood. But thoughtful and observant men look forward with alarm to the future of the Prince. He is said to be of very moderate intellect and of limited views; and he has been educated in the habits of his father. He has now attained the age of twenty-two years, and yet nothing to his honour or his advantage is reported of him. When the King of Portugal visited the Court of Naples, it is matter of notoriety that the contrast was most unfavourable to the heir-apparent. Perhaps the fault is not his. Certain is it that the nation have most favourable sentiments towards him, and desire to find one in whose veins runs the precious blood of Savoy worthy of their esteem, and to whom they can dedicate their hopes of the future. Perhaps, we repeat, the fault will not be his should he not correspond to the hopes and wishes of the public. Shut up and guarded like a monk, he is still under the discipline almost of early infancy. The persons about him are honest and devout, but of no mental elevation: he lives in an atmosphere of littleness, ignorance, fear. The instruction provided for him is extremely confined, especially as regards those subjects with which a prince ought to be most conversant. His father employs him in trifling occupations of detail; imposes on him the annual task of getting-up the *Royal Almanac* of the kingdom, for which the royal pupil duly receives the compliments and praises of his instructors; but, mingled with this adulation, the same persons confess that their labours are useless, and that they do not foresee a happier future for the country. Meanwhile the Prince devotes himself to these barren occupations with a docility which awakens astonishment. Is it virtue, is it necessity, or is it dissimulation? In all probability, his mind is dwarfed to such a degree, that he is scarcely sensible of the

inconveniences of the frivolous and pedantic life he leads. His Royal Highness attends the councils of State, and assists in certain commissions; but it should be known what these councils and commissions are, in order to understand that nothing is to be acquired by an attendance upon them. In short, very little is done to cultivate his mind, and to elevate it to the noble principles of government; a system of neglect and abandonment is adopted which humbles without instructing; and, if those about the royal person may be believed, a degrading species of surveillance is exercised over him.

General La Spina, a very old officer of marine, has the principal charge of the Prince's education. He was appointed many years since, at the time that he was sitting as judge in the Supreme Court to try political offenders. When absent, he is the only person who writes to the Prince; and no paper, book, letter, or message can reach him except through the hands of the General. Even he has been an object of vigilance, and during the last year a distinguished personage examined his correspondence, to ascertain if anything contrary to the royal intentions was going on. The marriage of the Prince is naturally looked forward to with anxiety: but it is said that there exists at Court a strong feeling against such a step, on the ground that it would lead to his emancipation. Still, the project is cherished. Negotiations of an impossible character are put on foot; apartments are ordered to be prepared, and these directions as quickly countermanded. Not long since, the Archduchess Sophia of Austria proposed an union with the House of Bavaria. It was announced in the *Gazette* of Munich. The Archdukes Albert and Rainier, together with the Archduchess Maria Carolina, sister of the King, spoke much upon the subject, and then it was passed over in silence. The next generation of princes born and educated in the Court of Naples, may perhaps be even less desirable than the present; and it is not improbable that persecution and malediction will fall on those who trained them.

It is, therefore, with a view to save the people from revolution, and the reigning dynasty from ruin, that the questions present themselves, What should be done for Naples?—what are its prospects? Nothing will or can be done by its own princes. Are the people themselves in a position to work out their own redemption? We much doubt it, and for various reasons. In the first place, an overwhelming and irresistible force is opposed to them, not merely face to face in the form of a hundred thousand native troops—of hordes of Austrians, ever at the command of the *Adorato ed assoluto Padrone*—of gendarmes, and policemen in uniform,—but of secret spies, who, like invisible sand-flies, penetrate everywhere, and sting unseen. Such is the doubt which every man entertains of another, that he fears to find a traitor almost in his own brother; and not daring to think or speak of politics, meeting with no encouragement in the pursuit of literature, he takes refuge in low debauchery, almost as a necessity and a security from persecution. Politically speaking, the debauchee is a safe man. Thus is it that faith has been driven from Naples,—faith in man and faith in God,—and an universal scepticism of all that is good and pure has settled upon the public mind. Under such a physical and moral pressure it is clear that the work of self-redemption is all but impossible; for though under certain circumstances a people willing to be free may achieve their liberty, there must exist the probabilities of success; otherwise the effort will be madness, and must terminate in failure. M. Manin recently counselled the Neapolitans to refuse to pay the taxes: this reminds us of the advice of an English nobleman to restore a famished population with curry-powder. The very circumstances necessary to such a step—faith and union—would render such a step superfluous, for union and faith imply social health and liberty: but where are these to be found in Naples? We have heard of cases where men have been betrayed through the confessional, by their own wives—friends by friends. We know a case where a smile called

down upon the offender the policeman. We assert—without fear of contradiction — that the trade of informer is a very general and favourite one, for whilst it often enriches the wretch who practises it, it furnishes abundant opportunities for gratifying private revenge. Thus it happens that under the influence of one of these two motives, even the smallest place becomes a hotbed of espionage. The tables of the sottintendenti and the intendenti of provinces groan under the weight of clandestine denunciations, and the authorities become parties to the infamy by proceeding on such documentary evidence to arrest and punish. Again we ask, how is either union or resistance possible where clouds of spies darken and poison the air? where their denunciations are accepted and acceptable? and where there is an overwhelming force to execute what power commands?

A flagrant instance of this system of espionage was that of the 'Penitent Pierrot,' in the political case recently brought before the Grand Criminal Court of Naples. It is but one of ten thousand; but by tracing the details of his case we learn the loathsome measures which are adopted to corrupt and to betray:—how spies are paid for watching on the trail of their victims day after day; how they worm themselves into their confidence and affection; and how, after betraying them, they appear in open court as their public accusers. A curious incident occurred in court during that trial, which well illustrates the vigilance and despotism exercised at Naples. A gentleman made a casual sign to one of the advocates for the defence; it was observed, and an usher sent to him, to order him to conduct himself better, under pain of punishment. The gentleman was all submission; still he felt that the eye of the offended magistrate was upon him, and trembling for the consequences, took an opportunity of gliding out of court, and hastily driving home. Not many minutes elapsed before an order was sent to arrest him. We met him the next day, but so disguised that he was scarcely to be recognised; his whiskers were shaven off, and large green spectacles covered his eyes. 'What is the reason of this transformation?' we asked. The anecdote just narrated was the explanation.

'Why does not the nation rise as a man?' is a question asked by many when they hear such cases. We will answer it by another. 'Why does not the cripple throw aside his crutches, and walk?' 'Why does not the sick man, burning with fever, rise from his bed?' And were they to do so, are there not hundreds and thousands of keepers to catch them? What, too, would be the consequences? The prisons and the Bagni can answer that question. Poerio and his companions in the damp chambers of Montesarchio—Mignonna and his partners in misfortune, who have now entered upon the second year of their imprisonment, without a trial, or under a trial that has been suspended,—all these can throw some light upon what those may expect who fall under even the suspicion of Government. A passage from a description written by one who has been a political prisoner, will give a pleasing idea of the sufferings endured by him:—

On our arrest we were detained at the 'Commissariat' for the whole night. One of our companions, in our presence, was stripped, and treated with every species of infamy by the Birri, who spat upon and struck him; after which he was shut up in the closet of the office during the remainder of the night. On the next day we were questioned as to the pretended conspiracy; but no answer having been extorted, one of our companions, having been visited with a repetition of the same insults as on the previous night, was bound, and beaten with fifty stripes. Another was also exposed to the same torture, but he fainted under the infliction, and the punishment was suspended. On being committed for trial, we were thrown into prison without light, or air, or beds, or seats; and thus we remained for many days before we could obtain any alleviation of our sufferings.

Many of these facts have been produced lately in open court, and are now matters of public notoriety. Without faith, therefore, in the moral power of union for great national objects—and, if united, unequally matched against the large army of Ferdinand II. and the

gigantic forces of Austria—what can the Neapolitans do, or what can they be reasonably expected to do? It is the madman who runs his head against a wall. The Neapolitans must suffer and wait. The true mode of putting a stop to the present exceptional state of things, would have been for England and France not to have acted the farce of friendly counsellors, much less to have handed over Italy to the mercies of Austria—the victim to the executioner—but to have insisted on certain changes which they had the right to demand and the power to enforce. When Ferdinand II. took an oath before the 'Omnipotent God' to observe the Constitution, he incurred certain obligations to foreign governments. Is it diplomatically convenient that a sovereign should have the power of repudiating as a constitution what he sanctioned as an absolutist king, or *vice versa?* And yet such a power appears to reside in the double-phased monarch who now sits upon the throne of the Two Sicilies. Hitherto, England and France have betrayed Naples; but let them think well before it is too late. Inaction on their part will add most materially to the power of Austria, whilst it will inflict a severe blow on the influence of liberalism. To England this is a consideration of the highest importance, whilst to France, perhaps, it is a matter of indifference, and *hinc illæ lacrymæ* say the Neapolitans.

We have calculated their probable chances of improvement through their own sovereigns, through their own efforts, through the intervention of England and France, and we find them of no value. What other solution of the difficulty remains? Either the people, driven to desperation, will break forth into a mad revolution, the only effect of which will be to increase the strength of absolutism, or they will throw themselves into the arms of the first Pretender who presents himself. There are many hot-headed men in the country with whom the former project finds favour, but the great body of liberals are disposed to moderation and patience, and all their influence is exerted to suppress any reckless enterprise. The latter project is that most in favour, and it cannot be denied that since the apparent abandonment of Neapolitan interests by the Allies, the name of Murat is circulated amongst the liberals much more widely. In the army, amongst the *employés*, it would be well received, whilst the liberals generally would enrol themselves under any banner that promised a change. Like the tormented in hell, of whom the poet sings, '*Fan dell' un de lati schermo,*' the slaves of a grinding and degrading despotism would hail any change, even from bad to indifferent. It is conjectured by some that the Emperor of the French would not look with impatience on such a movement, despite his public assurances. One thing is obvious, that that mysterious man will never interfere for the extension of the liberties of the people, and that if he ever does interfere, it will be to extend French influence and French dominion. Let England, therefore, be upon her guard against her ally, and by all legitimate means let her give her support to the establishment of free institutions. They are feared by the despot, not because they lead to licentiousness, but because they diminish his power; and therefore is it that they have been gradually undermined in the Two Sicilies; but as sure as that the sun is in the heavens, there will be neither hope, nor justice, nor repose, without constitutional guarantees; the laws will remain a lie, and the only future that will await the country will be an abyss of despotism and revolution.



FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1856.

GLASGOW DOWN THE WATER.

UPON any day in the months of June, July, August and September, the stranger who should walk through the handsome streets, crescents, and terraces which form the West End of Glasgow, might be led to fancy that the plague was in the town, or that some fearful commercial crash had brought ruin upon all its respectable families,—so utterly deserted is the place. The windows are all done up with brown paper: the door-plates and handles, erewhile of glittering brass, are black with rust: the flights of steps which lead to the front-doors of the houses have furnished a field for the chalked cartoons of vagabond boys with a turn for drawing. The more fashionable the terrace or crescent, the more completely is it deserted: our feet waken dreary echoes as we pace the pavement. We naturally inquire of the first policeman we meet, What is the matter with Glasgow,—has anything dreadful happened? And we receive for answer the highly intelligible explanation, that the people are all *Down the Water*.

We are enjoying our annual holiday from the turmoil of Westminster Hall and the throng of London streets; and we have taken Glasgow on our way to the Highlands. We have two or three letters of introduction to two or three of the merchant-princes of the city; and having heard a great deal of the splendid hospitalities of the Western metropolis of the North, we have been anticipating with considerable satisfaction, stretching our limbs beneath their mahogany, and comparing their *cuisine* and their cellar with the descriptions of both which we have often heard from Mr. Allan M'Collop, a Glasgow man who is getting on fairly at the bar. But when we go to see our new acquaintances, or when they pay us a hurried visit at our hotel, each of them expresses his deep regret that he cannot ask us to his house, which he tells us is shut up, his wife and family being *Down the Water*. No explanation is vouchsafed of the meaning of the phrase, which is so familiar to Glasgow folk that they forget how oddly it sounds on the ear of the stranger. Our first hasty impression, perhaps, from the policeman's sad face (no cold meat for him now, honest man), was that some sudden inundation had swept away the entire wealthier portion of the population,—at the same time curiously sparing the toiling masses. But the pleasant and cheerful look of our mercantile friend, as he states what has become of his domestic circle, shows us that nothing very serious is amiss. At length, after much meditation, we conclude that the people are at the sea-side; and as *that* lies down the Clyde from Glasgow, when a Glasgow man means to tell us that his family and himself are enjoying the fresh breezes and the glorious scenery of the Frith of Clyde, he says they are *Down the Water*.

Everybody everywhere of course longs for the country, the sea-side, change of air and scene, at some period during the year. Almost every man of the wealthier and more cultivated class in this country has a vacation, longer or shorter. But there never was a city whence the annual migration to the sea-side is so universal or so protracted as it is from Glasgow. By the month of March in each year, every house along the coast within forty miles of Glasgow is let for the season at a rent which we should say must be highly remunerative. Many families go to the coast early in May, and every one is *down the water* by the first of June. Most people now stay till the end of September. The months of June and July form what is called

'the first season;' August and September are 'the second season.' Until within the last few years, one of these 'seasons' was thought to furnish a Glasgow family with vigour and buoyancy sufficient to face the winter, but now almost all who can afford it stay at the seaside during both. And from the little we have seen of Glasgow, we do not wonder that such should be the case. No doubt Glasgow is a fine city on the whole. The Trongate is a noble street; the park on the banks of the Kelvin, laid out by Sir Joseph Paxton, furnishes some pleasant walks; the Sauchyhall-road is an agreeable promenade; Claremont Crescent and Park Gardens consist of houses which would be of the first class even in Belgravia or Tyburnia; and from the West-end streets, there are prospects of valley and mountain which are worth going some distance to see. But the atmosphere, though comparatively free from smoke, wants the exhilarating freshness of breezes just arrived from the Atlantic. The sun does not set in such glory beyond Gilmore-hill, as behind the glowing granite of Goatfell; and the trunks of the trees round Glasgow are (if truth must be spoken) a good deal blacker than might be desired, while their leaves are somewhat shrivelled up by the chemical gales of St. Rollox. No wonder, then, that the purest of pure air, the bluest of blue waves, the most picturesque of noble hills, the most purple of heather, the greenest of ivy, the thickest of oak-leaves, the most fragrant of roses and honeysuckle, should fairly smash poor old Glasgow during the summer months, and leave her not a leg to stand on.

The ladies and children of the multitudinous families that go *down the water*, remain there permanently, of course: most of the men go up to business every morning and return to the sea-side every night. This implies a journey of from sixty to eighty miles daily; but the rapidity and the cheapness of the communication render the journey a comparatively easy one. Still, it occupies three or four hours of the day; and many persons remain in town two or three nights weekly, smuggling themselves away in some little back parlour of their dismantled dwellings. But let us accept our friend's invitation to spend a few days at his place *down the water*, and gather up some particulars of the mode of life there.

There are two ways of reaching the coast from Glasgow. We may sail all the way down the Clyde, in steamers generally remarkably well-appointed and managed; or we may go by railway to Greenock, twenty-three miles off, and catch the steamer there. By going by railway we save an hour,—a great deal among people with whom emphatically time is money,—and we escape a somewhat tedious sail down the river. The steamer takes two hours to reach Greenock, while some express trains which run all the way without stopping, accomplish the distance in little more than half an hour. The sail down the Clyde to Greenock is in parts very interesting. The banks of the river are in some places richly wooded: on the north side there are picturesque hills; and the huge rock on which stands the ancient castle of Dumbarton, is a striking feature. But we have never met any Glasgow man or woman who did not speak of the sail between Glasgow and Greenock as desperately tedious, and by all means to be avoided. Then in warm summer weather the Clyde is nearly as filthy as the Thames; and sailing over a sewer, even through fine scenery, has its disadvantages. So we resolve to go with our friend by railway to Greenock, and thus come upon the Clyde where it has almost opened into the sea. Quite opened into the sea, we might say: for at Greenock the river is three miles broad, while at Glasgow it is only some three hundred yards.

'Meet me at Bridge-street station at five minutes to four,' says Mr. B——, after we have agreed to spend a few days on the Clyde. There are a couple of hours to spare, which we give to a basin of very middling soup at McLerie's, and to a visit to the cathedral, which is a magnificent specimen of the severest style of Gothic architecture. We are living at the Royal Hotel in

George Square, which we can heartily recommend to tourists; and when our hour approaches, Boots brings us a cab. We are not aware whether there is any police regulation requiring the cabs of Glasgow to be extremely dirty, and the horses that draw them to be broken-winded, and lame of not more than four nor less than two legs. Perhaps it is merely the general wish of the inhabitants that has brought about the present state of things. However this may be, the unhappy animal that draws us reaches Bridge-street station at last. As our carriage draws up we catch a glimpse of half-a-dozen men, in that peculiar green dress which railway servants affect, hastening to conceal themselves behind the pillars which decorate the front of the building, while two or three excited ticket-porters seize our baggage, and offer to carry it up-stairs. But our friend, with Scotch foresight and economy, has told us to make the servants of the Company do their work. 'Hands off,' we say to the ticket-porters; and walking up the steps we round a pillar, and smartly tapping on the shoulder one of the green-dressed gentlemen lurking there, we indicate to him the locality of our portmanteau. Sulkily he shoulders it, and precedes us to the booking-office. The fares are moderate; eighteenpence to Greenock, first class: and we understand that persons who go daily, by taking season tickets, travel for much less. The steamers afford a still cheaper access to the sea-side, conveying passengers from Glasgow to Rothesay, about forty-five miles, for sixpence cabin and threepence deck. The trains start from a light and spacious shed, which has the very great disadvantage of being at an elevation of thirty or forty feet above the ground level. Railway companies have sometimes spent thousands of pounds to accomplish ends not a tenth part so desirable as is the arranging their stations in such a manner as that people in departing, and still more in arriving, shall be spared the annoyance and peril of a break-neck staircase like that at the Glasgow railway station. It is a vast comfort when cabs can draw up alongside the train, under cover, so that people can get into them at once, as at Euston-square.

The railway carriages that run between Glasgow and Greenock have a rather peculiar appearance. The first-class carriages are of twice the usual length, having six compartments instead of three. Each compartment holds eight passengers; and as this accommodation is gained by increasing the breadth of the carriages, brass bars are placed across the windows, to prevent any one from putting out his head. Should any one do so, his head would run some risk of coming in collision with the other train; and although, from physiological reasons, some heads might receive no injury in such a case, the carriage with which they came in contact would probably suffer. The expense of painting is saved by the carriages being built of teak, which when varnished has a cheerful light-oak colour. There is a great crowd of men on the platform, for the four o'clock train is the chief down-train of the day. The bustle of the business-day is over; there is a general air of relief and enjoyment. We meet our friend punctual to the minute; we take our seat on the comfortable blue cushions; the bell rings; the engine pants and tugs; and we are off 'down the water.'

We pass through a level country on leaving Glasgow: there are the rich fields which tell of Scotch agricultural industry. It is a bright August afternoon: the fields are growing yellow; the trees and hedges still wear their summer green. In a quarter of an hour the sky suddenly becomes overcast. It is not a cloud: don't be afraid of an unfavourable change of weather; we have merely plunged into the usual atmosphere of dirty and ugly Paisley. Without a pause, we sweep by, and here turn off to the right. That line of railway from which we have turned aside runs on to Dumfries and Carlisle; a branch of it keeps along the Ayrshire coast to Ardrossan and Ayr. In a little while we are skimming the surface of a bleak, black moor; it is a dead level, and not in the least interesting: but, after a plunge into the mirk darkness of a long tunnel, we

emerge into daylight again; and there, sure enough, are the bright waters of the Clyde. We are on its south side; it has spread out to the breadth of perhaps a couple of miles. That rocky height on its north shore is Dumbarton Castle; that great mass beyond is Ben Lomond, at whose base lies Loch Lomond, the queen of Scottish lakes, now almost as familiar to many a cockney tourist as a hundred years since to Rob Roy Macgregor. We keep close by the water's edge, skirting a range of hills on which grow the finest strawberries in Scotland. Soon, to the right, we see many masts, many great rafts of timber, many funnels of steamers; and there, creeping along out in the middle of the river, is the steamer we are to join, which left Glasgow an hour before us. We have not stopped since we left Glasgow; thirty-five minutes have elapsed, and now we sweep into a remarkably tasteless and inconvenient station. This is Greenock at last; but, as at Glasgow, the station is some forty feet above the ground. A railway cart at the foot of a long stair receives the luggage of passengers, and then sets off at a gallop down a dirty little lane. We follow at a run; and, a hundred and fifty yards off, we come on a long range of wharf, beside which lie half-a-dozen steamers, sputtering out their white steam with a roar, as though calling impatiently for their passengers to come faster. Our train has brought passengers for a score of places on the Frith; and in the course of the next hour and a half, these vessels will disperse them to their various destinations. By way of guidance to the inexperienced, a post is erected on the wharf, from which arms project, pointing to the places of the different steamers. The idea is a good one, and if carried out with the boldness with which it was conceived, much advantage might be derived by strangers. But a serious drawback about these indicators is, that they are invariably pointed in the wrong direction, which renders them considerably less useful than they might otherwise be. Fortunately we have a guide, for there is not a moment to lose. We hasten on board, over an awkward little gangway, kept by a policeman of rueful countenance, who punches the heads of several little boys who look on with awe. Bareheaded and barefooted girls offer baskets of gooseberries and plums of no tempting appearance. Ragged urchins bellow 'Day's Penny Paper! Glasgow *Daily News!*' In a minute or two, the ropes are cast off, and the steamers diverge as from a centre to their various ports.

We are going to Dunoon. Leaving the ship-yards of Greenock echoing with multitudinous hammerings, and rounding a point covered with houses, we see before us Gourock, the nearest to Greenock of the places 'down the water.' It is a dirty little village on the left side of the Frith. A row of neat houses, quite distinct from the dirty village, stretches for two miles along the water's edge. The hills rise immediately behind these. The Frith is here about three miles in breadth. It is Renfrewshire on the left hand; a few miles on, and it will be Ayrshire. On the right, are the hills of Argyleshire. And now, for many miles on either side, the shores of the Frith, and the shores of the long arms of the sea that run up among those Argyleshire mountains, are fringed with villas, castles, and cottages—the retreats of Glasgow men and their families. It is not, perhaps, saying much for Glasgow to state that one of its greatest advantages is the facility with which one can get away from it, and the beauty of the places to which one can get. But true it is, that there is hardly a great city in the world which is so well off in this respect. For sixpence, the artisan of Bridgeton or Calton can travel forty miles in the purest air, over as blue a sea, and amid as noble hills, as can be found in Britain. The Clyde is a great highway: a highway traversed, indeed, by a merchant navy scarcely anywhere surpassed in extent; but a highway, too, whose gracious breezes, through the summer and autumn time, are ever ready to revive the heart of the pale weaver, with his thin wife and child, and to

fan the cheek of the poor consumptive needlewoman into the glow of something like country health and strength.

After Greenock is passed, and the river has grown into the frith, the general features of the scene remain very much the same for upwards of twenty miles. The water varies from three to seven or eight miles in breadth; and then suddenly opens out to a breadth of twenty or thirty miles. Hills, fringed with wood along their base, and gradually passing into moorland as they ascend, form the shores on either side. The rocky islands of the Great and Little Cumbrae occupy the middle of the Frith, about fourteen or fifteen miles below Greenock: to the right lies the larger island of Bute; and further on the still larger island of Arran. The hills on the Argyleshire side of the Frith are generally bold and precipitous: those on the Ayrshire side are of much less elevation. The character of all the places 'down the water' is almost identical: they consist of a row of houses, generally detached villas or cottages, reaching along the shore, at only a few yards' distance from the water, with the hills rising immediately behind. The beach is not very convenient for bathing, being generally rocky; though here and there we find a strip of yellow sand. Trees and shrubs grow in the richest way down to the water's edge. The trees are numerous, and luxuriant rather than large; oaks predominate; we should say few of them are a hundred years old. Ivy and honeysuckle grow in profusion: for several miles along the coast, near Largs, there is a perpendicular wall of rock from fifty to one hundred feet in height, which follows the windings of the shore at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards from the water, enclosing between itself and the sea a long ribbon of fine soil, on which shrubs, flowers, and fruit grow luxuriantly; and this natural rampart, which advances and retreats as we pursue the road at its base, like the bastions and curtains of some magnificent feudal castle, is in many places clad with ivy, so fresh and green that we can hardly believe that for months in the year it is wet with the salt spray of the Atlantic. Here and there, along the coast, are places where the land is capable of cultivation for a mile or two inland; but, as the rule, the hill ascends almost from the water's edge into granite and heather.

Let us try to remember the names of the places which reach along the Frith upon either hand: we believe that a list of them will show that not without reason it is said that Glasgow is unrivalled in the number of her sea-side retreats. On the right hand, as we go down the Frith, there are Helensburgh, Row, Roseneath, Shandon, Garelocli-head, Cove, Kilcreggan, Lochgoil-head, Arrochar, Ardentinny, Strone, Kilmun, Kirn, Dunoon, Inellan, Toward, Port Bannatyne, Rothesay, Askog, Colintrave, Tynabruach. Sometimes these places form for miles one long range of villas. Indeed, from Strone to Toward, ten or twelve miles, the coast is one continuous street. On the left hand of the Frith are Gourock, Ashton, Inverkip, Wemyss Bay, Skelmorlie, Largs, Fairlie: then comes a bleak range of sandy coast, along which stand Ardrossan, Troon, and Ayr. In the island of Cumbrae is Millport, conspicuous by the tall spire which marks the site of an Episcopal chapel and college of great architectural beauty, built within the last few years. And in Arran are the villages of Lamlash and Brodick. The two Cumbrae islands constitute a parish. A simple-minded clergyman, not long deceased, who held the cure for many years, was wont, Sunday by Sunday, to pray (in the church service) for 'the islands of the Great and Little Cumbrae, and also for the *adjacent islands* of Great Britain and Ireland.'

But all this while the steam has been fiercely chafing through the funnel as we have been stopping at Gourock quay. We are away at last, and are now crossing the Frith towards the Argyleshire side. A mile or two down, along the Ayrshire side, backed by the rich woods of Ardgowan, tall and spectral-white, stands the Cloch lighthouse. We never have looked at it without thinking how many a heart-broken

emigrant* must be remembering that severely-simple white tower as almost the last thing he saw in Scotland when he was leaving it for ever. The Frith opens before us as we advance: we are running at the rate (quite usual among Clyde steamers) of sixteen or seventeen miles an hour. There, before us, is Cumbrae: over Bute and over Cumbrae look the majestic mountains of Arran; that great granite peak is Goat-fell. And on a clear day, far out, guarding the entrance to the Frith, rising sheer up from the deep sea, at ten miles' distance from the nearest land, looms Ailsa, white with sea-birds, towering to the height of twelve or thirteen hundred feet. It is a rocky islet of about a mile in circumference, and must have been thrown up by volcanic agency; for the water around it is hundreds of feet in depth.

Out in the middle of the Frith we can see the long, low, white line of buildings on either side of it, nestling at the foot of the hills. We are drawing near Dunoon. That opening on the right is the entrance to Loch Long and Loch Goyle; and a little further on we pass the entrance to the Holy Loch, on whose shore is the ancient burying-place of the family of Argyle. How remarkably tasteful many of these villas are! They are generally built in the Elizabethan style: they stand in grounds varying from half an acre up to twenty or thirty acres, very prettily laid out with shrubbery and flowers; a number (we can see, for we are now skirting the Argyleshire coast at the distance of only a few hundred yards) have conservatories and hot-houses of more or less extent: flag-staffs appear to be much affected (for send a landsman to the coast, and he is sure to become much more marine than a sailor): and those pretty bow-windows, with the crimson fuchsias climbing up them —those fantastic gables and twisted chimneys—those shining evergreens and cheerful gravel walks—with no lack of pretty girls in round hats, and sportive children rolling about the trimly-kept grass plots—all seen in this bright August sunshine—all set off against this blue smiling expanse of sea—make a picture so gay and inviting, that we really do not wonder any more that Glasgow people should like to 'go down the water.'

Here is Dunoon pier. Several of the coast places have, like Dunoon, a long jetty of wood running out a considerable distance into the water, for the accommodation of the steamers, which call every hour or two throughout the day. Other places have deep water close inshore, and are provided with a wharf of stone. And several of the recently founded villages (and half of those we have enumerated have sprung up within the last ten years) have no landing-place at which steamers can touch; and *their* passengers have to land and embark by the aid of a ferry-boat. We touch the pier at last: a gangway is hastily thrown from the pier to the steamer, and in company with many others we go ashore. At the landward end of the jetty, detained there by a barrier of twopence each of toll, in round hats and alpaca dresses, are waiting our friend's wife and children, from whom we receive a welcome distinguished by that frankness which is characteristic of Glasgow people. But we do not intend so far to imitate the fashion of some modern tourists and biographers, as to give our readers a description of our friend's house and family, his appearance and manners. We shall only say of him what will never single him out —for it may be said of hundreds more—that he is a wealthy, intelligent, well-informed, kind-hearted

* The attachment of the Highlanders to their native country is such that hardly any earthly consideration can induce them to leave it. And in Canada, hundreds of families, now in the third generation of emigrants, cling to the name of Highlanders, and are such in heart.

From the lone shieling on the misty island
  Mountains divide us, and a world of seas;—
But still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
  And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our fathers' land!

Glasgow merchant. And if his daughters *did* rather bore us by their enthusiastic descriptions of the sermons of 'our minister,' Mr. Macduff, the still grander orations of Mr. Caird, and the altogether unexampled eloquence of Dr. Cumming, why, they were only showing us a thoroughly Glasgow feature; for nowhere in Britain, we should fancy, is there so much talk about preaching and preachers.

In sailing down the Frith, one gets no just idea of the richness and beauty of its shores. We have said that a little strip of fine soil,—in some places only fifty or sixty yards in breadth,—runs like a ribbon, occasionally broadening out to three or four times that extent, along the sea-margin; beyond this ribbon of ground come the wild moor and mountain. In sailing down the Frith, our eye is caught by the large expanse of moorland, and we do not give due importance to the rich strip which bounds it, like an edging of gold lace (to use King James's comparison) round a russet petticoat. When we land we understand things better. We find next the sea, at almost any point along the Frith, the turnpike road, generally nearly level, and beautifully smooth. Here and there, in the places of older date, we find quite a street of contiguous houses; but the general rule is of detached dwellings of all grades, from the humblest cottage to the most luxurious villa. At considerable intervals, there are residences of a much higher class than even this last, whose grounds stretch for long distances along the shore. Such places are Ardgowan, Kelly, Skelmorlie Castle, and Kelburne, on the Ayrshire side; and on the other shore of the Firth, Roseneath Castle, Toward Castle, and Mountstuart.* And of dwellings of a less ambitious standing than these really grand abodes, yet of a mark much above that suggested by the word villa, we may name the very showy house of Mr. Napier, the eminent maker of marine steam-engines, on the Gareloch, a building in the Saracenic style, which cost we are afraid to say how many thousand pounds; the finely-placed castle of Mr. Wilson Broun of Wemyss, built from the design of Billings; and the very striking piece of baronial architecture called Knock Castle, the residence of Mr. Steel, a wealthy shipbuilder of Greenock. The houses along the Frith are, in Scotch fashion, built exclusively of stone, which is obtained with great facility. Along the Ayrshire coast, the warm-looking red sandstone of the district is to be had everywhere, almost on the surface. One sometimes sees a house rising, the stone being taken from a deep quarry close to it: the same crane often serving to lift a block from the quarry, and to place it in its permanent position upon the advancing wall. We have said how rich is vegetation all along the Frith, until we reach the sandy downs from Ardrossan to Ayr. All evergreens grow with great rapidity: ivy covers dead walls very soon. To understand in what luxuriance vegetable life may be maintained close to the sea-margin, one must walk along the road which leads from the West Bay at Dunoon towards Toward. We never saw trees so covered with honeysuckle; and fuchsias a dozen feet in height are quite common. In this sweet spot, in an Elizabethan house of exquisite design, retired within grounds where fine taste has done its utmost, resides, during the summer vacation (and the summer vacation is six months!), Mr. Buchanan, the Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow. It must be a very fair thing to teach logic at Glasgow, if the revenue of that chair maintains the groves and flowers, and (we may add) the liberal hospitalities, of Ardfillane.

One pleasing circumstance about the Frith of Clyde, which we remark the more from its being unhappily the exception to the general rule in Scotland, is the general neatness and ecclesiastical character of the churches. The parish church

* Ardgowan, residence of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart; Kelly, Mr. Scott; Skelmorlie, the Earl of Eglinton; Kelburne, the Earl of Glasgow; Roseneath, the Duke of Argyle; Toward, Mr. Kirkwall Finlay; Mountstuart, the Marquis of Bute.

of Dunoon, standing on a wooded height rising from the water, with its grey tower looking over the trees, is a dignified and commanding object. The churches of Roseneath and Row, which have been built within a year or two, are correct and elegant specimens of ecclesiastical Gothic: indeed they are so thoroughly *like* churches, that John Knox would assuredly have pulled them down had they been standing in his day. And here and there along the coast the rich Glasgow merchants and the neighbouring proprietors have built pretty little chapels, whose cross-crowned gables, steep-pitched roofs, dark oak woodwork, and stained windows, are pleasant indications that old prejudice has given way among cultivated Scotchmen; and that it has come to be understood that it is false religion as well as bad taste and sense to make God's house the shabbiest, dirtiest, and most uncomfortable house in the parish. Some of these sea-side places of worship are crowded in summer by a fashionable congregation, and comparatively deserted in winter when the Glasgow folks are gone.

A very considerable number of the families that go 'down the water' occupy houses which are their own property. There must be, one would think, a special interest about a house which is one's own. A man must become attached to a spot where he himself planted the hollies and yews, and his children have marked their growth year by year. Still, many people do not like to be tied to one place, and prefer varying their quarters each season. Very high rents are paid for good houses on the Frith of Clyde. From thirty to fifty pounds a month is a common charge for a neat villa at one of the last founded and most fashionable places. A little less is charged for the months of August and September than for June and July: and if a visitor takes a house for the four months which constitute *the season*, he may generally have it for May and October without further cost. Decent houses, or parts of houses (*flats* as they are called), may be had for about ten pounds a month; and at those places which approach to the character of a town, as Largs, Rothesay, and Dunoon, lodgings may be obtained where attendance is provided by the people of the house.

A decided drawback about the sea-side places within twenty miles from Greenock, is their total want of that fine sandy beach, so firm and dry and inviting when the tide is out, which forms so great an attraction at Ardrossan, Troon, and Ayr. At a few points, as for instance the West Bay at Dunoon, there is a beautiful expanse of yellow sand: but as a rule, where the shore does not consist of precipitous rocks, sinking at once into deep water, it is made of great rough stones, which form a most unpleasant footing for bathers. In front of most villas a bathing place is formed by clearing the stones away. Bathing machines, we should mention, are quite unknown upon the Frith of Clyde.

So much for the locality which is designated by the phrase, *Down the Water:* and now we can imagine our readers asking what kind of life Glasgow people lead there. Of course there must be a complete breaking-up of all city ways and habits, and a general return to a simpler and more natural mode of living. Our few days at Dunoon, and a few days more at two other places on the Frith, were enough to give us some insight into the usual order of things. By seven or half-past seven o'clock in the morning the steam is heard by us, as we are snug in bed, fretting through the waste-pipe of the early boat for Glasgow; and with great complacency we picture to ourselves the unfortunate business-men, with whom we had a fishing excursion last night, already up, and breakfasted, and hurrying along the shore towards the vessel which is to bear them back to the counting-house and the Exchange. Poor fellows! They sacrifice a good deal to grow rich. At each village along the shore the steamer gets an accession to the number of her passengers; for the most part of trim, close-shaved, well-dressed gentlemen, of sober aspect and not many words; though here and there comes some whiskered and moustached personage, with a shirt displaying a

pattern of ballet-dancers, a shooting coat of countless pockets, and trousers of that style which, in our college days, we used to call *loud*. A shrewd bank-manager told us that he always made a mental memorandum of such individuals, in case they should ever come to him to borrow money. Don't they wish they may get it! The steamer parts with her entire freight at Greenock, whence an express train rapidly conveys our friends into the heat and smoke of Glasgow. Before ten o'clock all of them are at their work. For us, who have the day at our own disposal, we have a refreshing dip in the sea at rising, then a short walk, and come in to breakfast with an appetite foreign to Paper Buildings. It is quite a strong sensation when the post appears about ten o'clock, bearing tidings from the toiling world we have left behind. Those families who have their choice dine at two o'clock —an excellent dinner hour when the day is not a working one: the families whose male members are in town, sometimes postpone the most important engagement of the day till their return at six or half-past six o'clock. As for the occupations of the day, there are boating and yachting, wandering along the beach, lying on the heather looking at Arran through the sun-mist, lounging into the reading-room, dipping into any portion of *The Times* except the leading articles, turning over the magazines, and generally enjoying the *dolce far niente*. Fishing is in high favour, especially among the ladies. Hooks baited with mussels are sunk to the ground by leaden weights (the fishers are in a boat), and abundance of whitings are caught when the weather is favourable. We confess we don't think the employment ladylike. Sticking the mussels upon the hooks is no work for fair fingers; neither is the pulling the captured fish off the hooks. And, even in the pleasantest company, we cannot see anything very desirable in sitting in a boat, all the floor of which is covered by unhappy whitings and codlings flapping about in their last agony. Many young ladies row with great vigour and adroitness. And as we walk along the shore in the fading twilight, we often hear, from boats invisible in the gathering shadows, music mellowed by the distance into something very soft and sweet. The lords of the creation have come back by the late boats; and we meet *Pater-familias* enjoying his evening walk, surrounded by his children, shouting with delight at having their governor among them once more. No wonder that, after a day amid the hard matter-of-fact of business life, he should like to hasten away to the quiet fireside and the loving hearts by the sea.

Few are the hard-wrought men who cannot snatch an entire day from business sometimes: and *then* there is a pic-nic. Glasgow folk have even more, we believe, than the average share of stiff dinner parties when in town: we never saw people who seemed so completely to enjoy the freshness and absence of formality which characterize the well-assorted entertainment *al fresco*. We were at one or two of these; and we cannot describe the universal gaiety and lightheartedness, extending to grave Presbyterian divines and learned Glasgow professors; the blue sea and the smiling sky; the rocky promontory where our feast was spread; its abundance and variety; the champagne which flowed like water; the joviality and cleverness of many of the men; the frankness and pretty faces of *all* of the women.* We had a pleasant yachting excursion one day; and the delight of a new sensation was well exemplified in the intense enjoyment of dinner in the cramped little cabin where one could hardly turn. And great was the sight when our host, with irrepressible pride, produced his preserved meats and vegetables, as for an Arctic voyage, although a messenger sent in the boat which was towing behind could have procured them fresh in ten minutes.

* We do not think, from what we have seen, that Glasgow is rich in *beauties*; though pretty faces are very common. Times are improved, however, since the days of the lady who said, on being asked if there were many beauties in Glasgow, 'Oh no; very few; there are only THREE OF US.'

A Sunday at the sea-side, or as Scotch people prefer calling it, a *Sabbath*, is an enjoyable thing. The steamers that come down on Saturday evening are crammed to the last degree. Houses which are already fuller than they can hold, receive half-a-dozen new inmates,—how stowed away we cannot even imagine. We cannot but reject as apocryphal the explanation of a Glasgow *wut*, that on such occasions poles are projected from the upper windows, upon which young men of business roost until the morning. Late walks, and the spooniest of flirtations characterize the Saturday evening. Every one, of course, goes to church on Sunday morning; no Glasgow man who values his character durst stop away. We shall not soon forget the beauty of the calm Sunday on that beautiful shore: the shadows of the distant mountains; the smooth sea; the church-bells, faintly heard from across the water; the universal turning-out of the population to the house of prayer, or rather of preaching. It was almost too much for us to find Dr. Cumming here before us, giving all his old brilliancies to enraptured multitudes. We had hoped he was four hundred and odd miles off; but we resigned ourselves, like the Turk, to what appears an inevitable destiny. This gentleman, we felt, is really one of the institutions of the country, and no more to be escaped than the income-tax.

Morning service over, most people take a walk. This would have been regarded in Scotland a few years since as a profanation of the day. But there is a general air of quiet; people speak in lower tones; there are no joking and laughing. And the Frith, so covered with steamers on week-days, is to-day unruffled by a single paddle-wheel. Still it is a mistake to fancy that a Scotch Sunday is necessarily a gloomy thing. There are no excursion trains, no pleasure trips in steamers, no tea-gardens open: but it is a day of quiet domestic enjoyment, not saddened but hallowed by the recognised sacredness of the day. The truth is, the feeling of the sanctity of the *Sabbath* is so ingrained into the nature of most Scotchmen by their early training, that they *could not enjoy* Sunday pleasuring. Their religious sense, their superstition if you choose, would make them miserable on a Sunday excursion.

The Sunday morning service is attended by a crowded congregation: the church is not so full in the afternoon. In some places there is evening service, which is well attended. We shall not forget one pleasant walk, along a quiet road bounded by trees as rich and green as though they grew in Surrey, though the waves were lapping on the rocks twenty yards off, and the sun was going down behind the mountains of Cowal, to a pretty little chapel where we attended evening worship upon our last Sunday on the Clyde.

Every now and then, as we are taking our saunter by the shore after breakfast, we perceive, well out in the Frith, a steamer, decked with as many flags as can possibly be displayed about her rigging. The strains of a band of music come by starts upon the breeze; a big drum is heard beating away when we can hear nothing else; and a sound of howling springs up at intervals. Do not fancy that these yells imply that anything is wrong; *that* is merely the way in which working folk enjoy themselves in this country. That steamer has been hired for the day by some wealthy manufacturer, who is giving his 'hands' a day's pleasure-sailing. They left Glasgow at seven or eight o'clock: they will be taken probably to Arran, and there feasted to a moderate extent; and at dusk they will be landed at the Broomielaw again. We lament to say that very many Scotch people of the working class seem incapable of enjoying a holiday without getting drunk and uproarious. We do not speak from hearsay, but from what we have ourselves seen. Once or twice we found ourselves on board a steamer crowded with a most disagreeable mob of intoxicated persons, among whom, we grieve to say, we saw many women. The authorities of the vessel appeared entirely to lack both the power and the will to save respectable passengers from the insolence of the 'roughs.' The Highland fling may be a very picturesque

and national dance, but when executed on a crowded deck by a maniacal individual, with puffy face and blood-shot eyes, swearing, yelling, dashing up against peaceable people, and mortally drunk, we should think it should be matter less of æsthetical than of police consideration. Unless the owners of the Clyde steamers wish to drive all decent persons from their boats, they must take vigorous steps to repress such scandalous goings-on as we have witnessed more than once or twice. And we also take the liberty to suggest that the infusion of a little civility into the manner and conversation of some of the steam-boat officials on the quay at Greenock, would be very agreeable to passengers, and could not seriously injure those individuals themselves.

What sort of men are the Glasgow merchants? Why, courteous reader, there are great diversities among them. Almost all we have met give us an impression of shrewdness and strong sense; some, of extraordinary tact and cleverness—though these last are by no means among the richest men. In some cases we found extremely unaffected and pleasing address, great information upon general topics—in short, all the characteristics of the cultivated gentleman. In others there certainly was a good deal of boorishness; and in one or two instances, a tendency to the use of oaths which in this country have long been unknown in good society. The reputed wealth of some Glasgow men is enormous, though we think it not unlikely that there is a great deal of exaggeration as to that subject. We did, however, hear it said that one firm of iron merchants realized for some time profits to the extent of nearly four hundred thousand a-year. We were told of an individual who died worth a million, all the produce of his own industry and skill; and one hears incidentally of such things as five-hundred-pound bracelets, thousand-guinea necklaces, and other appliances of extreme luxury, as not unknown among the fair dames of Glasgow.

And so, in idle occupations, and in gleaning up particulars as to Glasgow matters according to our taste wherever we went, our sojourn upon the Frith of Clyde pleasantly passed away. We left our hospitable friends, not without a promise that when the Christmas holidays come we should visit them once more, and see what kind of thing is the town life of the winter time in that warm-hearted city. And we shall certainly go,—for ten hours and a half will take us,—unless in the interim we should be appointed Attorney-General, which we should have been long ago if preferment at the bar went according to merit. We think it very likely that a few days in Glasgow then may make us acquainted with some Scotch manners and customs, some talk about which may prove interesting to the readers of *Fraser*. And meanwhile, as the days shorten to chill November,—as the clouds of London smoke drift by our windows,—as the Thames runs muddy through this mighty hum and bustle away to the solitudes of its last level,—we recal that cheerful time with a most agreeable recollection of the kindness of Glasgow friends,—and of all that is implied in *Glasgow Down the Water*.

IN RICHMOND PARK.

THE ferns are withered, but the oak stands green
Whose leaf shall fade too,—but his ivy-screen
Shall blossom, and yet heartier holly show
His stiff robe gemmed with red, through frost and snow.

Gone now is youth, gone lightsome longings all,
While manhood's strength yet stands, also to fall.
What dwells in age? Love, clinging true and fast;
Thorn-edged endurance, fruiting gems at last.

12th October, 1856. J. T.

MEMOIRS OF FREDERICK PERTHES.*

THERE is perhaps no sort of reading more improving than biography, when the biography is a true, genuine book, and presents a real picture of the man—not a romance written in his name. The real history of a man's life, both with reference to the outward world and the development of his own mind and soul, whether it serves as an example or as a warning, is perhaps the best sermon that can be presented to us. The book before us belongs to this class; it is written with extreme simplicity, and bears internal evidence of truth. No man can lay it down, we think, without experiencing a certain feeling of exultation, a thrill of satisfaction, over the simple history of a noble-minded man, whose whole life affords an elevating picture of human nature. Born to great poverty, and neither seeking nor attaining worldly distinctions, but studious only to follow his vocation as a publisher of books with all rigour and fidelity, Frederick Perthes has left a history which cannot fail to exert a very wide-spread influence over his countrymen, an influence, too, which cannot be limited to his native land, for every ardent man striving after good must recognise in him a brother and a guide.

The essential difference between German biographies, and those of any other nation, is that they treat always of the inner rather than the outward life. In whatever circumstances a German may be cast, and whether Christianity or Philosophy be his guide, the culture of the inner being is his first object, and the aim of all his strivings. We think this quality gives a deep and peculiar interest to a German biography, very different from the feelings with which we read the semi-historic series of anecdotes and adventures which we are accustomed to in memoirs at home. The candour with which they lay bare their own faults, and the searching manner in which they investigate their own strength and weakness, are especially instructive to ourselves, little accustomed to such mental training; though, carried too far, it may end in a sort of intellectual selfishness. Perthes, however, has nothing selfish or egotistical about him: with him action is never lost in meditation; he *lived* all his life, but his happy domestic ties, and his public business life, were both subservient in his eyes to the culture of that immortal part which shall live for ever. The quality which pervades the book from beginning to end is truth, and truth, earnestly sought, is found after a time in a full recognition of the doctrines of Christianity, which once received, shed a steady light upon his path to the end of his long, useful, and happy life. It is essentially a cheerful book, though dealing of times of woe and disaster; when war and famine were spread like a flood over the Continent, and the French were fulfilling their mission of chastisement on Germany; and when a calamity more devastating than the sword of Napoleon was laying waste the minds of men, and infidelity like a pestilence spread over the land, cutting off from the miserable sufferers all hope of a future;—earth being a mere prison-house of sorrow, and all beyond a blank. In these troublous times Perthes lived, married, brought up a large family, passed a very happy and useful life, and closed his eyes, at peace with God and man, in the year 1843, before the struggles of 1848-49 had convulsed his beloved Germany, and raised the hopes and the fears of the good of both parties; hopes never to be realized—fears only too fully verified.

The ancestors of Perthes appear to have been pastors and physicians for generations in the town of Erfurt; his father, however, held an office in the Court of Rudolf Schwartzburg, one of the petty German Principalities, but died when his son

* *Memoirs of Frederick Perthes; or, Literary, Religious, and Political Life in Germany. from 1789 to 1843.* From the German of Clement Theodore Perthes, Professor of Law in the University of Bonn. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co. 1856.

was an infant, leaving his widow and child perfectly destitute, a pension of twenty-one florins being all their worldly possessions. The boy was brought up by the compassionate kindness of an uncle, his mother's brother, and an aunt, an upright and excellent, but rather unlovable personage. To the affectionate care of these two worthy people may be ascribed much of the earnest integrity, the love of good, and hatred of evil, which influenced him through life. His uncle early taught the child to think, and especially to feel and appreciate his own responsibilities: he provided for him such a desultory education as lay within his means, and did all in his power to strengthen and mature his principles. The society of an old military cousin was also very useful to the boy. With this old man he wandered through the Thuringian forest, and followed the wild-fowl up the mountain slopes and through the dark pine forests of that romantic country; often enduring personal hardships, and seeking shelter for nights in the huts of the fowlers. No doubt the solitary intercourse with nature in her grandest aspect, where the Schwartze rushes through a rocky channel into the Saal, imbued the boy's mind with a love of the noble and lofty, and a contempt for the base and the mean, such as mountain scenery may well inspire; while the historical traditions with which that beautiful valley abounds, fed his passionate love for his country —a love which was the moving principle of his life, and which ennobled and adorned the prosaic routine of trade.

At the age of fourteen, it became necessary to choose a profession for the lad, and having an uncle already in the book trade, it was naturally suggested as a suitable calling, and he was taken to Leipzig, at the time of the great fair, to seek a master. Some of the booksellers despised him on account of his shy manner and slender growth; others, because he could not conjugate the verb *amo;* finally, he found favour in the eyes of a certain Herr Böhme, who having stipulated that he should be sent home for a year to grow, received him as an apprentice. The journey to his new home, after the lapse of a year, is worth transcribing from the original:—

On Sunday, the 9th of September, 1787, the boy of fifteen took his seat in the open mail, to begin the great journey of life. 'In the evening at Saalfeld I felt very sad,' he wrote to his uncle, 'but I met with many kind people.' On a cold and rainy day, he passed through Neustadt, Gera, and Zeitz; and on Tuesday, the 11th of September, at three o'clock in the afternoon, reached his master's house in Leipzig. 'Why, boy, you are no bigger than you were a year ago, but we will make a trial of it, and see how we get on together,' exclaimed Böhme. His wife and her six daughters and little son, as well as an apprentice who had been resident four years, all received him kindly. 'I like Leipzig very much,' wrote Perthes, immediately on his arrival; 'and I hope all will go well, especially as my comrade is a very honest fellow. The young ladies also seem extraordinarily kind; Frederika, my master's second daughter, came into my room in order, as she said, to drive away fancies and whims.' 'Herewith,' writes his master, 'I have the honour to inform you that young Perthes has arrived safe and in good health. I hope we shall be pleased with each other. His pocket-money, which, according to this day's exchange, amounts to one dollar and twenty groschen, I have taken charge of, for we cannot tell into what company he might fall. One request I have to make, and that is, that when in future you favour me with your letters, you will have the goodness to omit the 'Well-born'* on the address, for it is not at all appropriate to me.'

On the morning after his arrival, the first words young Perthes heard were these,—'Frederick, you must let your hair grow in front to a brush, and behind to a cue, and get a pair of wooden buckles—lay aside your sailor's round hat—a cocked one is ordered.' This once universal custom had latterly disappeared, but Böhme tolerated no new fashions among his apprentices. 'You are not to leave the house, either morning or evening, without my permission. On Sundays you must accompany me to church.' The two apprentices certainly were not spoiled by over-indulgence. Their master's house was in Nicholas-street, and there they had an inner chamber up four pair of stairs, so overcrowded with two beds and stools, the table and the two trunks, which

* *Wohlgeboren*—Esquire.

constituted its whole furniture, as scarcely to admit of their turning in it. One little window opened on the roof; in the corner was a small stove, heated during the winter by three small logs of wood, doled out every evening as their allowance. Every morning at six o'clock they both received a cup of tea, and every Sunday, as a provision for the coming week, seven lumps of sugar, and seven halfpence to purchase bread. 'What I find hardest,' said Perthes to his uncle at Schwartzburg, 'is, that I have only a halfpenny roll in the morning—I find this to be scanty allowance. In the afternoon, from one till eight, we have not a morsel—that is what I call hunger; I think we ought to have something.' Dinner and supper they took with the family, plentifully and well; but alas for them when some fat roast with gourd-sauce was set upon the table, for it was a law that whatever was put upon the plate must be eaten.

The difficulties of Perthes' situation were indeed great, and such as required the exercise of much patience, prudence, and fortitude. The warm-hearted boy felt his isolation deeply, and though writing to his uncle in a spirit of great thankfulness, the following little touch shows how his heart yearned for kindness and for home. In his letter he says:—

Here in a neighbouring village, called Gohlis, there is a cowherd, who blows his horn as skilfully as the Schwarzburg trumpeter of yore. I can hear him in my bed, and you cannot imagine what a strange feeling comes over me, in the peculiar kind of sadness to which it gives rise.

Besides hard work and scanty food, he suffered so dreadfully from cold, that one winter his feet were frost-bitten, and amputation was almost deemed necessary. A severe illness ensued, during which, however, he found a friend and comforter in the shape of his master's daughter, the young Frederika; the good child sat and knitted by him, read to him, and ministered to him in every way she could,—she was his first friend, and afterwards his first love, a sentiment which she did not return; still, when he lay on his death-bed, fifty-five years afterwards, he remembered with gratitude the kindness of that young child; and spoke with thankfulness of the happy influence she had had upon his youth. We would willingly linger on these pages, when the young man's character was formed in the school of adversity, and which offer a very interesting picture of German life at that time, and of the feelings with which the great events in France were received by men of different views and classes. Conservative as he became in his latter years, like many other good men, Perthes hailed the French Revolution of 1792 with joy, as the commencement of a new era, and a step towards perfection, a perfection in the possibility of which he then perfectly believed. But these views, though modified by the difference of country and nationality, are much the same as were held by a pretty wide circle among ourselves; men who had a larger faith in humanity than experience has warranted.

After six years of patient toil, Perthes was released from Leipzig and its narrow influences, and in a more liberal establishment at Hamburg, was able to complete much that was wanting in his own education, and finally to enter into business on his own account; and few men have dignified their calling more. His first wish in life was to make his profession a means of real usefulness to his country. To disseminate the best books, to encourage the best men, were his first objects; and to make the book-trade a widely spread medium for infusing a vigorous and healthy *German* life through the length and breadth of Germany, was the highest aim of his ambition. And this, too, without any sectarian onesidedness. An earnest Protestant himself, he could see and sympathize with piety in a Catholic, and love of truth and earnestness in those who differed (very painfully, we think) from either. Earnestness, truthfulness, patriotism, under whatever form they appeared, he would have sacrificed anything to uphold; for the scoffer and the mocker alone he had no tolerance. Brought in those stirring times into contact with all sorts of persons, and on terms of great intimacy with many men of high condition, he remained the simple bookseller, full of self-respect, and with no vulgar craving for social position, or those verbal distinctions so much prized in Ger-

many; and by which men of greater genius have sometimes been dazzled.

In his domestic life he was happy. In Caroline Claudius he had a wife who thoroughly esteemed and loved him—his children prospered—and if sorrow came to his threshold, it did not come in the shape of the want of domestic love and union. Caroline was, in the full sense of the word, a helpmate to him. Gentle, yet heroic, of an ardent, affectionate, yet retiring disposition, loving her husband entirely, though not blindly, and swayed wholly by his mind, she had a clear perception of her own path; and when removed for a time by the vicissitudes of war from his guiding influence, her own clear sense carried her through difficulties, and her strong tender heart supported her through trials, which might have overwhelmed the most energetic. Inheriting from her father Claudius, the author of the well-known *Rhine Song*, a lofty simplicity and contempt for everything mean, it would be difficult to overrate the influence this wise, unselfish woman had on her husband and family. Her appearance is represented as having been very attractive from the united charm of repose and intellect. She was one who drew all sorts of people to her by the unbounded confidence which she inspired. Simple in her way of life, and, like her countrywomen, devoted to domestic duties, she was yet an accomplished musician, a good modern linguist, and had gone far enough in Latin, subsequently, to assist her sons. On the second of these sons has devolved the honoured task of writing these memoirs, and to few men has it been given to record the life of such a father and of such a mother. Caroline's letters to her married daughter, and to her eldest son, in the beginning of the second volume, are examples of motherly wisdom and unselfish, womanly tenderness.

No one town could, perhaps, have afforded a better sphere for enlarging and improving the mind of a young man than Hamburg at this period. After the breaking out of the French Revolution, it had become the refuge of *emigrés* of all shades of political opinion; it was closely connected with England, and English literature was widely circulated; it was also the chosen residence of many Germans of distinction. It contained a French, an English, and a German theatre, the latter managed by Schroeder. Reimarus and Lessing had passed away, but perhaps to their influence may be ascribed somewhat of the liberality and breadth of feeling in literary circles which characterized the place. Amongst the rising generation who differed from him widely in opinion, the aged Klopstock was still often to be seen, his grey hairs honoured and respected even by those who differed from him most. Into this society Perthes after a time entered, and, more especially in the house of his father-in-law Claudius, found a band of earnest men devoted to the cause of religion and truth. Those were stirring times, calculated to call forth each quality, and a common cause bound together the most opposed. Catholics and Protestants, each forgot their differences in a mutual horror of infidelity and scepticism; and politicians the most opposed were united by the fear of a foreign foe. Jacobi, Claudius, the Count Stolberg, the Princess Gallitzin, Baron Fürstenburg, Niebuhr the elder, and occasionally his distinguished son, Count Moltke, Von Hess, and many others, formed each a centre of attraction. Into this circle Perthes found admittance and a welcome, and with many of its members he formed firm friendships. His shrewd remarks on his celebrated contemporaries are well worthy of notice; and there is a sketch given of the Princess Gallitzin which, though hardly belonging to our narrative, we cannot avoid extracting, as one of the many portraits with which the book abounds:—

The princess, who was the daughter of the Prussian Field Marshal, Count Schmettau, had received an education calculated only to fit her for entrance into the fashionable world. In 1768, when in her twentieth year, she had accompanied the Princess Ferdinand to the baths of Spa, as her maid of honour, and there became acquainted with Prince Gallitzin, to whom, at the end of a few weeks, she was married. In the course of her travels she had

acquired some experience of court life in Vienna, Paris, and London, and was then called to play a distinguished part at the Hague, as the consort of the Russian ambassador. Her ambition and vanity were flattered by the homage which her talents no less than her position commanded, but she was nevertheless far from being satisfied with her condition. From her earliest youth she had experienced an earnest desire for the knowledge of the truth, and the attainment of the ideal of moral perfection which ever floated before her in a variety of forms. The distractions of the great world had never quenched this desire. From the unbroken circle of amusements and visiting, of balls and theatrical representations, she returned night after night with a craving after something better, that grew in intensity till it became a torture. She felt a wish to withdraw from society, and to quiet the internal struggle by devoting herself entirely to the acquisition of knowledge and the education of her two children. It is somewhat remarkable that it should have been Diderot who obtained the consent of the Prince to her plan, although the philosopher had been unable to comply with her request, that he would introduce her into the realm of knowledge. At the age of twenty-four, the princess had retired to a small secluded house near the Hague—there with an energy bordering on passion, to follow out a course of scientific study. Under the guidance of Hemsterhuis,* she gave her whole soul to the study of mathematics, languages, and above all, Greek literature and the Platonic philosophy. Although from her mother being a Catholic, she had been brought up in the forms of the Papal Church, yet neither in the form of Catholicism nor in that of Protestantism had she ever come into personal contact with Christianity. So long as she remained at the Hague, she had firmly maintained with Hemsterhuis, that none but the populace really believed the gospel; since it was impossible to have faith in its promises and threatenings, and yet to act in such direct contradiction to its doctrines, as was the almost universal custom. On coming to Münster, she forgave Fürstenberg his Christianity, as a prejudice of education, and on account of her reverence for his great sagacity; but she entreated him not to attempt her conversion, as she could not endure to entertain any thoughts relating to God, except those which God himself had formed in her own heart. In 1783, when she and her physicians alike despaired of her life, she had dismissed the priest whom Fürstenberg had desired to attend her, because she was absolutely without faith in the efficacy or importance of the Sacraments.

During her long and tedious recovery, she for the first time, and much to her alarm, became alive to the fact, that she was a slave to literary ambition and the pride of learning. 'With this discovery,' she said, 'all pleasure in myself vanished.' About this time her children were of an age to receive religious instruction, and she considered it to be her duty as a mother to impart it. In order at once to preserve her own integrity, and to keep from her children her doubts on the subject of Christianity, she resolved that the instruction should be purely historical. For this purpose she gave herself up to the earnest study of the Holy Scriptures, reading them by preference in the Latin version. What she had entered on for her children's sake, she soon continued for her own. The truth of Christianity, as set forth in the Scriptures, penetrated her heart; and once convinced, she ever after strove, with all the energies of her powerful mind, to bring her life and actions into the strictest conformity to the truths which she had imbibed. A small but distinguished circle gathered round this extraordinary woman. Fürstenberg brought to it his large culture and wide experience; Overberg, in whose childlike piety and simplicity the penetrating glance of the minister had at once recognised the man destined to carry out his most early and cherished plan for the education of the people, was a favoured member of the circle. It was also frequented by some younger men. These were the sons of Baron Droste of Vischering, Kaspar Max, afterwards Bishop of Münster, and Clement Augustus, who subsequently became Archbishop of Cologne, with their two brothers and their former tutor, afterwards the Prebendary Katercamp. A woman who, like the Princess Gallitzin, surpassed, in breeding and culture, all her contemporaries of the same rank, and who now linked with her dazzling talents the faith of a little child, could not but make a deep impression on these powerful intellects. Goethe and Lavater, Herder and

* A philosopher and archæologist, born in Gröningen in 1720. He died in 1790. He presented the philosophy of the sensuous school in a popular garb, and in a higher form than that in which it has been usually presented. He wrote also on the philosophy of religion, and on the fine arts.

Hamann,* felt themselves in a like degree, though in different ways, attracted and elevated by this remarkable character.

During the eventful years at the commencement of this century, the trade of Hamburg experienced every possible fluctuation, and each of those great events which followed each other in such rapid succession in Europe exercised an immediate influence on its society. The battles of Jena and Austerlitz, the disasters at Ulm, each were felt as a deathblow; and, above all, the weak, vacillating conduct of the rulers and leaders all over Germany filled the public mind with dismay and disgust: and when, in 1805, the political leaders of Germany arrayed themselves beside Napoleon against England, even Perthes' sanguine mind was filled with despondency and indignation.

Finally, in 1809, Mortier took possession of the town, and though professedly a peaceful occupation, the unfortunate city was subjected to the utmost pressure of war; and, ere long, Napoleon decreed that 'Hamburg, built by Charles the Great, was no longer to be deprived of the happiness, to which it had a hereditary right, of acknowledging the supremacy of his greater successor.' Previous to this last step, Perthes had exerted himself to the utmost to awaken the minds and unite the efforts of men all over Germany, by the publication of a journal, nominally scientific, but which sought common ground of interest in all who loved their country. That the distinctions Prussian and Austrian, Saxon and Bavarian, should disappear in the one word German, was the first wish of his heart. After this proclamation, however, the journal was abandoned, and silently to suffer and to 'bide his time' seemed all that was left for the German patriot. The evacuation and re-occupation of Hamburg by the French is a twice-told tale, on which we need not enter. In the glorious struggle of the citizens, Perthes took an active part, sending away his family only when the bombardment commenced, and following himself when all hope was gone. When a general pardon was proclaimed by Davoust, Perthes was one of the ten who were excepted. He had to fly for his life, and for many months, though meeting with much disinterested kindness, he and his family had to undergo great privations, and often the want of almost the necessaries of life. No doubt, this time of sorrow knit all the closer the ties of family life. Perthes, writing to a friend, says,—

I thank God that I have a wife who shares my feelings, and if the worst come to the worst will not shake my courage.

And again, with regard to his personal danger, 'My Caroline would forgive me, and I should leave my children a legacy of honour.' In a letter to her sister Jacobi, Caroline gives an account of their leaving Wandsbeck the day after Perthes' flight, Count Reventlow having offered her a temporary asylum at Aschau. She writes thus:—

'As soon as Perthes had taken leave of me in his flight, I began to pack, and then, exhausted as I was, set out with my seven children and the nurse, in a light open carriage. It was a very affecting parting: my mother could not control her feelings, and my father was deeply moved; the children wept aloud; I myself felt as if turned to stone, and could only say continually,—'Now, for Heaven's sake!' My sister Augusta went with me, to comfort and to assist me; truly willing to share my labours and anxieties. In the morning we arrived at Nütschau, where, finding only two beds for ten persons, I was obliged to divide our cloaks and bundles of linen, so that the children might at least have something under their heads.' Yet, on the evening of this day, Caroline contrived to write a few lines to her parents,—'I can only wish you goodnight,' she said, 'for I am so weary in mind and body, that I can neither think nor write. If I had but met Perthes here this evening, safe and sound, as I had hoped, I believe I should have for-

* Hamann was born at Königsberg in 1730. He opposed himself to the theology and popular philosophy of his time, and was far from being popular with his contemporaries. His writings are not much read, on account of their obscurity, arising from his peculiar style, and his love of symbolical language. He died in 1788.

gotten all my sorrow. I am still cold, and hard as a stone, and shrink from the thought of the thawing. I felt all day as if everybody were dead, and I was left alone on the earth. These have been weeks of life-and-death struggle; God help every poor man who is in trouble of mind or body in these eventful times!'

As to property, Perthes had lost absolutely everything, and ready money for the support of his family he had none.

Do not suppose that I complain (he wrote to his Schwartzburg uncle); *he who has nothing to repent of has also nothing to complain of.* I have acted as in the presence of God; I have often risked my *life*, and why should I be dispirited because I have lost my fortune? God's will be done. I do not yet see how I am to provide bread for my wife and children in a foreign land.

And again, a little later:—

I enter again into the world, into a new and unknown world, full of great possibilities, and also full of perils, but I have spirit and courage to meet them cheerfully. Resignation to the will of God, firm convictions and rich experience, a heart full of love and youthful feeling, truth and rectitude, such are the treasures which my forty years of life have given me;—Lord my God, I thank thee for them; forgive a poor sinner, and lead me not into temptation.

Still, though his courage was great, his anxieties were almost overpowering: he was separated from his wife and children, and uncertain as to their fate; and Caroline, along with a sister who had accompanied her flight, had to labour with their own hands to keep hunger from the door. They had no doubt shelter and protection, such as it was—but damp and cold brought disease to the young children: for months they had neither meat nor white bread in the house, and such scanty means of sustenance as they could procure were to be had only after great labour and fatigue. During these hard times an infant was added to her cares, and she had the grief of losing a favourite child. Her husband absent, and exposed to danger, her children subjected to privation and disease, her own health uncertain, it required indeed fortitude to bear up bravely under such trials; and when at length her husband returned, and entered with a joyful 'are all well?' she had silently to lead him to the bed, where their dear child lay 'in the sleep of death. She says, 'my anxiety for *him* carried me through that painful day.'

It is no part of our present purpose to enter on the history of those eventful years—years fraught with the destiny of Europe, and with the events of which every one is familiar, further than to show the influence the times had on the mind of a man of high integrity and keen intellect—how he in his own sphere strained every nerve to serve his country, and doing always the duty that came nearest his hand, made all things subservient to his responsibilities as a man, a German, and a Christian. Perthes himself believed that those who are born in evil times have a special mission, and accepted his own with thankfulness. He had great confidence in what individuals can do, and both by precept and example, endeavoured to excite equal energy in others who were weary and faint with the heat of the day, and unable to stem the torrent. 'The voice of an honest man,' he said, 'is a mighty instrument, and has great power;' and whenever his voice could be useful, he raised it with courage and success. On leaving Hamburg, Perthes was employed at the Diet of Frankfort, in November, 1813, as deputy for the Hanse Towns, the independence of which was guaranteed by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, in the event of their being delivered from the French. Davoust still held possession of Hamburg, though hard pressed. Not content with burning and destroying all that was possible within the walls, he drove twenty thousand of the inhabitants out of the town. First the young and strong were sent forth as dangerous, then the old and weak as superfluous; the inmates of the orphan schools and almshouses were driven out to perish, and finally eight hundred sick and idiots from the hospitals were added to the freezing sufferers without the gates. The miseries and cold of one January night released six hundred of these from their suffering. Perthes returned to Hamburg, after the French had left, as one of the distributors of the

money collected all over Europe, to assist the unfortunate survivors of this desolation.

From this time, for some years Perthes' private life flowed in an uninterrupted course: first, the necessary efforts to redeem his affairs and extricate himself from the ruin the French confiscation of his property had occasioned occupied him. In this he succeeded, and established the business on the old footing. Besides home interests, he had many an anxious hour over the state of the country, which, freed from foreign yoke, seemed incapable of self-government. On this subject, however, he expresses himself always with his hopeful disposition, and firm reliance in Providence working by means too mysterious to be understood. To Fouqué he writes:—

> You remember what I said to you in 1815, that the real hard fighting would only begin with the war of minds, when the external warfare should be over. And now, do you think I should be sorry, if I turned out to be in the right? By no means. Remember, dear Fouqué, here below, in some way or another, work is God's will for man. Man has more time on hand than he can spend in mere love and contemplation, therefore work and pray.

His friend Görres, more desponding than himself, writes to him, referring to an address he had published:—

> I cannot say it has revealed to me anything agreeable, it showed me princes who have been in the school of adversity, without having learnt anything there, not even to take care of their own dignity. Ministers who have good intentions but no ability, decision, or courage — a Court opposition, bad rather from the absence of all good than from the presence of positive evil, stupid to brutishness, &c. &c.

The year 1819 may truly be said to be a turning-point in the history of Germany. Freed from the oppression of a foreign sword, the band was loosened which held together and for a time suppressed all the conflicting elements which one common danger had united, and every variety of wild opinion rose and found expression: wild liberalism and despotic tyranny had fanatic adherents; cold rationalism and speculative philosophy, in every possible form, had followers, zealous as the infatuated worshippers of Jagarnaut. Old things had passed away, and yet no saviour appeared —no one who with the eye of genius could pierce the confusion, and bring forth a new and better order of things out of the contending elements of good and evil. The book before us bears evidence how large was the amount of good in the masses of the people, but unfortunately those in high places in the land, like the restored Bourbons, ignored the past, and as in Prussia and in Austria, so each petty prince, untaught by adversity, and believing only in his long line of ancestry, renewed in his little principality those petty and vexatious exactions which the people had proved a burden too heavy to be borne. What had been before 1792 was also the right thing now. From this era we may date the antagonistic position of different orders in Germany; the hatred between the higher and the lower classes began then. What had been achieved by the French nation had taught the people their power: they could no longer passively bear and endure; and at this time the seeds were sown which bore fruit—bitter fruit in 1848-49, and in all human probability will bear a later harvest. Good men mourned and protested over the general relapse, but time rolled on, and those who by their position might have remodelled the nation, did not recognise their privileges, and the House of Hapsburg and the House of Brandenburg were equally blind to the great deliverance they might have wrought for themselves and for their country. The German aristocracy seem to be a body to whom the hardest lessons do not bring wisdom.*

The notices in this book of the English, though not flattering to our national vanity, are instructive to the English reader. Wishing to extend his business to London, Before (Perthes' brother-in-law and partner) went there, and declares that at that time German literature

* The House of Saxe Coburg Gotha form an honourable exception to this remark.

was not only unread in England, but that he considered 'that the English, as a people, are incapable of apprehending it.' Robinson he mentions as 'a most remarkable and attractive man,' an exception 'to the insular character of intellectual exclusiveness.' A letter from a German lady residing in London, though not very complimentary either to our country-women or our clergy, is not uninstructive, as regards both the remarks on religion and culture. We cannot, however, help feeling surprised that a man like Perthes, so clear-sighted at home, should class the relations of England and Ireland as worse than those of Austria and Hungary and her other dependencies! The common talk with which a traveller is assailed abroad, comparing Ireland with Poland, and British with Russian and Austrian oppression, to the advantage of the two latter, is unworthy of such a man, and shows that in some things his national prejudices blinded his judgment. Certainly, the years which have elapsed since the expression of those opinions have brought to England a wide-spread knowledge of German books, and proved also very practically the difference between English legislation towards Ireland, and Austrian towards her Hungarian brethren.

Years passed on, and the ties which held Perthes to Hamburg were many of them severed. In 1821 he lost his beloved Caroline. She had fulfilled her mission, and rested from her labours. Perthes felt her death with all the strength of his warm temperament. During his active and anxious life many a time had the energetic man rested on her gentle strength: in her it seemed as if everything had been taken from him at once, and he gave way for a time to his grief with vehement and passionate tenderness. Writing some time afterwards he says:—

For twenty-four years we have lived together through cares and anxieties, sometimes through sorrow and trouble, but in all she was happy, for every moment was filled with love and lively sympathy; always resigned to the inevitable, she preserved her heroic spirit in great events. That poverty of spirit so extolled by Tauler and Thomas à Kempis was hers.

Caroline's death rendered Hamburg utterly distasteful to him: he resigned his bookselling business to Besser, and removed to Gotha, where two of his daughters were married. There, at the age of fifty, he recommenced life as a publisher, in the important walks of history and theology, and during the twenty years of his activity in this department, had the happiness to stamp his name imperishably on some of the most noted productions of German research in the present century. While acting in this capacity he was necessarily brought into connexion with most of the leading politicians, historical inquirers, and theologians of the age.

To enumerate his friends and correspondents would be to write a list of all who, in those days, played a prominent part, besides very many private friends, whom he preserved through life. Ranke, Bunsen, Niebuhr, Humboldt, Richter, and the Schlegels, are names nearly as familiar to the English as to the German public. We must, at least, extract some account of Niebuhr. Perthes' acquaintance with him had begun at Hamburg, and had ripened into friendship, not uninterrupted by quarrels arising from their very different political views. In these quarrels Niebuhr's generosity of character shone forth, for he was the first to extend the hand, and own to his old friend that he had been wrong. Perthes afterwards frequently visited Niebuhr at Bonn. The following are his remarks after his first visit:—

Niebuhr's disposition is very melancholy; the purer his heart, the deeper his sensibilities, the more he feels the want of some firm support for his soul; he fights with uncertainty and quarrels with life. He said to me, 'I am weary of life, only the children bind me to it.' He repeatedly expressed the bitterest contempt for mankind; and, in short, the spiritual condition of this remarkable man cuts me to the heart, and his outpourings alternately elevated and horrified me. To see such a heart and mind in the midst of the convulsions of our time, gives a deep insight into the machinery of our poor human life.

Niebuhr needs a friend who would be a match for him; he has not one such in the world. The wealth of his intellect, the extent of his knowledge, are absolutely appalling, but his knowledge of the present is only the result of historical inquiry and political calculations—he does not understand individual or national life. 'I do know and understand people,' replied he, when I made the above remark to him; 'I read, and inquire, and hear; and my residence abroad has afforded me an impartial point of view.' And yet I maintain he has no knowledge of human nature. One thing I am more and more sure of—men of giant intellect and high imagination are little fitted to govern; the practical man, if he will avail himself of the intellects of others, makes the best minister.

A few days after Perthes had left Bonn, Niebuhr wrote to him as follows:—

The unlooked-for pleasure of seeing you again still remains in the form of memory; your visit has awakened the illusion that old times have not quite vanished. And yet they have; and could I become a sceptic, I should begin by denying a man's identity at different epochs of life.

Perthes wrote in reply:—

You yourself would afford me a proof of identity if I needed one. Only look within you, how love has endured, how much you are still the same! Thirty years after I have seen that very same love shine forth from your whole being, which still has power to melt all the frost, and rub away all the rust of the world.

In 1829 Perthes revisited Bonn, and again spent most of his time with Niebuhr, of whose immense influence over the youth of the place he makes mention. He writes of him thus:—

On seeing Niebuhr after a long interval, I always experience a painful degree of shyness; because, in spite of his intellectual greatness, his universal knowledge, and his keen discrimination, I am conscious that I take truer views of many subjects than he does, and consequently often feel myself obliged to oppose him in spite of his superiority. Added to this, the strange, almost unpleasant peculiarities of his manner; for example, his restless walking up and down the room all the time he is talking. But this shyness soon gives way, his natural candour and good-heartedness triumphing over all. I am more than ever struck with the singularities of his character, and yet I never found him so cordial or so gentle. * * * One of Niebuhr's strange peculiarities is his stammering—not over words, but sentences; he will repeat the same sentence six or seven times in the most different ways. The reason is, that owing to his wide range of imagination and immense amount of information, language cannot keep pace with his thoughts.

* * * *

Writing at the time of Niebuhr's death, Perthes says:—

I shall feel the loss of Niebuhr as long as I live. Hardly a day passed but I saw, heard, observed, or thought something which I treasured up for the purpose of consulting him about it.

Rist, in writing of him, calls him

The terror of all bad and base men, the stay of all the sterling and honest, the friend and helper of youth.

During his visit to Bonn, Perthes also spent several mornings with A. W. Schlegel, and writes about him thus:—

We had not seen each other for many years. At first Schlegel gave me a stately reception; but old recollections of former meetings soon made him open, tender, and natural in his cordiality. It was in 1793, just after his marriage, that I first saw Schlegel; then we met in 1803 and 1805, in Leipsic and Dresden; in the summer of 1813, I spent some weeks with him; and again, in the December of the same year, we had a very pleasant day in Saalsund, in Hanover, with Rehberg, Smidt, Sieveking, and Benjamin Constant. These old pictures having first flitted past us, the political and religious opinions of past days gave way to the present. Schlegel expressed himself very strikingly about the men and the occurrences of our own time. I called his attention to the importance, historically speaking, of a new collection and edition of his works. He owes it to the history of our literature, to show the origin and the aim of his detached essays, so as to prevent further misunderstanding and confusion, for however different the decision of different parties respecting him may be, still his views, his criticism, his praise and blame, will have considerable influence over our literature for all time. Schlegel agreed with me, and remarked that he must needs be much misunderstood, for that his labours in the early part of his life, had almost entirely consisted in reactionary efforts against particular errors and perver-

sions, and that his views had met with such a one-sided apprehension, and been carried to such extremes by his adherents, that he had subsequently been obliged, for truth's sake, to appear as their opponent. But he added, that his position, in regard to his brother Frederick, prevented an edition of his collective works. They had formerly accomplished the greater part of these together, but their opinions were now diametrically opposed on the most important subjects. He could not give up his own convictions, and his feelings forbade him publicly to oppose his brother. I then requested him to prepare a posthumous collection of his works, saying, that when our race is run, natural ties cease to fetter, and that the open confession of what each held to be truth would do honour to both. Schlegel spoke very openly of his relations to Niebuhr. The latter is so offended with his criticism on his *Roman History*, that he will not see him. 'Niebuhr,' said Schlegel, 'has no ground for this; no one made such efforts as I to follow him in his investigations in all directions, and this is the highest proof of appreciation and respect. Niebuhr might have forgiven me a few witticisms and jests, which he knew to be a part of my nature; but so it is, no one in Germany understands criticism, and so I keep to myself my opinion of Voss's performances, though I could express it in three words.' I begged him to tell them me, and he replied, 'Voss has enriched our literature with a stony Homer, a wooden Shakspeare, and a leathern Aristophanes.' Schlegel took me to see his Indian printing office, and I could not but admire the simplicity and practical wisdom of his arrangements; indeed, on this occasion, I saw nothing but the good side of his character. His faults are better known than those of most of us, and every one speaks of his incredible vanity, but it lies so on the surface, that one can hardly suppose it sinks deep. He has always been distinguished for strict conscientiousness in all affairs of business, and now he is firmly attached to Bonn, and a regular and active life may still further improve him. Good-natured he certainly is, if not exasperated or tempted by a sally of wit.

A few years after settling in Gotha, Perthes married again. His mind was too elastic to bear depression long, and his was a disposition to crave for sympathy and love, and he had the rare power of gathering happiness and enjoyment from every source while life remained. His daughters married, his sons left home, it was intolerable to him to be alone, and he married. His choice seems to have been a fortunate one: Clement Perthes makes very graceful mention of his stepmother, who was a widow; and though she brought with her four children (two of them hopeless invalids) to add to the household cares, she still seems to have healed the wounds of sorrow, and added to the happiness of all.

Goethe is frequently mentioned in these pages, but little new light is thrown on the giant of German literature, whose every word and action have been treasured and chronicled by his countrymen, who have filled volumes with their learned worship, till now nothing new can be said of Goethe. Perthes, however, saw in the great man the man of the world more than the poet and genius, and says:—

In estimating Goethe, it must never be forgotten that he was a citizen of Frankfort: it was his traditional civic dignity that made the society of the great so agreeable to him, and kept him aloof from the agitated scenes of human intercourse, whereby a privy councillor's cabinet in Weimar could still appear to him the world.

Perthes frequently made the tour of Germany, and though chiefly for business purposes, still scenery and art claimed their share of his attention, and with the clearness which characterizes him, he lays the country before one like a map, full of living figures and life-like portraits, and there are charming bits of landscape painting in his letters. His description even of the well-known Rhine has a certain raciness in it, and though one no longer sees glass cages full of children hung out at the windows in Cologne, as he describes, many antiquated customs he mentions in Gotha still linger in the small towns, and even in the capital of Saxony. Even in these railway days the Germans slowly relinquish old habits.

To give any lengthened notice of the contents of the second volume of this work would require more space than we can spare—so many men of note are mentioned, and so many subjects of thought suggested. We hope the life of Perthes will become a

much-read book in this country, as we believe it one likely to be very useful. The closing chapters offer a beautiful picture of old age, and of a life passed in usefulness and closed in peace. The good old man had a happy old age. Surrounded by his children, and his children's children, and in the full enjoyment of his faculties to the last, when drawing towards the close of his life, his thoughts seem frequently to have dwelt on his Caroline, with whom he had lived, and loved, and laboured, and who had entered the unseen world so many years before himself; but he seems also to have had the most affectionate feeling to his second wife, who nursed him with a tenderness to which his son bears record. She and one of his daughters always kept by his bedside during his last illness, and on the eighteenth anniversary of their marriage day he said to her:—

Death is here. I am conscious of a most strange feeling, as if all earthly ties were dissolving, but there is no expressing this in words.

After this he lived some days—days of great suffering. One time, waking as from a dream, he said:—

Herder on his death bed sought only an idea. 'Light, light,' exclaimed Goethe; it would have been better had they cried out for love and humility.

The closing scene we must leave to his son to narrate. With it we conclude our notice: we cannot add anything to his pathetic words:—

On Thursday, the 18th May, the Doctor was able to tell him that all would soon be over. He had no longer any actual pain, and on being asked whether his dreams were distressing, he answered, 'No, no, not now, once distressing, now delightful.' Sometimes he would pray aloud, and repeat hymns in a firm voice. But for the most part he lay there peaceful and joyful, and the peace and joy that God had granted to him pervaded all that were near. 'When he folded his cold hands,' wrote one of his daughters, 'and prayed from his inmost soul, we too were constrained to fold our hands and pray; it was all so sublime, so blessed, we felt as though Our Lord Jesus Christ were with us in the room.' 'The last conflict is severe,' we find it said in another letter, 'but we see with our own eyes that he can overcome it in love and without pain or fear. The last enemy loses all his terrors for us, and the resurrection seems nearer us than the death.' About six o'clock in the evening, an intimate friend, the Court preacher Jacobi, came in. Perthes opened his languid eyes, and stretched out his hand to him, saying, 'For the last time: it will be soon over, but it is a hard struggle.' About seven, Jacobi and the Doctor left him; at eight, his breathing became slower and deeper, but without occasioning any distress. His whole family stood round him. Perthes had folded his hands, and for a short time prayed aloud, but his speech had now become inarticulate; only the oft-repeated words, 'my Redeemer—Lord—forgiveness,' could be distinguished. It had grown dark. When lights were brought in, a great change was visible in his features, every trace of pain was gone, his eyes shone, his whole aspect was, as it were, transfigured, so that those around him could only think of his bliss, not of their sorrow. The last sounds of this world that reached the dying ear were, 'Yea, the Lord hath prepared blessedness and joy for thee, where Christ is the Sun, the Life, and the All in All.' He drew one long breath; like a lightning flash, an expression of infinite suffering passed over his face, then his triumph was complete. It was within a few minutes of half-past ten. Immediately after death, a look of peace and joy settled on his face. Early on the morning of the 22nd of May he was buried in the churchyard of Gotha, and his favourite hymn was sung around his grave:

What can molest or injure me, who have
in Christ a part?
Fill'd with the peace and grace of God,
most gladly I depart.

G. E. F.



JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN THE CRIMEA, 1856.

Part II.

IT was now time to look about for some place to pass the night in, and at length a turn in the road brought us within sight of a small house, which we found to be a dismantled post station, but not seeing any water at hand, we preferred pushing on, in expectation of meeting some running brook. We soon arrived at a stream, clear as crystal and cold as ice, tumbling down from the base of the cliff into a basin by the roadside; at a little distance stood the roofed ruins of a deserted villa. To this we accordingly repaired, first watering our horses, which had carried us through all the heat of the day. Indeed, we almost observed it as a rule, to allow our animals to drink whenever we came to water—a practice which, when the work is slow and heavy, I found invariably observed both in Spain and Turkey.

The villa was a complete wreck. Doors and windows were all gone, and in some places the floors torn up. Such furniture as had not been carried away lay broken and strewed about the rooms, and the garden was wild and choked with grass and weeds. After dismounting all the baggage, we put up the horses in the kitchen and stable, and seizing a hatchet we had brought with us, the edge of which did *not* turn or chip, I set hard to work in cutting up some of the dry broken timber for our fire, which was speedily lighted in the principal room, where we discovered a table and a one-legged bench. The latter we soon put to rights, and in half an hour our servants had the horses fed and made snug for the night, and a pot of water boiling on the fire, into which we plunged our preserved eatables. The room had a deep bay window, looking out upon the sea over the garden, from which it was elevated but a few feet. Two smaller rooms opened into it at either end, one of which was floored with asphalte, and in the other were arranged a couple of table-tops in a sloping position, which we appropriated for beds, in preference to unpacking and pitching a tent. Certainly we could not complain of want of air, as all the sashes were broken, but so calm was the night, that when we lighted a candle, it burnt as steadily as in an English drawing-room. Before long we had an excellent dinner smoking before us, to which we felt perfectly ready to do the fullest justice. A huge fire blazed and crackled away in the wide-mouthed chimney, and on it stood the hissing kettle, and

Sang songs of family glee,

ever at hand to replenish our teapot and punch-bowl, till, somewhat tired, we sought our respective tables. The moon had now risen, and was nearly full, and poured a flood of silvery light into our window across the ocean and slopes beneath us. It sparkled on the sea like gleaming phosphorus, and caught the edges of the rocks and the trunks and branches of the trees. Having partaken of a cup of coffee and crust of bread, we mounted soon after six o'clock, and continued our journey along the same road, which in many places was covered with stones and rocks of various sizes, which the rains and thaws of winter had loosened and brought down. The cliffs now gradually began to recede from the road and coast lines, but the farther they retired, the higher and grander did they appear. The character of the slope began to alter, and was in many places cut by ravines and water-courses, showing frequently deep land-slips. The soil became black and slaty, and here and there dark masses of black and green-looking stone were tossed confusedly above the surface, the whole aspect showing evidences of volcanic agency. There were hardly any trees, the ground being covered with a scanty oak brushwood, with but few attempts at cultivation, except along the seacoast, many hundred feet beneath us. A few miles along this road we met a patrol of a couple of Cossacks,

and a little further on we found two more stationed on a small eminence commanding a long reach of the road. As we rode past, one of them shouted something which we did not in the least understand, no more, probably, than he did our 'all right, old fellow,' with an assurance that it was a fine morning. Mounting his shaggy little pony, he set out to follow us, and we now guessed that he was come to show us the way through places where the land-slips had carried away the road; and when we came to a spot where no signs of the road existed, and when our baggage-horses sank up to their middles in deep black mud, obliging us to take off the packs to extricate them, our Cossack friend was most useful. We again gained the road, which we followed till a gesture from our guide caused us to turn to the right into a field, whence, striking downwards by a pathway amidst groves of walnut trees, we arrived at the little Tartar village of Kirkineis, prettily situated in the midst of orchards and vineyards, and sweet-scented walnuts, and watered by small rills gushing from the mountain precipices, and distributed all over the gardens in a regular system of irrigation.

The appearance of most of the Tartar villages along this coast is singular, and different from those within the great rocky barrier which separates it from the interior. Here the houses are all detached, built into the side of the hill, flat-roofed, and covered with a coating of mud firmly plastered, so that a traveller finds himself almost walking upon a roof before he is at all aware of the proximity of a house. Trees are mingled everywhere among the houses, affording deep shade in the summer, and shelter during the winter; the whole effect is extremely picturesque and peculiar. In some villages one tile-roofed house shows that there is either a postal or Cossack station, and to the latter our guide now conducted us, to show our passport to the chief of his station, a seedy-looking officer, who, after keeping it for a considerable period, sent us on our road under the care of a dismounted Cossack, charged, as we afterwards discovered, to show it to the principal officer of the district, stationed eight miles off, at Aloupka, whither he now guided us.

The footpath now became a rapid descent, and was so steep as to render it advisable to dismount and lead our horses. At length we reached the bottom of a deep ravine, thickly covered with small trees, from whence we emerged into the little Tartar village of Simeis, where we again got into a good macadamized road, which soon led us past the gate of a deserted chateau, in the grounds of which the young grass formed so tempting an opportunity of refreshing our horses, that we turned in by the broken entrance, and tying them to the trees, with liberty to graze for a space of ten feet all round, we sent one of our servants to a neighbouring house to purchase eggs and boil the kettle for our breakfast, whilst we made a tour of inspection of the chateau and gardens around it. The former belonging, we were informed, to a St. Petersburg merchant, is situated close to the sea, on some rocks at the extremity of a pleasant sandy cove. It was singular in its construction, at least to English eyes, having nearly the whole of the interior encased in a kind of glass shell, forming doubtless, when occupied, a large conservatory. Into one of the reception-rooms a large square conservatory, with a fountain in the centre, opened, and was filled with rare plants, whose withered and drooping condition denoted the absence of the proprietor and a general want of care, owing to the insecurity of the country. The living-rooms opened into a central hall, in which was a spiral staircase communicating to a similar lobby above, into which the bed-rooms opened, and from whence another spiral staircase communicated with a look-out turret on the roof. The servants' apartments below the ground were light, clean, and airy, and provided with small iron bedsteads, ranged, like those of a barrack, round the walls. The kitchen was altogether detached, on the opposite side of the roadway leading to the principal entrance, and was built of

logs closely fitted, and contained ranges and coppers, boilers and ovens in abundance. The gardens were prettily laid out, and were principally devoted to shrubs, intermingled with tall dark cypresses, sweetscenting walnuts, broad-leaved fig-trees, and some fine elms. In the garden was a large building, carefully locked up, containing the wine-presses; and up the slope of the hill, towards the foot of the great precipice, extended several acres of vineyards.

When we returned to the spot where we had left our horses, an excellent breakfast of fresh eggs and cold meat was awaiting us. The Cossack guide was stretched beneath a tree, watching the various preparations with an interest that made me imagine his own breakfast that morning must have been but slight. The country about was no longer deserted. Cultivation seemed everywhere attended to, and though the owners of country-houses were absent, a care-taker resided in their place. In some instances they were unable to check the inroads of the Tartars, who would come in at times and seize whatever they could lay their hands upon and conveniently carry away. In the villa we had just gone through, it was shown us how they had carried off all the rich brocade coverings of the sofas and chairs, which seemed to have been of the most expensive description.

Soon after noon we continued our journey towards Prince Woronzof's celebrated residence at Aloupka. Its situation is similar to that of the villa I have just described, but is even more remarkable for beauty and variety. Here the huge cliff towers aloft higher than anywhere else along the range, and looks even more imposing from its greater distance from the sea. The mountain leading up to its base is beautifully planted with evergreens, flowering shrubs, cypress, and all kinds of ornamental trees, and the huge masses of detached rock are thrown into groups by judicious planting, and covered with luxuriant ivy and creepers. A church, built to resemble a Doric temple, and some small and pretty cottages and villas, rise out of the masses of foliage. We had not time to examine the gardens, but riding past they seemed full of rare and beautiful shrubs. The road, neatly hedged and paled, passes almost through the castle of Aloupka; such at least is the singular effect, arising from its being narrow, and bounded on either side by the walls of some portion of the palace, till at length it opens out into a grand court, where stands the principal entrance. On the left, towards the mountain, is the stable court, not yet quite completed; on the right, towards the sea, and about a hundred feet above it, rises the castle itself, built of green granite, in a strange style—a mixture of English-Gothic with Byzantine and Saracen: the interior decorations of the castle are rich and costly, while the living rooms are of fine proportions, and numerous. I was much disappointed, however, in the size and proportions of the entrance-hall, and the extreme meanness of the staircase. The library was charming, the oak bookcases and large tables, moveable ladders and bookstands, being all in good keeping, and giving evidence of the cultivated taste of the owner. They were all brought from England. It is singularly situated at the extremity of the east wing, quite away from all the other living rooms, as the library in a large country-house ought to be, if possible. The gardens are in terraces, stretching down towards the sea, and ornamented with marble figures, carefully covered from the weather. All the most valuable and portable furniture had been removed from the palace soon after the invasion. Ascending the roof, the view along the coast to the westward is extremely beautiful. Point after point juts out into the sea, crowned by shining villas, backed by masses of wood, from which your eye runs up a rugged but varied slope to the foot of the limestone cliff which, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, now juts boldly out in some gigantic turret, now retires into a deep dark recess; here tosses its rugged peak into the clouds, and there softens down into a patch of green pasture, on which the last snows are rapidly disappearing.

Having sent forward our baggage to Yalta, about ten miles distant, whilst engaged in going over the

chateau of Prince Woronzof, we were able to take advantage of the excellence of the road, and use a little more despatch in our movements. The scenery continued beautiful as we passed villa and chateau in rapid succession; not all, perhaps, evincing the best taste in architecture, though some were extremely pretty, and giving one the idea of thorough *comfort* in their arrangements. We met a large detachment of Cossacks, resting on the line of march towards Aloupka, some mounted on their shaggy little ponies, their bright lance-heads gleaming in the afternoon sun; others sitting by the road-side and on the walls, bridle in hand, smoking their pipes. They were dressed in the ordinary uniform of the Russian soldiers, and carried straight-handled and much curved swords, besides their lances; some also slung carbines across the back. Many removed their caps (the Russian military salute) as we passed, and all looked at us with no small curiosity. The number of villas, plantations, and bits of natural forest along the road, give it the appearance of a private road through the most lovely of parks. At Cape Aithodor, the western extremity of the bay of Yalta, we passed a lighthouse; and after riding through the hamlet of Little Oreanda and its adjoining villa, soon reached a pretty cottage, built at one of the entrances to the Emperor's palace at Great Oreanda.

Here we turned in, and following a skilfully-engineered road down a considerable descent, beautifully wooded, and planted with rare flowering shrubs, soon arrived at the palace, charmingly situated by the sea-side in a little bight of land, flanked on either side by richly-wooded cliffs, one crowned with a large cross, the other by the artificial ruins of a hexastyle temple, whose dazzling white columns seemed singularly out of place amidst masses of grey rock and green foliage. Far too white for marble, its staring, vulgar effect amidst so much natural beauty made me feel indignant at the barbarism which permitted its erection. Like the palace at Aloupka, the main entrance to that of Oreanda is landward, and in front of it a rich parterre of flowers was in progress; another, a perfect bower of roses, lies to the eastward; while to the west extend the stables and a large pile of domestic offices. The entrance front of the building is simple and plain, in the Italian style; that towards the sea being enriched with balconies, supported by caryatides; and terraced gardens, ornamented with statues and marble groups and vases. The entrance-hall is in the Pompeian style, and is painted in bright colours, so skilfully managed as not to have the least gaudy or spotty effect, but to catch the eye as a rich glowing picture. The interior fitments and furniture are of the richest description, and most of the rooms — dining - room, Emperor's study, and Empress's boudoirs— well-proportioned, though of no great size. The drawing-room, if it be such, is decidedly small; but the housekeeper called it a breakfast-room. I was struck with the beauty and variety of the marbles in the chimney-pieces, all of which came from the neighbouring mountains. In one of the courts is a fountain, more curious than beautiful, copied from an old Tartar original in the palace at Baktchi-Serai; and a conservatory, filled with choice exotics, opens on to some of the principal apartments. Everything was in perfect order, and seemed ready to be inhabited at a moment's notice; and I cannot conceive a more charming situation for a Sovereign to retire to, where as much seclusion as is desirable can be enjoyed, and the best society is within reach.

Returning to the main road, we hastened on towards Yalta, which lay fronting a shallow bay two or three hundred feet below us, and five or six miles distant, backed by wooded mountains, dotted with cottages, Tartar villages, and white villas about their base, and rising to the same high plateau, which now retires inland, as the nature of the country changes from the severe, bold character of the high precipice, with the rugged slope leading from its base to the sea, to the more varied features of a wooded, mountainous country, whose peaks, lofty and rugged, are covered with forests of pines, while their lower slopes abound in vineyards and olive gar-

dens. Passing through Livadia, the residence of Count Potoski, and where some smaller villas are also situated, the road rapidly descends towards Yalta, till it reaches a low and sandy beach. We forded the small river flowing through a valley which seemed particularly fertile, and entering the town, obtained a night's lodging at the house of a person who, being married to an Englishwoman, opened his house to English tourists. His wife's sister, a widow, who within eight months had lost her husband and two children, resided with the family, taking part in the management of the house. They informed us, that having a wholesome dread of Russian guests, as well as a wish to keep their house free from certain insect enemies, which too frequently accompany the Russians, they do not dare to put up any signboard which would oblige them to open their doors indiscriminately to all comers; and the cleanliness of their beds was evidence of the success of their precautions. Having ordered dinner, we went to the stable-yard and saw our cattle housed under a long shed, and rejoicing in their well-earned evening feed.

Whilst dinner was preparing, we strolled along the principal street of the town to the church, an uninteresting building situated on a small eminence in rear, and to the eastward, of the town, erected in a kind of nondescript Saracenic-Gothic. Still higher up is an ancient Jewish cemetery, from whence we enjoyed a beautiful view of the bay and mountains, whose peaks were just tipped with the setting sun, throwing all the foreground and middle distance into deep shade. On our return, an excellent dinner was awaiting us, consisting principally of fresh oysters caught in the bay, a magnificent turbot, and some bacon and eggs, the whole washed down by a bottle of deliciously cool rose champagne and one of very fair country wine, sound and well-flavoured. Our hostess apologized for not giving us some beef or mutton, but urged as a reason, that the Government had, during the war, ordered that all the cattle should be destroyed or disposed of, lest they should fall into the hands of the Allies; and my informant was glad to get rid of her milch cows and sheep at a moderate price. That very day they had for the first time received a supply of fresh milk and butter, both of which they most generously placed before us.

It was nearly seven o'clock before we were under weigh on the following morning. The road now kept up the valley towards the heart of the mountain for some miles, winding in and out amidst copses and gardens of beautifully-shaped ground, clothed with pretty cottage-like villas. At length, after ascending for a couple of miles, it again turned eastward, and crossed, at a considerable elevation, the ridge which forms the eastern extremity of Yalta Bay. The view from thence westward is the most striking, perhaps, of any along the coast. The eye wanders from a rich foreground to the fertile vale of Yalta, the little town shining by the sea-side like a pearl encircled by turquoises and emeralds, with the gloomy mountains towering up behind. Further on, it rests upon the sea of buried foliage, relieved by villas whose white walls and bright green roofs shone out clear, yet soft, amidst the heavy masses of wood. Still further, the lighthouse on the promontory, and the massive turrets of Aloupka, the hill and temple, and numerous residences, are seen, backed by the sublime crags of Mount St. Peter, which shows its jagged head high above all that tremendous chain of precipice. On, on, ever fainter in the grey distance, bay succeeds bay and headland succeeds headland, while the cliff, merging gradually into a gigantic wall of rock, at last seems to dip its mighty head into the sea, which forms an entire half of this noble scene, its deep colouring contrasting and yet harmonizing with the masses of foliage, the red earth, and the grey rocks, its surface calm and placid, unbroken even by a sail, whilst the landscape beside it is tossed into strange fantastic shapes by the mighty convulsion of nature, of which all the Southern Crimea gives abundant evidence.

Pursuing our journey eastward,

the scenery around us became more and more bare. We were, however, a great height above the sea, and could distinguish below us, along the coast, gardens and woods, vineyards and plantations, amidst which is situated the celebrated botanical garden of Nikita. At length, after passing the Tartar village of Yursuff, beautifully situated on the shore, where a large villa is pointed out as the property of the Duke de Richelieu, the road entered a wild district, without a tree upon the ground, which was broken up into countless ravines and hillocks. The former, whose sides are torn and bared by every winter torrent, exhibit a remarkable strata of slaty rock, which can be traced from hill to hill without difficulty. Quantities of boulders of beautiful green granite are strewn about the surface, which seems hardly to yield pasturage for a mountain sheep.

The most remarkable feature along the coast here is the promontory called the Aiu-Dagh, or Bear Mountain, extending out into the sea, some miles eastward of Yursuff. It is covered with thick wood, and though only connected to the mainland by a narrow and low isthmus, rises to the height of a thousand feet. We had now been several hours upon the road, and eagerly watched for some shady spot to breakfast at, as well as for some grazing for our horses: each turn of the road brought us fresh ..ppointment, till about twelve o'clock, a walnut-grove and orchard, bounding the road, watered by a small stream trickling from the mountain, and carpeted with rich grass, provided us with a halting-place. To unload our pack-horses, and tie them up to various trees where the grass grew richest, was the work of a few minutes. A couple of stones by the road-side, arranged so as to contain some dry branches from the hedges, formed our fire-place, across which the kettle and pot were soon placed. Some Tartar men and boys gradually surrounded us, to whom we made signs that we should like some fresh eggs from their village, which we discovered among the trees. At length, the imitation of a cock crowing enlightened them, and a boy scampered away, soon to return with a handkerchief full of eggs, some of which we purchased and ate upon the spot.

Having rested the horses we again packed up, and continued our journey towards Aloushta, through the Tartar village of Lambat, and over an uninteresting country, till within five miles of Aloushta. Here the road enters a forest, which it descends by rapid zig-zags, from every turn of which a fine view is obtained of the valley of Aloushta to the Tchatir-Dagh, or across the bay along the coast to Sudak. The position is hemmed in on three sides by the highest mountains in the Crimea, and communicates with all the lovely scenery of the Southern coast by an excellent road, and with Simpheropol by another—which previously to the war was in all probability equally good. The valley is of greater extent and quite as fertile as that of Yalta, whilst the anchorage and capabilities for a harbour are better; and it is to be wondered at that it should have been so neglected by the Russian nobility, who have established themselves everywhere along the coast. The little town, in which we arrived about five o'clock, is entirely Tartar. Its wretched cottages are sometimes built in irregular streets, sometimes with their backs against an eminence in the centre of the town, on which stand the towers of an ancient castle, one of the strongholds of a race long since driven forth by the fierce followers of Mahomet. It is difficult to picture to oneself the frugal, patient, and industrious Tartar, bowed down beneath the stern yoke of Russia, frank, gentle-looking creatures, as being the descendants of a mighty race who, sword in hand, advanced the Crescent against the Cross in this fair region, drove forth its ancient inhabitants and its mighty traders of yore, and elected a sovereign who was second only to the Sultan of Turkey among the followers of the Prophet, and whose family was acknowledged as next in succession to the illustrious line of Kalifs.

Here we halted for a short time, to allow our baggage, which had fallen a little in rear, to come up; after which, having agreed to

follow the Simpheropol road till we found a suitable camping-ground, we proceeded through the tortuous streets of the little town, past a green-spired church, and along a road bounded on either side by tall Lombardy poplars, till we arrived at an open heath, near which we fixed ourselves for the night. Having unloaded our animals, we tied them to the shrubs which grew around, and then proceeded to pitch our small patrol-tent, whilst one servant was carrying water and the other busy with the fire and looking after the horses. Presently a Cossack soldier came down from his station a few hundred yards off, and brought us a bundle of dry sticks, for which we rewarded him with a glass of brandy. In a few minutes more a waterproof sheet was spread on the ground, our plates, knives, forks, and cups ranged round it, and as the setting sun shed its last rosy rays upon the snowy peaks of the Tchatir-Dagh and neighbouring mountains, the soup was placed before us. The evening was deliciously calm and genial, and by the time dinner was over and the first cigar discussed, night had closed in; and beyond the waning glare of our watch-fire, nothing was visible around us save the glimmering lights of the distant village and adjacent Cossack barrack, and the twinkling stars; and no sound was heard except the crackling of our fire, the regular munching of our horses, and the distant murmur of a stream.

We now thought it prudent to bring our horses closer around our bivouac, and accordingly collected them into a circle, tied to low oak bushes all about the fire, where our servants were established under a kind of gipsy-tent made of blankets and horse clothing. Presently we heard footsteps approaching, and in a few moments our Cossack friend with a companion emerged from the gloom, and advanced within the light of our fire, both laden with bundles of dry vine-poles, quite sufficient to keep up our fire throughout the night,—an instance of kindness which I hardly expected from the least disciplined troops of our late enemy, the Cossacks of the Black Sea. We rewarded each with a glass of brandy, adding what we considered must be a rarity among them—a large lump of white sugar, and for which they seemed most grateful, taking off their caps, and dropping on one knee to kiss our hands.

Soon after dawn we were up, and struck our tent, and while the kettle was boiling for a starting cup of coffee, performed our ablutions, refreshed by the morning breeze. Having laid out a stiff day's work, at half-past five we were in our saddles, taking the Simpheropol road, which, following a line from Aloushta, nearly perpendicular to the coast, crosses the mountain range, at an elevation of 2800 feet, by a wooded gorge between the Tchatir-Dagh and another mountain of nearly equal height. For many miles the road wound round the foot of the mountain, till it entered a ravine, the sides of which were clothed with fine timber, oak and beach, full of small opens, clothed with grass of the brightest green, watered by silvery streams formed by the melting snow on the summits of the neighbouring peaks; while on both sides of the road the banks shone forth in all the beauty of spring, adorned with masses of primroses and violets, reflected in the ponds and streams. As we turned a sharp corner formed by some spur of the mountain on our left, a pile of fresh-turned earth, half concealed by bushes, attracted our attention, and soon disclosed a small battery for a couple of field-pieces, the only defensive work visible in this pass, which, surrounded as it is on all sides by high mountains covered with rocks, underwood, and forest-trees, might be made untenable by a dozen determined riflemen. A little further on, a good deal of felled timber formed an abattis across part of the gorge, but it was unaccompanied by any sort of ditch or parapet, and was exposed necessarily on the flanks. At the twelfth verst stone from Aloushta we arrived at an opening in the forest, which seemed to be nearly the highest point of the road, and afforded a scanty pasturage for our horses. It was now half-past seven, and perceiving what seemed to be a pathway leading up the Tchatir-Dagh, we agreed to halt, breakfast,

and then start up the mountain on foot. Fixing upon an open in the forest to steer upon, we plunged at once into its depths, crossing a mass of felled trees, and then working our way amidst tall bushes but little encumbered by underwood.

At first the ascent was not at all steep, and it was only when we had hit off the aforesaid opening that the power of our lungs was at all tested. The sun, however, was, for the season, very powerful, and not a breath of air played through the thick branches, so that the heat was oppressive. Still, onward we went. First patches, then streaks, and at last whole fields of snow covered the ground, on which the tracks of deer, hares, and birds were everywhere visible. Now came the pull; for as the ascent became steeper, so did the depth of the snow increase, covering broken boughs, fallen trees, and pits, into which we sometimes sunk above the knee. On we went, zig-zag, till at length, panting and hot, we halted, back to a tree, for five minutes, to get breath. Again ascending, we passed the forest, and emerged upon masses of rock and crags, free, indeed, from snow, except where it lay in deep drifts. A cold air here braced us, and more than half the ascent was accomplished. The ridge which from the road appeared the highest point, was soon reached, but the summit, consisting of deep basins and sloping eminences covered with crags and short grass, extended a mile to the westernmost ridge, which was the highest, and also the one wherefrom the most extensive view was to be obtained. On we plodded, across basins, containing little lakes of melted snow, covered with a barren peaty soil, yielding a short grass, on which a few wild-looking ponies were grazing. At last we reached the western ridge, where the mountain ends in a perpendicular cliff of grey limestone, of several hundred feet in depth.

The view is of immense extent, comprising all the most beautiful portion of the Crimea. From Aloushta, the eye is carried along the crest of the mountain range which shuts in the southern coast far away to the marine heights of Balaklava, from whence the coast, including the harbour of Sevastopol, is visible, up to the minarets of Eupatoria, where it becomes lost in the sea of low steppe, which again stretches round northward of Simpheropol, till shut off by the rugged peaks rising at the opposite side of the gorge. Looking towards Balaklava, the eye wanders over a vast extent of wooded valleys and hills, appearing mountains when amidst them, but having the appearance of undulating ground when stretched 3000 feet beneath us. The winding valleys of the Belbec, the Katcha, and the Alma may be traced, and the towers of Mangoup and Dshuffuth-Kaleh crown their rocky eminences, and numerous red-roofed Tartar villages lay nestled among the wooded ravines. Though free from fog or clouds, the hazy accompaniment of a heated atmosphere prevented our enjoying the panorama in all its detail; the line of the ocean horizon, or that of the long dreary steppe, was nowhere visible, but melted into the cloudless sky, and it was only by a careful examination with glasses, and by comparing Nature's vast map which lay stretched beneath us, with that which we held in our hand, that we could make out the real extent of the view and the more distant details. Still we were amply rewarded for our exertions, which the almost freezing wind that swept up the cliff warned us to resume. Elevated nearly five thousand two hundred feet above the sea, the ground was in many places frozen hard and slippery; and the snow-drifts, which filled up deep chasms in the rock and converted precipices into gentle slopes, were quite hard. Once in the forest again, it was not so easy to keep one's feet, for the descent was much steeper; and the snow, no longer frozen, was in many places rotten and deceitful, causing a tumble every now and then, or compelling us to perform our descent in a sitting posture, till the trunk of a tree brought its friendly aid to check movements too rapid to be agreeable. Half-way down we again rested beside an icy stream in which we cooled our lips; and then hastening on, regained the road half a verst below the spot from whence we started, and where we found our horses all ready.

After changing our shoes, which were saturated with snow water, we set off, following the road towards Simpheropol, which, at the distance of another verst, brought us to a stone obelisk erected at the highest spot of the pass. A deep rocky ravine divides the road from the foot of the Tchatir-Dagh, commencing close to the spot where we made our ascent; in which pass some officers who attempted the ascent afterwards on horseback met serious mischances, their horses tumbling down the rocks, from whence they had to be extricated by means of ropes, which had to be procured from Aloushta. Further down, this ravine is joined by the Salghir river, which gushes in a large volume at the base of the mountain, in the heart of which it probably takes its source, passing through labyrinths of caverns and clefts, and fed by the melting snows in the upper basins. Winding down the richly wooded sides of the glen, with the high grey cliffs towering above the tops of the trees which nestle around the mountain, we came to a village and Cossack station where some bright green artillery and ammunition wagons were assembled, and a few Cossacks lounged lazily in the sun. Here the road crossed the stream; and afterwards the ravine widened out into a valley, at first tolerably fertile, and planted with fruit trees. The hill sides above were entirely bare, except where a few prostrate trunks still lay awaiting transport to the army. Judging from the state of the road from this spot to Simpheropol, and this being the nearest forest of any extent, it is probable that the troops in that garrison were supplied from hence with fuel during the war. The valley now gradually widened out into a broad plain, where the road passed by the wretched Tartar village of Mahmoud Sultan, whose dirty and neglected appearance gave evidence of its having been within the immediate influence of the Russian army, who probably seized upon the arabas and bullocks and drivers to convey fuel to their camps. We forded the river two or three times, glad to cool our horses' limbs and slake their thirst in its clear waters. All this time, the solitude of the country is very striking. Hardly a grown-up man was visible in the villages; and very few people, indeed scarce any except Cossack orderlies, were to be met with on the road. A dead buffalo or ox, half devoured and partly buried in mud—around which were gathered a troop of half-starved hairy dogs, some tearing at and growling over the carcase, some lying with inflated bodies and blood-stained lips and paws, exhausted by their efforts; others prowling round, watching an opportunity when their fiercer brethren should have satisfied their horrid appetite, and setting up a whine or moan of impatience as with drooping tails they skulked around,—lay by the side of a marsh, watched by a couple of grey crows, who waited patiently their turn. Hastening past, the plain again narrowed into a valley richly cultivated with masses of orchards, and in which hamlet succeeded hamlet in rapid succession. Long lines of Lombardy poplars bounded the roads on either side, and formed a pleasing feature in the landscape.

It was now growing late; the first part of the day's journey had been one of violent exertion; and the latter, passing through an uninteresting country, and riding slowly, was wearisome; so we selected the first suitable spot for a camping ground, choosing a small ravine running perpendicular to the main valley, through which a stream trickled. The tent was soon pitched, fire made, water boiled, and dinner laid out on the grass, and the last rays of daylight had not long disappeared before all was in repose.

Awakening a couple of times during the night to see that all was quiet among the horses, we rose the following morning at four o'clock; and starting at six, agreed to breakfast a little way outside Simpheropol, now distant six or eight miles. As we drew nearer the town, the road became worse and worse, being in some places covered, even at this season, with a sea of mud, rivalling the celebrated Balaklava road during the first Crimean winter. It was the Easter Sunday of the Greek Church; and when we entered the town we found it, though still

early, all astir with soldiers and officers, the latter driving about in droskies, helmeted, booted, and spurred,—all in full dress, over which was thrown the everlasting grey great-coat. In the streets, the same aspect of dreary desolation was visible everywhere which I had heard described. The early morning is an unfavourable time to visit a town, when its streets are not yet filled, and houses and shops have not yet opened; but such was not the case at Simpheropol, for the streets were in many places crammed, but it was with dirty soldiers and crowds of Jews, Germans, Greeks, and all the detestable, villanous-looking rabble generally to be found in the purlieus of a camp. Abominable smells were paramount everywhere, the atmosphere seemed thick and unwholesome, the streets were filthy, and the few houses looked desolate and dreary, splashed with mud up to their very eaves. Soldiers swarmed everywhere: some looking pale and worn by disease, and all having the same *down-in-the-mouth* look which I had before observed in the Russian soldiers. I was glad to escape, and to adjourn to the deserted park which lies at the entrance of the town, where we could hail our baggage as it came up. Tying our horses to the railing, we sat down on a bench, amidst neglected roses, shrubs, and flower-beds, grass-grown walks, and broken-down railings and seats, to watch the scene in the street before us, and await the arrival of the servants: and lighting a cigar I mused upon the miseries that war must have entailed upon this city, once celebrated for its cleanliness and its beauty; now, alas! converted into a vast lazar-house and garrison, its parks and fountains, streets, squares, houses, and courts neglected and grass-grown,—the whole one vast picture of desolation. All the towns-people who passed were dressed in their Sunday best, and stopped to salute each other with the good wishes of the season, which was accompanied with a kiss on either cheek. It was strange to see a couple of solemn-looking officers and, courteously removing helmets, kiss each other with grave formality, quite different from the boisterous exuberance of 'Alphonse'—the designation of a Frenchman in camp. At length our baggage hove in sight; and following the line of electric telegraph through the streets, we came upon the road to Baktchi-Serai. Never did I come across such a scene as met my eyes in the outskirts of the town in this direction, which was now the main road from Perekop to the Russian army during the war. The land either was or gave evidence of having been a vast sea of mud. As I rode out of the street, I heedlessly kept my horse a little off the beaten foot-track, and was keeping what seemed to me to be a more direct but equally dry road, till a shout from a group of bystanders of '*No bono,*' and a waving of hands, caused me to pull up my horse just as he had got one leg into a deep slough of black slime. Faugh! the recollection of the smell almost sickens me; and I inwardly vowed never to make rash excursions off the road in the neighbourhood of a Russian town again. This plain seemed to have been a depôt for stores during the war, and even still contained some stacks of hay and bags of corn. Quantities of arabas were parked, with their oxen standing beside them, whilst every here and there broken wheels, bits of bodies, yokes and axles, piled in heaps together, gave evidence of the destruction of their transport.

Numerous deserted camps completed the desolate appearance of the scene, amidst which rats were to be seen dashing in and out of their holes; dead horses and cattle lay unburied on the dung-heaps; and frequently when riding along, a horn or hoof, or piece of hairy hide sticking out of the now dried-up mud, would show where the poor animal had fallen and found his ready-made grave. As we left the environs of the town, the road entered upon a vast steppe of bare undulating ground;—not a tree, not a house could be detected; and nothing caught the eye except the long line of telegraph poles which marked the road to Baktchi-Serai. As the forenoon advanced, several battalions and detachments of militia passed on the line of march for

Perekop, from whence they were to be sent to their homes. Numerous wagons followed, carrying sick men, arms, baggage, and officers, who seldom accompany their men on foot during the line of march, adopting the more luxurious system of lying upon beds in wagons, or sitting in droskies, if they are fortunate enough to possess one. The road for many miles was dotted by stragglers,—some dragging their feet slowly along, scarcely able to support their own weight, others lying in the dust by the roadside, either asleep, or too weary to rise and follow their comrades. Even the main body seemed little better than an armed rabble dressed in uniform, and their long matted hair and untrimmed beard gave them the appearance of savages rather than of disciplined soldiers. One felt sick at heart at witnessing their painful march, though within but a few miles of their halting-place, and every step leading them nearer their homes, wives, and children;* and I could not but think that if so much fatigue and suffering were visible in their second day's march in dry weather on a hard road, what must have been the sufferings of the thousands who crossed these desolate steppes in frost and snow, and still more miserable wet, for hundreds of miles!

The road was, in most places, nothing but a vast track over the plain formed by countless wagons, each seeking out a line for itself during the wet weather; however, here and there it had been formed across valleys and low ground into a well-made macadamized road by the troops during the winter. Near the extremity of one of these patches, we came upon a farm-house, with the eternal double-headed eagle painted upon a sign-board, to show that it was Government property. Into this we turned, and were hospitably received by the manager, who conversed well in French. His wife and children had gone to service early that morning to Simpheropol, while he, confined by influenza, had, fortunately for us, remained at home. The house and farm being imperial property, was, he said, spared from all requisitions and billets for troops during the war, for which reason he had caused the sign-post to be put up opposite his gateway. He said that the troops had suffered greatly during the bringing up of the reinforcements, and mentioned the Grenadier corps in particular. The loss in transport was enormous—a statement which every mile of the road corroborated; but he said that if the troops had worked properly, the whole line of road ought to have been completed to Baktchi-Serai. Before leaving, he pressed some excellent country wine and Easter cake upon us; and, thanking him much for his hospitality, we got once more into our saddles, and continued our dreary journey. Just before reaching Baktchi-Serai, the steppe sinks into a broad valley, watered by a small stream, falling, a few miles further down, into the Katcha. Into this valley a long, narrow ravine, with deep rocky sides, opens, and in it is situated the town, which is nowhere visible till the entrance of the gorge is reached. The valley which we now entered had probably, previous to the war, been prettily wooded, but it was now converted into a great Russian camp, and most of the trees had been felled for fire-wood. A couple of small Tartar villages, deserted by their inhabitants, and now occupied by Russian soldiers, are situated along the stream, on the opposite side of which, in the only green spot we could find, we pitched our tent, and, for want of bushes, tied our horses to stones.

The town of Baktchi-Serai, built, as I have before stated, in a narrow valley, whose sides, of soft white limestone, grow steeper and higher gradually, consists of but little else than one street nearly three miles in length, and filled with Tartar shops and houses. A small stream flows through it, down to which the gardens of the houses extend; and the numerous graceful minarets rising, snowy white, above the red roofs, have a picturesque effect. Ancient Ma-

* Most of them seemed elderly men, very different in appearance from the beardless youths who fill our militia ranks.

homedan graveyards are situated on the heights, and up some of the slopes in the rear of the houses; while in the soft limestone cliff we again meet with excavated caves like those at Inkerman and Mangoup. The shops are very numerous, consisting of bakers', leather-workers', where pretty and gaudy slippers, whips, bridles, &c., are sold, confectioners', and coffee-houses, to which have been added billiard-rooms, cafés, and hotels. The maps tell us that no Russian is allowed to reside here; however, the war has broken through all former arrangements, and Russian officers and soldiers are billeted in the houses, while the sacred palace of the khans is turned into a hospital for the troops. The narrow street was crowded with soldiers, officers, Jews, Tartars, Germans, and camp followers of all descriptions; and sounds of revelry proceeded from various cafés, in the windows of which the scarlet coat of an English officer was occasionally visible; and beardless subalterns, mounted on their faithful bât-pony, pushed their way through the crowd, seeking for some hotel.

Hastening as rapidly as we could through the mass, many of whom had evidently been indulging in deep potations, we at length reached the palace, situated in the widest portion of the ravine near the centre of the town. A guard was mounted at the gate, but made no opposition to our entrance into a large courtyard, around which were piled the irregular buildings of the palace. A soldier was in waiting to receive and to guide us round the building, and commenced operations by conducting us into a room where a large quantity of the ancient furniture of the palace, carpets and silk hangings, beautifully embroidered, were piled. Our guide next took us into the Hall of Justice, a room adorned with much carved and painted woodwork, and some painting on the walls. A latticed gallery was pointed out at one end, where the khan is said to have watched the decision of the judges, concealed from sight by the painted and gilded grating. From this we were led through many chambers of the palace, each resembling the other in style—the walls painted in oils; views of scenery, in which the perspective was of the same correctness as adorns our delf of the well-known bridge-and-pagoda pattern. The ceilings were of dark woodwork, carved, painted, and gilt; and the windows filled with painted glass, consisting generally of yellow, pale-blue, green, and red bits, mingled with the white in two or three different patterns. Many of these rooms, appropriated as wards for the sick and wounded, were at this time nearly empty; but some few beds contained patients suffering from typhus fever, and they appeared cleaner and more comfortable than I had expected. The remains of the khans are all placed in two large mausoleums, in huge wooden boxes, at the head of which an ancient-looking fez is elevated on a tall stick. Their names and dates are attached to each on a card, but, being in Russian, we could make nothing of them. The last place we visited was the mosque, being conducted into the khan's gallery, from whence he could look down upon his prostrate subjects. A couple of ancient priests and a young man were busily engaged, seated cross-legged in a corner, and reading alternate verses out of some mighty volumes, in a singing, nasal twang, accompanied by swayings of the body from side to side.

It was now nearly six o'clock; we were almost four miles from our camp, and the curious old fortress of Dshuffuth-Kaleh, situated on the top of the cliffs about three miles further up the gorge, had yet to be seen: so making our mind up at once to a quick walk and a late dinner, we started off up the valley, and in half an hour were clear of the town, its dust and smells, and, guided by a little Tartar lad, followed the road through a wild and picturesque gorge, shut in by tall white limestone cliffs, hollowed here and there into cells and caves. About a mile and a half up the road divided into two, and, taking that to the right hand, we began a somewhat steep ascent. The cliffs are high and perpendicular—in some places, indeed, almost overhanging; and few trees or shrubs break the

savage aspect of the scenery. On the right, a complete monastery, with chapels and cells, adorned with gilded crosses, green-domed buildings, has been established in and at the foot of the cliff. Taking a steep footpath to the left, we arrived at the foot of the cliff, which is here surmounted by the grey old fortress of the Karaim Jews, whence a winding path, cut in the rock, leads by broad steps to one of the gateways. Here narrow streets wound between half-ruined houses, built of large blocks of dry stone, some roofless, others still inhabited by a colony of Jews, who for many centuries before the birth of our Saviour are said to have inhabited this spot, having, on the introduction of the Talmudic doctrine among the Caucasian Jews, remained faithful to their ancient creed, and emigrated to the Crimea.*

Standing on the outer edge of the precipice overhanging the main ravine or pass leading towards Mangoup, the view is wild and romantic, and quite peculiar to the formation of all this district. The cliffs, unlike the peaked, rugged, grey limestone precipices of the southern coast, are smooth, and, except where weather-stained, of a soft white colour. Few trees are visible, the ground being covered by a species of low oak and hornbeam brushwood, interspersed with a prickly plant, called Christ's thorn; the native villages even are different from those on the coast; no villas or chateaux adorn the ravines, and altogether it would be difficult to find anywhere within so small a compass, scenery so totally unlike as that of the southern coast—the steppe near Simpheropol and the district of Dshuffuth-Kaleh and Mangoup. In one of the streets we passed by a venerable Tartar tomb, covered with delicately carved inscriptions, and which was the only Mahomedan monument we saw in the town which we now traversed, passing out by the great southern gateway, in which the massive portals, studded and plated with iron, still exist. The walls of the town appear very ancient, and are, like those at Mangoup, turreted, battlemented, and pierced with loopholes for arrows. The sun was just dipping over the western slopes, and looking back, the dark battlements of the old fortress stood out bold and sharp against the rosy red which streamed through the narrow loopholes, and poured through the great gateway in a flood of rich light. The cliffs and scanty herbage waned for a moment in the crimson glow, and all again sunk into its accustomed grey. Rejoicing at having visited the old place at such a moment, we began our descent, halting at the burial-ground situated at the head of the ravine, in a grove of low and ancient oak. The tombs are all similar, regularly arranged, and are of all dates, from an ancient venerable grey, covered with moss and lichen, to bright white, fresh from the sculptor's hands, on which the Hebrew characters are sharp and clear.

Rapidly descending the valley, we found ourselves in the town just at nightfall, and hurried along the ill-paved street, in which the lights from the coffee-houses and billiard-rooms, and those of a few dim oil lamps, only served to make the darkness more visible. After making one false turn, we emerged from the town and ravine at the same spot where we entered, and recognised our road in the direction of our camp by some large biscuit stacks, beside which a sentry paced to and fro. No moon was up to light us on our path; and to find one's way among a number of camps is a difficult matter, unless one knows the troops which occupy them, and can make inquiries from sentries. On, however, we pushed, knowing that the general direction was correct, and that we must soon reach the stream, beyond which lay our bivouac. Some lights gleamed in front, adding only to the uncertainty, as we knew they must proceed from one of the two Tartar villages, but which of them it was impossible to tell, and it was a matter of no small importance, it being necessary to pass the stream a little below the one and above the other to reach our destination. At length recognising a haystack, we inclined a little towards the light, arrived at the village, and then

* Koch's *Travels in the Crimea.*

crossing the stream, pushed up the opposite bank in the direction of the spot where we had left the horses, looking out eagerly for the friendly blaze of our fire. Still we could nowhere see it; and we felt convinced that, had we made the right village, it could not but be hereabouts, and the suspicion flashed across the mind that we had taken the wrong one. This was disagreeable, as we were fatigued and hungry; however, as a last chance, on shouting out the servants' names, we had the satisfaction of finding that they were not very far off; and we came upon the fire within two hundred yards, but concealed by a stone wall and dip of ground from where we stood. Dinner was speedily laid out; and immediately after I lay down in the tent, drew a blanket over me, and was soon sound asleep.

Next day we arose with the first grey of morning. Heavy mists had gathered in the valley beneath us, and the rugged summit of the Tchatir-Dagh was concealed by fleecy clouds. As the morning advanced, a light air sprang up, and clouds and mists were off hurry-scurry up the sides of the hills, and rolled away, leaving the air and sky pure and bright. Following their example, we mounted once more, and taking a north-westerly direction, rode over the hills for the bridge and battle-field of the Alma. Passing through a couple of small Tartar villages, over an undulating country without timber, except where a few scanty thorns marked an ancient burial-ground, we arrived at the right flank of the Russian position, and descended to the low, flat bit of ground beside the river above the bridge. While breakfast was preparing and the horses resting, I turned my steps southward, facing the heights so gallantly won by our troops. It was deeply interesting to approach these stones, which I had not visited since the day of battle. How changed were all the circumstances. There was the first low but steep ridge which met our soldiers after they had crossed the flat on the Russian side of the river, over which they swarmed, regardless of the pelting shower which assailed in front and flank. Mounting this, the terrible battery—stormed and won by the first brigade of the Light Division and brigade of Guards—lay before me, to reach which it was necessary for the troops to cross a long open space of ground, in the teeth of a murderous fire of musketry, cannon-ball, and grape. Further on the left were the heights scaled by the second brigade of the Light Division, and crowned by the Highlanders, under their brave old chief, Sir Colin Campbell. Mounting still upwards I gained this battery, now a shapeless bank of earth, containing the graves of those brave men, who, stern and cold in heart and strong in limb, fell with their face towards the foe, nobly sustaining the ancient fame of their country. Still further on lay the spot where the Russian reserves, advancing in deep columns, were checked by a heavy fire, and at length, torn through and through by round shot and scattered by shell, turned and fled, abandoning arms and knapsacks in their hurried retreat. Up the valley they fled, leaving a bloody track behind them, marked by mangled corpses and poor wretches writhing under frightful wounds. The centre of the position, formed by a valley running down to the bridge at the village of Bourliouk, whose roofless and blackened walls remained a monument of the terrible struggle, lay on our right, at the other side of which were the heights stormed by the daring Zouaves and nimble-footed Chasseurs de Vincennes. Here stood Lord Raglan's marquee; and here, beneath an old fruit-tree in one of the gardens, the body of General Tylden was placed the morning the army began its forward march. Several large mounds, covered with flat stones, in the gardens along the banks of the river, mark the havoc that was here occasioned among our troops; and here it was that the 'Gibraltar' brigade of the Second Division suffered severely.* Scarcely a tree now

* The two brigades of the Second Division were sometimes termed the Gibraltar and Malta brigades, in consequence of the regiments composing them having, with one exception, the 95th, been drawn from those garrisons at the breaking out of the war; the 30th, 55th, and 95th forming the former, and 41st, 47th, and 49th the latter

stood in this once beautifully wooded valley.

Shortly after eleven o'clock we mounted our horses for the last time before reaching the British camp, and, following a broad track, crossed the Katcha at the ford a little above the church of Eskel, and about two miles above the bridge where the English army crossed on the 23rd September. The bells were ringing in honour of the season; but the pretty village and villas seemed to be deserted, and to be in much the same state as when our troops marched by. From thence we crossed over a country intersected by deep ravines, to the left of the line of march of the English army, and, crossing the Belbec by the bridge, ascended the heights where the advanced divisions had bivouacked, now occupied by the troops forming the garrison of the north side of Sebastopol. The fertile valley of the Belbec was here much changed, almost all the trees having been cut down, and many of the houses totally destroyed, while in the sheltered spots, wooden huts and large tents point out the hospitals which have been here established. The heights on the southern side, which, nearly two years ago, were covered by a thick wood extending to Mackenzie's farm, and through which the Allied armies forced their way by compass at the time they made the flank march which opened to them the ports of Balaklava, Kasatch, and Kamiesch, are now quite bare, but, unlike the hills in and about the English camp, still contain the roots and stumps of the trees and underwood, which in a few more years will spring up as luxuriantly as ever.

It seemed to be a great holiday in the Russian camp, and for the first time I saw men engaged in amusements of various kinds, and looking cheerful and happy. Some had evidently been indulging at the canteens; and, judging by the state of a few English soldiers whom we met returning to their camps, they had probably been playing the host to their late opponents. As we passed over the Inkerman causeway, where our French allies were, as usual, busily engaged in frog-hunting, winding along under the Inkerman heights, we met a party of six Russian soldiers, walking along the road from the direction of our camps, all engaged in singing, keeping excellent time, and some of them having very good voices. They halted at a gesture from us, and, forming into a semicircle, chanted a long hymn, probably in honour of Easter. Nothing could have been better than the style in which they sung, and the sacred music which flowed spontaneously from their lips had an impressive effect among the hills where three mighty nations lately met in mortal struggle.

Thus ended my six days' tour, during which I passed over about one hundred and seventy-five miles of ground, always riding the same pony, which came in almost as fresh as the day he had started; and had seen all the most beautiful and interesting portions of a country which has acquired a celebrity which time and history will only increase. Future tourists will probably visit the battlefields where their countrymen have gained honour and renown, which are now marked by British soldiers' graves, by the desolate waste that reigns around them, and, in the case of Inkerman and the Redan, by stone monuments raised by the survivors in honour of the brave spirits who in these struggles had quitted the scene of all mortal suffering; but let me advise all who have time and opportunity not to leave the country without making the tour which I fear I have but imperfectly described. In that district he will find enough to occupy his time, be he painter, botanist, antiquary, or geologist. He may perhaps find still more if he visits it simply as an admirer of the wonderful works of God, so marvellously displayed in the ever-varying beauties with which He has adorned this interesting spot; or if he visits it as the scene consecrated in our national annals, by all that the soldiers of Britain have done and suffered.

H. F. V.

MEG OF ELIBANK.

RECOVERED FROM A PIGEON-HOLE IN AN ANCIENT ESCRITOIR. THE MSS. MODERNIZED IN LANGUAGE, AND WITH OCCASIONAL INTERPOLATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

THE TOWER—SIR GIDEON'S HOUSEHOLD.

'MANY changes have taken place since I was a maiden, hard bound in Elibank Tower; many more may be to the fore, but I tell you, peace, right, wisdom, and slackened reins are settling fast on every grey hill-side and in every hollen glen, when matched with the riding and running, heading and hanging, that my auld een have seen.'

We wot this is the truth. Kings may yet battle with their lords, one clan tussle with another, red blood be spilt on hill, dale, and causeway, but the gay moss-troopers—the rough riders of Tweedside and Teviotdale—are sore broken since Gibbie with the Gowden Garters paid his bride's keep with the spuilie of one harvest moon. A poor man dare not now harry a flock of sheep across the marches, or fancy a mare and her foal, but he must face warrants and king's officers, the Tolbooth and the Grassmarket. Less ceremony, we wot, when King James betrayed the Cock of the Border. The change is not to be mourned, though doubtless they were our gayest and gallantest hearts, those wild followers of Buccleugh, and Ferniehurst, and Maxwell; it was an uneasy pillow and an ill awakening when a lunt from barn and biggin, with pistol shots and steel flashes, might daunton you any night from Beltane to Yule; and stark want succeed rowth and plenty in the whisk of a single foray.*

'You may have seen many a lordly castle and bonny hidden shaw, but if you have not beheld Elibank, with the grey hills rising round and round, and the siller Tweed rowing by, you know not the lonesomest, lovesomest spot on earth.

'You may sit a whole day in your chamber, and see nought but a corbie on the craig, or a cony clappit among the bracken, or a moorcock crowing above the heather. The hills are grey there with every cloud, and rise on both sides high in the lift, with here and there a thorn-bush or a rowan, until they meet the fringe of the forest, stretching away, with its tawny oaks, and glossy beeches, and its antlered stags, to Newark and Bowhill. The water below is clear as glass or else a reaming flood, and at each end the glen's shut in and the world's shut out. In winter when the scaurs are white, the smoke from the tower rises cheerily in the frosty air. In summer there is the scent of the wild thyme and the heather, and the drone of the humble bee, so still is the glen, and the twitter of the water-wagtails, skimming across the river, eluding the hawks.

'Lady Elibank would sit on the battlements, with her women at her back; and Sir Gideon would ride in and out, booted and spurred, and whiles glancing in his armour; and scores of retainers would muster in the court; and the innocent bairns would wander over bank and brae and plait rushes and chase water-hens the long, long day.

'The tower was like its neighbours on the water, only notable for strength. It had vaults that might have held an army of prisoners, with slits that let through no blessed sunlight where they lay, the guard giving them bread and water, or offering the ill-omened bloody bull's head. Above, was the great arched kitchen, with black rafters, and a chimney as big as our bower. In the court without, the well sank fathoms beneath the tower foundations—and I trow they were hard, solid rock—shaded by an oak tree that never minded the stour, but filled the entire corner, as if it had been a lone nook in the forest, and

* Interpolation.

hung green and low over the wall. I mind how the grey cats sat in its branches, and howlets and bats flew out of its round top; and once Langshaw climbed it, and spoke with Mary at her window after the doors were locked fast. In the next storey was the hall, its single deep window looking down the glen; there hung the highest antlers, and the broadest bucklers, and the weightiest axes in the country side. There the household met round the long table at meals, as by the hearth at nights, and even when we had no guests we were not few. Sir Gideon in his great chair and Lady Elibank facing him, my sister Mary at my father's right hand, my brothers Bob and Allan and Wat, and me, and Annot, and the younger bairns, Lady Elibank's Jean, Grace, and Madge, and nurse Ailie,* Black Quentin, and Malice, and Sandy, and Daddy Michael, besides the warden, and may-be a round dozen of men-at-arms. The hall was fitted with oak settles and stools, and great chairs for Sir Gideon and Lady Elibank, likewise silk cushions for the Lady. There was a big, folding, open buffet, with shelves cut in queer scallops and pleasant devices, and laid out with a sight of Venetian glass, of as deep and delicate a purple as the lining of sea shells that I've seen brought all the way from the coast; and silver plate dishes, and sconces, and cups, for we were not small gentry—the Murrays of Elibank, and Outlaw Murray, his deeds and his compact, have been sung over land and sea. Lady Elibank's chamber had an oval mirror that gave back her whole person, and sundry chased caskets, and the bed was hung with wrought satin, and a coverlet of piled velvet, a thought faded in its ruby. I remember no other luxuries nor rarities that the tower contained, for our border knights set not store on stately decorations, seeing that they often quitted their four walls, stripping them bare, or, on an extremity, kindling the brand beneath their roof trees with their own hands, preferring to meet the enemy among their hills and glens, to being beleaguered behind moat, palisade, or turrets, as the royal Bruce counselled, and the doughty Douglas lent them byword, "Better to hear the lark sing," quoth stout Angus, "than the mouse cheep." So, though the tower could be pranked fine enough on an occasion, our riches were mostly such as we could carry off on our backs, beneath our mail-harness, or which we counted by scores and hundreds of heads of cattle and sheep on the knowes.

'The young folk were reared with a plain and frugal hand, lying down on hard beds, and supping thin but wholesome broo, and good, stiff oatmeal parridge, in which the spurtle stood erect without a stay—as was right and fitting.

'My mother's chamber and the arras-room and the bed-closets opened upon the roof; and there too, beneath a hinged plank, was the secret chamber, or rather a steep ladder that led down a black gulf to the same, from which was another more regular staircase, and a damp, winding, grave-like way—for it was far below the ground, with few openings for air, let alone light—of a quarter of a mile or more, that ended in a boat-house on the water, where a boat was ever chained ready for urgent use; and so the hunted man could ply his oars red-handed, and win the day, escaping the foes whom one short half-hour since were only parted from him by an oaken door, against which they rattled and raged like thunder. The hole was never used in my day, but the dourest of the race owed it life and liberty.

'Mary's room and mine was but a closet beneath the leads, where the cold was so intense in winter, that but for our young blood and a down cod that Nurse Ailie made and smuggled into us, we would have frozen outright; and in summer so steaming hot as necessitated early rising, and left no temptation to sloth and sluggishness. Our bed was but a straw mattress, well spread with lily sheets; and our keeking-glass so small that when we were nice—when Mary was, I mean—she tripped down to a jouk in the water, and busked her hair to her bonny shadow there. But the bravest summer parlour that man could devise was the battlements: the free air around and about you, —nought to disturb your medi-

tations save the tramp, tramp of the sentry. From the highest pinnacle of the tower, out of the stone and lime, grew a long spray of briony, that waved in the lightest breath of air, and a posey of wallflower, that on a June night shed as welcome a fragrance as the hay-ricks on the haugh where the adders nestled.

'The orchard and the garden were on separate terraces, each terrace commanding the river with a fine row of yew-trees, like great heads of dark verdure, the like of which was not to be seen nigher than Nidpath.

'I was born in the arras chamber in the year of grace ——, of gentle forbears on both sides; for if my father was Murray of Elibank, my mother was a Riddel. I was not the first-born, and farther from the dawtet youngest. My sister Mary was a year and a-half older, and Rob and Allan and Wat, and Annot and Janet and Jean, were the younger band. As our family held mostly by maidens, I was of less account; and when I grew up hard-favoured and blate and glum—unless it were my bonnie sister Mary, and maybe one or other of the lads when they were in danger or disgrace, and wanted a hearer and helper—I would not have been greatly missed though the Tweed had borne me out to the broad sea; or burial-bread and wine had been spread in the hall, and a maiden's burial train had wound up the glen, and across the heather to lone St. Mary's.

'But think not that I was misused among my own kin, or that my father and mother had an unnatural spite against one of their children. They were in a sense oppressed with bairns, congregated and crowded among the ploughs and wheels and spurs and spears of Elibank; and they might have spared one without loud lament. At least they had no special love to spare, save for express gifts,—the sunny locks of Mary, or Rob and Allan's gallant youthied, when they beat the English at the ford, and carried home golden chains and rings, and silver-girded quaighs, beneath their plaids, forbye the heads of cattle and webs of cloth at their backs; or when they challenged Yair and Fernilee to sword-play, and came off victorious without a single scar or rent on their side, and blood filling the hose of the one billie, and dropping down the chin of the other.

'It's a dull blast on a young opening heart, this same lightlying regard.

'My father was a busy, imperious man, much in the saddle; when out of it, on the moor or in the forest, save when he presided at a baron's court, or filled his great chair at meals, or dozed over his ale or his wine in the warmth of his own hearth. Scanty notice to spare had stopt Sir Gideon for wenches, yet he showed me more grace than did Lady Elibank. I can call him up right before me this moment, the buirdly knight, with his red cloak and his cap and feather, save when he mounted his steel morion; his sapphire eye and his grizzled beard; his great fist, which shook the oak-table as he would strike it in his angry moods, for he had hot blood when his locks were grey; his laugh when he was pleased; his mocking, pitying clap on the shoulder: "Poor Meg! no knight will ever wear your colours; but let them go, and content you with the ingle neuk at Elibank."

'My mother was a high-spirited woman, that gave herself and others little rest. Fain would she be lady paramount on Tweedside and the waters, in spite of Newark and Bowhill; bitterly she strove with Lady Douglas; ill she liked that daughter of hers should be scorned. She was a grand-like woman herself to see, with a neck like a swan's, and a carriage like a stag; and no doubt it was hard to thole that all her daughters should not bear marks of their descent. She took pride in Mary's lily skin and brent brow; the lave were young things, berry brown, and with tangled pows; but, God forgive me for the thought! I misdoubt me it was a fight to hinder a scunner at her Muckle-mou'd Meg; but she was a wise woman as well as wilful; and for credit and honour, and our Lady and sweet St. John, she hasted and strangled that serpent, and only passed me by.

'We had in general, us women-folk, quiet days in the tower: we spun and bleached, and brewed and baked, day after day. Lady Elibank permitted no idle set. At

fit seasons there was feasting at Traquhair or Nidpath, and wrestling or shooting among the men of Selkirk and the men of Peebles or Teviotdale; and Sir Gideon and Lady Elibank, and my brothers and Mary, would ride out in beavers and gold tassels, and French silk and Flanders lace, and what not, all waving and shining as they vanished down the way; but I abode at home, for I was second daughter, and did not set ploys, and could rule the tower and guide the bairns in my mother's absence; and, save to the abbey, to confess to Father Anthony, or to high mass, I did not leave the glen—did not care to do so. My sister was the Bonnie May of Elibank, round whom wooers thronged—Langshaw, and Wedderburn, and Corehead, and many more; and I was "Muckle-mou'd Meg," whom they forgot or jeered at.

'I did not envy my blythe, sweet sister; but I was a young fool, and I would flee from the sound of their rejoicings—the ladies' lutes and the minstrels' harps, and the measure meted by twinkling feet, and the healths and huzzas of roaring, roystering vassals; and lie and greet among the heather, or creep down and keek sadly into the water to see if there were no remede. No, no; Nurse Ailie thought that I had the soft een and round throat of the cushat dove, but my cheeks were brown, and my 'muckle mou',' wide and broad, scared all wooers. I was made for a house drudge, to be no singer's song, no house's gudewife, no man's choice, no bairnie's mother. I might have known that the Lord, who knows and appoints our lot, is a just Judge, and can be more to a plain and forlorn woman than 'ten sons'—ay, or than ten bold gudemen; but I was sour and sad at this chap of the knock that was winding up my destiny, and I have wished to die in my youth, and I have thought to speak to Father Anthony, and seek the gloaming of the cloister; but my wit told me that I would mock Heaven with a blemished offering that the world rejected; and that, whate'er betide, I would fain breathe the caller mountain air, and wander at will on the clear braes, or hide me in the misty corries. What better would my sick heart be if my body were locked into a narrow cell, and me, graceless wretch, with no vocation for beads and bells, streaming tapers and the smoke of incense? So through His mercy who orders all things well, I was saved from that living death to them who are but the cast-out weeds of the world's great garden, and not the sainted lilies of Paradise. I was kept for earthly weal and woe, joy and sorrow, and hallowed household love, that sweetened and softened, and strengthened and sanctified each mortal care or bliss, though I knew it not for many a weary day.

'But one summer morning, as I walked out on the fell, with the fleecy clouds floating high in the pure air, and the blue-bells blossoming at my feet, and the trout leaping in the water, the throstle singing, the flocks bleating, the laughing and daffing of the lads and lasses about the tower wafted on the wind, I took heart, and said to myself, What for should I be dowie when all else was gay? or handless and heartless, when all else was busy in the sunshine—the birds building their nests, the cattle cropping the sward? Because I was not fair, so should I be the more good and eydent, till every one should wish me well and do me honour, and the Blessed Mother and Son niffer my cross for a crown; and though a lass be bright as the new-born day, and peerless as the bride of King Solomon, I doubt that her winning favour, and the soft words and sighs and sobs of her true lovers, will prove but vanity, or her cheek grow thin and her ee dim to mortal sight, if she come not to make the same resolve.

'We had our share of yearly diversions at Elibank: I mean the merry-makings, where Jean and Madge and Grace were in the thick of the ploy, and which Lady Elibank and her daughters graced with their presence; while Sir Gideon and his sons bore them company, and tested their strength and suppleness with the best of the shepherds and hinds. We had waukins of the fauld, and sheep-shearings, and kirns; and Mary and I went three times a-day in June and July to the upland,

where the kye had their summer pasture, to see them milked, or to lend a hand ourselves.

'We had few chance visitors, forby a monk from Melrose, a palmer from beyond the seas, a harper singing as he walked, or a neighbouring knight or lady, craving lodgings as they rode up Tweedside, on their way to the Court at Holyrood or Stirling, or when the King was hunting in Falkland, or come but to pree our cake and pudding and spiced wine. My father lent himself courteously and hospitably to entertain the gentry, but the priest or singer was our charge. He sat in our corner of the hall; sang or read for our benefit legends of St. Christopher, with the world's sin and the world's Saviour on his brave back; of tortured St. Bartholomew and St. Genevieve; and our own St. Margaret, that tended the miserable lepers with her own gentle queen's hands; or romaunts of Roland or William Wallace, or bauld verses of wild Katherine Janferie in the glen, or the pulling of the heather-green in "the dowie dens of Yarrow." They were not all so touching and tender; they were spun out to serve a sitting, or doled fast by weary lips to dull and heedless ears; but in the long winter nights they beguiled our threads of flax, or the silken twine of our embroidery; for we were taught what became our sex and station by Lady Elibank's Jean, that was trained to the sound of the waves by the sisters of Dundrennan. Wat and Rob and Allan sat with the men, sharpening axes or stringing bows, or whittling bolts and polishing bridles; and Annot and the young pack ran and danced here and there till bedtime. If there was like to be silence, Mary would sing like a lintie, when my mother would suffer the clear piping notes that Elibank liked well; and I grew to carry the keys at my girdle, and to plait all the pinners worn in the tower.'

CHAPTER II.

THE FORAY.

'In September or in October, when the bear was cut, and the round Michaelmas moon sailing over fords and by-paths, there was work of another description. Messengers rode to and fro for a day or two; meetings of the clan by twos and threes spread few rumours then. Sir Gideon donned his morion and buckled on his broadsword, and looked work-like, as he hounded back his dogs, and cast off his falcon; and man after man came riding into the court in the snell cloudy sunset, or waited on the lea without, and had their Jeddart axes and their long spears reflected in broken shadows in the foaming water. Lights flickered as the day darkened, and the lasses jinked in and out to get a parting word or a jeer from the gay moss-troopers.

'It was a grand moment when Sir Gideon, with a long stride and a cheery "gude e'en," out and mounted his mettle steed, and spurs pricking, and bridles clinking, and shouts dying away in the distance of "Good luck, Habbie;" and "Our Lady guard you;" and "Mind a pacing horse;" or "The aumrie stoup and roup;" or "A pair of English blankets, ye loon;" and the whole cavalcade, vanishing down the narrow pathway, lit up with the faint moonbeams, like the fairy train on Carterhaugh seen in feverish dreams.

'I know not that my mother ever caused fill a dish with the significant long spurs, but I mind she laughed when Elibank rode out, and ever refused to keep watch and ward or his return, but retired to rest as readily as if she slept still as a rock. There might be sleepless een in Elibank, but it was in secret, for every matron and maid but to lie down, as was their wont, and pine or pray for the day. Sir Gideon and his men, in their greatest success, would not hie home till the chill dawn was struggling with the pit mirk that succeeded the early moon. We heard their approach before we saw them, the clatter of their hoofs, and sound of triumph, the frightened bleat of sheep hurried on by lances, and the low of cattle houghed if they threatened to stray.

'At the first alarm we rushed to wicket and loophole, and those who were ready dressed to the battlements, and a proud woman was she that soonest spied the band. Sore draggled were they, as men that

had ridden many a mile through mire and bog to lift a cloot from a rival laird, or as far as the Lothians; their horses pressed and blown, the men themselves sometimes white and haggard with weariness, if they were not scorched or wounded; but if they had made a great haul, such bragging and fleeching and casting of bonnets into the misty air. We ran down to the court to meet them. My father cried for a horn of wine before he alighted, and Mary, who was privileged, put her foot upon his boot and ripod his deep pockets; he shouting "Hooly," and snatching kisses for payment, and she drawing out a string of fair pearls, or a cross of ruddy gold, or a tall drinking glass, shattered on the road, or even a dame's laced hood for the Lady. When the pouches were toom, Mary threaded the raised riders, and ran to wale the bales already binged in a corner, or to the forfoughten herd to chap her quey or her pet lamb, and troopers lifted their caps and cried, the most spent of the group, "A benison on the bonnie blythe May of Elibank;" and a grey-headed henchman would hastily and heartily subjoin, "And gude go with Muckle-mou'd Meg." Yes, Mary always threepit that Meg should share alike with herself, alike with quey and lamb, in sacque and mantle, a' great odds in man's praise and devotion.

'The fattest of the beeves was killed on the spot, and steaks roasted, and ale and usquebaugh flowed, for the night at least, in Elibank, like hill-side rills at Lammas.

'Once Elibank and his men were hard followed, and traced to the tower, and a raging host of Swintons came up and surrounded our hold; and the hinds with their families were called in, and the great gate steekit, and the brig drawn up, and blunderbusses pointed, and us women, save Lady Elibank, sent to dark closets to cover our ears, and keep out the roar of the hill echoes answering to the rattle of the fight; until a party of Cars passing westward, heard tidings of our strait, and came to our aid; and the Swintons, not daring to wait till we should issue and join them, marched off as they came, and there was but a few slain or wounded; the last to be looked to and leeched by our hands; and though Mary surpassed me at kneading a dough cake, I was allowed to bind the firmer bandage, and to brew the more soothing sleeping draught.

'More by token, the English twice besieged us in my day, when there was war declared between the kingdoms; and the first siege lasted so long that we were skin and bone, and fit to eat the staves of our beef barrels before they gave in and left us.

'Oh, it was sweet to wander once more down by the clear, bickering water, or up among the thorns and rowans and heather, with none to make us afraid. I know not how we could have borne our captivity and danger, if tending the sick had not filled our hands and diverted our thoughts, taking the place of our ordinary spinning and stitching, all broken in upon and relinquished in these anxious weeks.

'But there was one foray long minded at Elibank, and that left a token branded on the hearts there. Sir Gideon and his men had departed at nightfall ere the Michaelmas harvest was clean gathered, and we were counting the gear and boasting over the easy prey, even as Sisera's mother when to every man was to be "a damsel or two," and "to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needlework," when, through the thick drizzle of a dark rainy morning, we descried our clan's return, each rider as silent as the grave. That was an evil omen, and our hearts grew heavy as lead; then they drew nearer, and, alack, there was a doleful burden across a horse's neck, my young brother Allan, a gallant hafflin youth of sixteen no more, groaning under his death wound, with his shirt and doublet dripping with blood, and his roving ee fast settling in death. They carried him into the hall, and my mother took his head in her lap, but she neither screeched nor moaned nor shed a tear. I saw my father come forward with a brow as black as Bourhope when it is crushed under the thunder cloud; he shook his fist above the stiffening body, and swore a curse that rung in a wail and cry through the bounds of

Applegarth; but my mother spoke soft and still, in answer to the death-rattle. "You're in anguish, my boy, but the pang's swift; you've been a credit to your house, Allan, my son, let that lend your soul an easy passage."

'Allan was streeket and waked. Mary and I wove willow garlands, watering them with our tears, and laid them upon his cold breast, that looked so broad and manly in its everlasting stillness, and the tower seemed to ring for many a day to the "Christ sall sain his soul" of the chanting priests, long after Allan was beneath the mools among the hills that darkened and moaned for him every night they sank among low banks of clouds, to the chill sad breezes; and when I prayed for Allan's pardon and peace, I was fain to add a word for the husbands and sons as stark as he, whom the Murrays slew that yule in green Applegarth.'

CHAPTER III.

THE LAIRD OF LANGSHAW.

'The blue-bells and the wild roses were flaunting on the dark scaurs, when the young Laird of Langshaw came up the glen after our Mary. Oh, he was a fair and a pretty man to look upon, black and stalwart, with a flashing hawk's ee, that, even when he played and made merry, pierced one through and through; and a brow, where his helmet shaded it, white as ivory, a thought narrow, but making up in height. He was fierce in battle as Sir Gideon's self, and in the hall a grand stately gallant. Sir Gideon and Lady Elibank did not say him nay, for Langshaw was good land and wide, and a bien stance among its oaks and hazels for a lady's bower; and the Cars pulled caps with the Murrays in friendly guise, both casting their steel glaives at the Scots.

'It could not be that Mary would scout at Langshaw, save that a maiden's mind is ill to read, and Mary was petted and had suitors far and near; and though she set store on Langshaw and his dignity and devoirs, she looked and spoke as if she cared little for either, and like many a saucy beauty, carried the jest too far: not that Langshaw showed pique; he bowed to her maggots; he that stooped to no other, yielded entirely to her. Her flouts and perverseness appeared to make him keener in his courtship. He rode week after week to Elibank; he walked with Mary and me by burn and brae, casting me, the plain younger sister, but an idle word or a passing service; he managed her palfrey when Sir Gideon started a heron or entered the forest and followed the deer; he attended her to the abbey and knelt by her side on the stone pavement, under the grand groined roof; and whatever she prayed for, I trow he supplicated his saint to deny him aught else, but to grant him the sweet May of Elibank to sit at his board and sleep in his bosom.

'What opened my eyes to trow there was other than true love in his devotion—I that was but a simple maiden, unsought myself? I struggled against the thought, I denied the secret charge, but ever it returned, and smote me with a pang of doubt and dread. When he whispered in her ear and Mary turned her shoulder, his dark eye never fell, but shot as it were a spark of fire on her petulance; when she danced a measure with Corehead, and Langshaw looked on, he smiled to himself as he pulled at his frills.

'There was a football match on Hartley Fell, and more than one signal chance befel on the green. Mark Car of Hartley had covenanted with my father that they should have a great match on the fell, and score upon score gathered to the contest—so many Murrays, and Cars, and Homes, and Hepburns, Brydens, Jardines, Elliots, and Pringles, that names and men were there in the crowd scarce entitled to the summons, between whom and their neighbours were long grim grudges easily stirred, and apt to be quelled by staves or daggers; however, there was no skirmish that day. Knight and vassal, laird and yeoman, strove equally in the game; and a pleasant sight it was, the whole quiet flat alive with runners and judges and lookers-on and led horses. The hinds in their hodden grey, the shepherds in their plaids,

the men-at-arms wearing their various badges, and some bearing banners and pennons, the knights and barons with their glancing swords and high beavers and waving plumes. The fair ladies of Bowhill and Yair and the May of Elibank on their palfreys, gracing the concourse of sun-burnt country lasses, trigly snooded and screened, that had trudged over many a mile of heather and bracken to be present at the spectacle; and dogs of every degree, staghounds and greyhounds in leashes, led by grooms under pretence of giving them an airing, hairy barking terriers, wise composed colleys.'

In the multitude at such trysts there were wont to be men and women that, had folk been gifted with the second sight, would have stood out from all others, girded with a ring of wan light. Yon tall young man with bushy beard and the hand in his breast, would appear, not as now, eagerly watching the players and biding his turn, but galloping here and there on the bloody battle-field of Newliston, stabbing the wounded, slashing the faces of the prisoners, and piercing the broken heart of the 'hardiest, stoutest, wisest man that Scotland bore,' as Sir James' own father and Lennox's uncle deplored—he that covered Lennox decently with his scarlet cloak—the gude Earl of Arran. Yon Lady Marjory, that fondles the worthless jay, think you how she looked when, as wife and mother, she ran demented up the Maggot water to drown in the roar of the Linn the strokes and shouts that announced the hanging of her chosen gudeman, Piers Cockburn of Henderland! *

'I was there myself, for my father appeared with a large retinue. We started from Elibank in the sweet June morning, when the dew was glistening like diamonds on the broom, and the throstle singing in the copse. Elibank's mantle was laid over with rich fur, and his cap looped up with a diamond rose; and Lady Elibank's kirtle was bound with gold lace and her coif with Valenciennes; and Mary wore her blue hood, the colour of her own dear een. For me, I could grace no bravery; but I was neighbour-like, only as douce in colour as might be —purple gear, the sober hue of the distant hills, and yet a kingly dye, my wimple drawn, not thrown freely back. Though with slight conceit of shows, I could not ride out under the dancing leaves and summer sun, and make one in the holiday procession, without my twenty-year old heart beating in concert. I could have joined in Sir Gideon's whistle, and when we reached the fell, I believed I had never seen so grand a sight.

'When Langshaw and Hartley gripped Mary's bridle together, and my pony left to bogle at the din, a grudge did stound through my heart; but I said an *Ave* below my breath, and looked up into the blue sky, and whipped on as merrily as before.

'How the lusty Tweedside lads span up the ball—how high and low shouted at a good hit! All looked to Langshaw when it neared him; he was so proper a man, so famed for strength and swiftness; but his foot slipped on the short turf, and he got a fall instead of a triumph. He rose lightly enough, and joined like a wise man in th jeers he had provoked; but when Mary's laugh rang loudest—a clear lilting gramercy, I watched him. He smiled again, but the curl of the bearded lip was no honest, generous benison on the May of Elibank and all that she did, whether she laughed or sighed at his cost or at his beck. It was a scoff and a taunt; "Gay lady, ye'll live to rue your mirth."

'That day I could not shut out the perception of the false, shifting, fathomless quicksands beneath the smooth surface. I pressed close to Mary, and tried to caution her, as she was catching the fern-seed that young Corehead stripped off, an ill-done daring. Alake! why should she heed me—she was so secure in her beauty, and favour, and innocence; and she was doomed, our sweet Mary,—the fair, fresh flower of the Murrays. Of what avail name and station, stout friends, and stern avengers.

'Since Mary did not want me, and

* Interpolation.

Langshaw scared me, and I was parted from Lady Elibank, and sitting beside Lady Janet of Fowlshiels, I tried to give myself up to the game, and to guess who would be the victor. The player then was a tall, slim lad, with a cheek that, but for the tan, would have been lily fair like a woman's, and een sky-blue like Mary's, and brown hair clustering in thick curls beneath his bonnet. I marked him because he wore the best fancied doublet, the biggest roses in his shoon, the broadest ruff about his neck; and because I saw my father flush and frown when he met his eye, and Mark Car, who was wily and courtly, take Sir Gideon aside and prate him into sullen acquiescence.

'I speered at Lady Janet "Who was yon braw gallant?" Lady Janet laughed, and bade me not lose my heart, for yon was the brag of the Forest, the bonniest and the haughtiest lad on all the waters, my father's sworn foe, the Knight of Harden. I wot I had heard enough of Harden, and yon was he! Well-a-day, Elibank might bend his brows, for his father's father had fallen by Buccleugh's own hand; and many a Scott and many a Murray had swelled the feud sinsyne.

'So slight a loon could never do credit to the sport, nor shame us Murrays; but just as gentle Lord James beat his rough peers, so Harden spurned the ball, and rode the ring, and threw his man; and none beshrewed his fate to be worsted by such a rival.

'"A Harden! a Harden!" cheered the clans; and well they might, for Sir William's stroke decided the day, while Sir William's self drew back, stroking his silken beard, and staring at the ladies, as if he cared not for his renown.

'"A silver penny if that glowerer be not Elibank's Muckle-mou'd Meg; an ill wind has blown us her face; but, man, I would fain spy his May." The light words reached me as he passed with a comrade. I could stand the jeer, aye, when Harden lived to face me in a different fashion; and I said to myself, "Wow, wow, but there's no joe like you, Sir William; and though your words vouchsafe her little grace, Muckle-mou'd Meg prays that your comely head may not lie in its bloom low and cauld like the clay that bears it, as mony winsome and crouse crowns have done ere now."'

CHAPTER IV.

THE KELPIE'S POOL.

'The foot-ball match fell in June; and on Midsummer eve Mary and I stole out, under our screens, to learn our fortunes at the Kelpie's Pool.

'The Kelpie's Pool was a shaded stretch of the Tweed, hard by a birkwood, half a mile from the tower. There was a lock in the dark water, where a kelpie had been seen signing on man and beast to cross; and the place was unchancy to ford, and unsafe maybe for mortal at any season; but if young maidens would sit there by turns on Midsummer's eve, and gaze on the shifting current, they would come to trace through its broken lines of foam the faces of their future marrows.

'Mary would test the freit; and though I held it vain, and perchance sinful, I could not deny her, for, mind you, my sister Mary was the dearest object on earth to me.

'The night was warm and still, with that sultry, yellow haze that sometimes ends a summer's day. It veiled the opposite line of hills, but you could clearly distinguish the huge fires on their summits, and you could hear faintly the hum of the voices of those that binged them, and watched their blaze, and black figures, as if moving, demon-like, through and through the red glow and the long white lows, crossed your startled vision;—a distant, strange show, increasing instead of abating our loneliness.

'Mary would have me try the spell first, for I had banned it, and she was fain to credit its power, and her nerves were failing her; also, the latest watcher was the most certain of a glimpse of destiny. So Mary sat down on this side of the birkwood, and I went in and forced my way to the spot dark and damp with the dews. I knelt down and thought of other things. I did not look beyond the alder-bush into the troubled water. It would row long

before it formed itself into the reflection of a face for me. "What for should I goup at a blank?" I asked myself. No, I leant against a tree and laughed; for when I was not cowed or blate, I had a proneness to laughter, as overcoming and as gleeful as my tears now and then were salt and sad. As soon as I forgot my errand, I grew grave, in keeping with the shady neuk and the gloaming hour. Then I thought of St. John, to whom this night was given, and wondered if he saw me there and was displeased with my weakness and folly; and yet I believed, if his Lord was still in the body, gladly would I have sat at his feet, like the blessed Mary of Bethany.

'I was to watch an hour, and the night air was close and heavy, with bats whirring, and an owl hooting from its post in the cleft oak.

'Elibank Tower had been thrang that day, and I had made two cream cheeses, and reeled the hasps I spun the day before; so nothing hindered me from being weary, and I leant farther and farther back against the slip of a tree, and clasped my hands, and fell into a dover or dwam; unless, indeed, ill was permitted to approach me, which might be, seeing my rashness and the end, and considering that it came in a far worse shape to my guileless sister Mary.

'My sleep took the form of a dream or a train of dreams, vivid and abrupt, not perplexing me at the time, but, I confess, haunting me afterwards.

'I thought I stood in Elibank Chapel, where banners were waving, and the floor was fresh strewn with green rushes. Sir Gideon confronted me, with a laugh on his bluff face, melting away into dour resolve, that again became dark doubt and discomfiture and passionate, fierce threat; and Lady Elibank, with a cast of her long neck, and a smile that played like lightning rather than sunshine over her high features; and Rob and Wat, with a wavering expression, that was sometimes mirth, sometimes quick discontent and rising resentment, clearing or clouding their smooth faces; and beyond them, Nurse Ailie and Jean, and the other lasses and the serving-men, all with the same gladness, that was so mocking it was not gladness, and wrath that was so curbed it was true wrath no longer, contending on their varying een, as if some redoubtable deed were working that should descend to posterity with the mingled characters of sport and misery inscribed on its back. In the centre of the perturbed festival, and right in front of me, stood a Mass John, Father Anthony himself, with gown and book; and by my side, ye maidens, the brawest gallant on the waters, let his duds be ever so soiled, and his bright breastplate cloured and dunted—Sir William Scott of Harden. But his head was turned another gate, lasses, and the hand that held mine, cold as death, gripped like a vice, wringing my flesh; and wist you I was proud of my bonny bridegroom? Oh no, I hung my head, and the pangs of death were sickening my heart: when the scene dissolved like a cloud castle, and in its room rose another pageant.

'I saw another tower than Elibank, not crowning the free braes, but hanging, half buried in its woods, like a nest of the fowls of the air, clean ower a dark dell. I sat in the body at a loophole in the thick wall, and watched unseen, as if my heart were in my een, the pit-like road; and by and by there appeared in the hollow, toiling up the ascent, a clump of spears, not riding here and there like our border riders, but in battle array, and a man at their head with a royal standard, and a lion wrought on his sleeve. They halted at the gate, and the leader read a paper, demanding the body of a traitor; and I ran down, and with authority—for I was not as at Elibank, but mistress and more—bade draw up the portcullis and admit the horsemen. I spoke them fair, I led them up-stairs and down, and spread bread and wine for their refreshment; and when they turned their backs and rode away, I flung myself down before our Lady's shrine, and vowed tapers and an altar-cloth seeded with pearls, for the grace that had saved me and mine in our extremity. I clamb to

the battlements, where my lint lay spread to dry, and I lifted up coil after coil, and there shone a knight's spurs and the jewel of his signet ring, and the blue blade he was fain to grasp, though a leap from the turret was his last refuge; and that knight kissed not his lady's hand alone, but he pressed again and again—oh, so kindly!—the white cheek of his faithful dame.

'In a long sigh of rapture that Paradise faded. I seemed to look on other hills and another Tweed, familiar as the first in their lonesome beauty, but yet with an odds, for here were only timid sheep and horned cattle where trumpet sounded and clansmen gathered. The bonnet and the maud were worn, but by simple herds of low degree; and for the prancing warhorse were nought but Clydesdale mares and Galloway nags capering at grass; and in a sandy hollow, up among the hopes, far from man's habitation, lay a pawky lad bairn, with a crutch in his wee hand, but with grey een glowering fearlessly into the lift black with the wrath of Heaven, the thunderbolt blazing and bursting with a boom that shook the very everlasting hills; and the wise, high-hearted wean only clapped its bit hands at the jagged blue fire, and skirled "Bonnie! bonnie!" And a voice within me said, "Let knight and soldier, priest and statesman, stand aloof: yonder sits Harden's most renowned son. He will learn the name of 'Muckle-mou'd Meg' stranded in the distant past; and, passing by the 'Flower of Yarrow,' he will fling back a kindly recognition to his homely, hard-tried ancestress, he who bore in his world-known face the lingering trace of the 'muckle-mou';" but so trembling with strong feeling and exquisite humour, so manly and so kind, that men loved that sagacious, tender lip far before any delicate feature that John Murdo his chisel could have carved on the scores of faces that crown the fretwork which the monks of Melrose reared. I fancied I had a last view of him, the bones of a strong man, but broken before his time, though he sat and faced misfortune in a fairy palace, with pope's and princes' gifts at his right hand and his left, still bearing the steadfast will and the warm heart, and the child's love to the siller Tweed, when all else was slipping from beneath his feet.

'I started up, with my ears ringing, and my heart beating like a sledge-hammer, in a clean amaze; then I saw the Kelpie's Pool and the midges hovering o'er the water, and minded who and where I was, and what I had come for, and kenned I had been dreaming; and ran to Mary, and made her screw her mouth by averring that I had set een on the ghaist of the Pride of Tweedside. Mary was not wont to be captious, save to her lovers, least of all to me, her Meg; but now she pouted and protested, for Mary was used to be first, and doubtless she held dark Langshaw the pick and flower of border knighthood. Waly, that he was to be her fate. She left me proud and petted, and vowing that I should not hear her luck; and that if I spied a knight's spurs, a belted earl, or a prince himself, was the least that could be bestowed on the May of Elibank. I had but space to take her stance on the home-side of the planting, and to mark the yellow moon rising lustrous in the sky, when a sharp, frightened cry rang out of the wood. I started up, and flew back like a deer. I cared not what harm the disturbers of the charm dared, I thought but of Mary, scared or hurt. God and our Lady keep her from terrible knowledge of the green-eyed Kelpie we had so witlessly provoked. I broke through the boughs; there stood Mary, beset by no fiend or evil spirit, but clasped in the mailed arms of Langshaw. My heart gave one bound of relief, and the next moment fell. Why should Mary lie still on Langshaw's bosom? Why should she not only consent to his convoy to the tower, but cling to him the whole way, and I walking by, seeing that he had stolen deceitfully on her secrecy, and that she had professed to dally with and lightly his wooing? Ah, this was the weakness of infatuated submission following hard on the weakness of vanity and folly.'

CHAPTER V.

THE PLUCKING OF THE FLOWER OF ELIBANK.

'It was ill done that forward, fractious skirmishing, exhausting the poor combatant's powers, rendering such a one entirely at the conqueror's mercy, once the tide of battle turned, a certain end when the strong deigned to war with the weak—it was ill thought that giddy pride, anticipating a fall.

'We watched by the Kelpie's Pool at Midsummer, and long ere Michaelmas there were other roses withering than the wallied buds in our garden; and Mary whiles grat when she thought none was by, as she sat on the bink by our chamber window, while our maidens stitched her gay mantles, looking out for one that was now weeks and weeks without putting foot on Elibank Green.

'Oh, this was no blessed young bride's comely gravity, this sinking of the heart, this racking doubt; this was the frail and wayward, but soft and loving temper's inevitable reaction after its brief licence, its ungenerous, ill-considered tyranny; and once Langshaw attained the hour of reprisal, he crushed it as remorselessly as ever shepherd lad the fresh, speckled egg of the lavrock, or the mealy fluttering wings of a rare butterfly.

'I know not if others read these passages which none could lament like me. I think not; the world was a fighting, working world, and took note of nought but downright open words and actions; and Langshaw never dreamt of not fulfilling his troth-plight, but tied the inseverable knot in God's house, and before a fair company, and bore off his bride.

'What was there to ferly at or deplore that our beauty Mary learnt, long before she vowed it at any shrine, to term the wooer she had held at bay, lord and master,—aye, to hang upon his word and tremble at his frown. It was but a vagary of love's working, one of its sweet riddles. It might have been these extremes were not aye disastrous: true hearts have won and worn them with noble, gentle chivalry, but it was not so here.

'We had a gay bridal; trains of Murrays and Cars; feasting, state and holiday. Sir Gideon meting out williewaughts of glee, Lady Murray becking and bowing here and there. We rode in yet braver trim to holy Melrose than to Hartley Fell; but craig and brake were white with the cold hoar frost, like the winding-sheet of the dead.

'I moped, not alone because that day I lost my sister Mary, and because I should never busk me as a bride, whom priest should bless, and lover fondly claim as his life-long treasure; but, while there was dule for the future, there was no comfort in the present; no glint and glow on the bonny, bent face that rode foremost of the throng; no bridegroom's joy in Langshaw's deep tones and stately gait, the central sun of the noisy gladness resounding from tower and lea, the red wine of the feast. Ah, me! there was weary yearning and blank disappointment, well nigh despair, in the poor heart awakened all too late, and fainting under its own luckless tenderness, once freely lavished, scorned and flung back for evermore. There was cruel contempt and blighting indifference on the careless lip and the cold wandering eye that met and mocked at the propine.

'That pageant was a fairy show to me, and more than me, at last; as heartless and hollow—sain us from the good people's anger at the comparison.

'I had a sore second sight that I should never again see my sister Mary, with whom I had played in childhood and covenanted in youth; never again with mortal vision from the hour that her bright golden hair was bound straight and hidden beneath the heavy curch; and so it befell; Langshaw was not within many miles of Elibank, and ere a short season fled, Langshaw and Sir Gideon differed on some dispute of the times, and would have drawn sword in horrible sacrilegious murder, as did Dryhope and Gilmanscleugh, had they not been promptly and powerfully severed. Sir Gideon was tough as an ashen stave, and Langshaw a very Lucifer, so there was no hope of farther intercourse between the households. Thus Mary came not back to Elibank, and the fragments

of tidings that drifted to us anent her doing, made mair hearts than mine grow grit. Lady Elibank would never credit them, but Sir Gideon stamped and swore, because an angry, bearded man could not sit down and greet, and this was no wrong that his sword or his clan could wash out. We knew of a certainty that Langshaw's arrogant, jealous, uncertain temper worked on him month by month, and year by year, until the brave, haughty gallant grew a moody, hard man; harsh to his vassals; turbulent among his freres; a mover in dark plots and ceaseless raids: and if he paid not the penalty with his head, as most looked for and as others fared, he did it twice over in the ill will and bad blood, the hatred and execration with which he was banned before manhood had declined into middle age. Men lived hard then, harder and faster than now; for few, few of name or note donned the long gown and the cap of peace of threescore; and, if some committed crimes sackless, others dreed their doom aforehand.

'Therefore we for the most part believed what we would have given the world to unbelieve—that the bird which sung so sweetly and crousely in Elibank ingle neuk, ruffled its feathers and cowered mute and drooping on its own high perch. An ailing, spiritless wife, lonely in her biggit wa's, dowie in her childless hame; her lines that had begun so pleasantly, lifted and cast among ceaseless alarms, where there was no peace, no canny craft or mild arts to beguile the weary and worsted; even ghostly counsel and reverend fathers whiles scarce.

'Feeble, friendless, and forsaken, our dawted Mary she reached the very end, the boundary of misery. Her reason reeled; and remorseless rumour recounted to us how a long, white, demented woman wandered about the rich chambers and the wide woods of Langshaw; dumb for weeks, or else yammering noon and night, "Was not Langshaw come hame?" or, "What, oh, what in the world wide would please him?"

'This was the tragedy of my bonny sister Mary. Heard you ever a ditty more doleful? Oh, pray, pray that the blythe young hearts of your hearths may not live to burst in twain, and you in your turn be condemned to travel on without fail.

'This burden came not upon us suddenly and unexpectedly; but it worked the greater dule that it could not, like Allan's death-wound, be returned stab for stab, without creating still ghastlier wrong.

'In one dunning of the birken tree I sickened and lay down, and was so long silly in my dark chamber, on an uneasy bed, that when I next tottered out the young lambs were cropping the spring gowans, and the light wind waving the yellow broom ayont yon hills on distant Cowdenknowes. Lady Murray—the whole company of saints assoilzie her high heart!—was a stour woman as before; but Sir Gideon, though he hawked and hunted, save always when he mingled in fray as keenly as in his youth, though his laugh still shook the rafters, would sigh as he sat in the ingle neuk, and gaze around as if he missed a once-prized sight, or start with a sudden throb of memory stounding through his father's heart.

'I ever deemed that the sunshine of Elibank departed with Mary, whose fair face I saw in many a moonbeam, and heard her sweet voice in the gushes and echoes of the summer wind, as plainly as ever I felt her actual presence; nevertheless, the lads and Annot and the lave were growing up as cheery as though no warning had darkened the threshold. And what for no? If the racer stumbled at the first rough stab or frowning bourock, who would run till he won the goal?'

CHAPTER VI.

THE REIVER'S LIFT.

'The March winds were soughing and swelling, when the turning-day of my destiny rose, not in a mirk October or November dawn, but one March morning, when we feared no danger, the tower was raised with a hue and a cry that the reivers had been in about over-night. Black Quentin and Malice, and Grace and Madge, ran to the outhouses, and soon sounded our loss. Barn and byre stood gaping wide; the infauld

was cleared out; not a head of cattle, not a quey, nor ewe lamb, was left at Elibank.

'They had laid brands to the peats and stacks and hay, but the wind blew up the glen, and a shower fell, so the fire had smouldered and sunk in ashes; but we were a harried family, without meat or milk save the lumps in the salting barrels and the cogs that were filled yestreen, till Elibank sent up the water to call in his stots there.

'Elibank was redwud to have his gear stolen beneath his very een, and insult added to injury; for in the centre of the court rested a shield, sky-blue and gold, with shining crescent and stars; and what was that token but the Knight of Harden to Sir Gideon Murray greeting? Ay, nane less frack than Sir William would have dared such a deed, and nane but he, left his bearings behind him. Wat and Rob were more excited with the dream of overtaking and crossing swords with Harden, than grieved for our loss. Lady Murray was not a person to whom to mint straits; so I went myself to the larder and kitchen, and garred the scurls and the shakings of the oatmeal be scraped together from the ark; and sent the lasses, in place of skirling in company, to bake them into cakes and scones and white puddings. Moreover, I spiced the last well, in order that they might go further to stop waste in the tower, when, if there should be stress of weather, or if our enemy had been cunning as well as bold, we might be in the grim claught of famine before fresh provisions reached us.

'But the day was young, and they reasoned that the puir brute beasts would be loth to their hasty journey; and my father, as luck had it, had convened a score of friends that very morning to unearth foxes and otters, and any other vermin that came to hand; the big bell kept clanging, clanging, and summoned in mair and mair clansmen in need; until Sir Gideon rode out, three hours before noon, with a following of fifty and odds, fresh and stalwart riders, burning to cope with the pressed and weary Scotts, spent with their night gallop and their desperate office of guarding and goading on the cattle and flocks.

'There was not a dark cloud in the lift, only wreaths of white vapour, scudding here and there as lightly as the merry dancers themselves; and there was a rustling over bank and brae, and flights of corbies, but ne'er a man's face, neither of shepherd nor hind, after the pursuit started; and the absence of the continual bleating of the lambs to their dams was something to make one start, so strangely dowie were the hillsides.

'"Are not ye flegged?" whimpered stout Grace; "I'm bumming round the muckle wheel to make some din. What if Harden should return, or the English march in sight? I wish it were dark, that we might na' be able to look out. I wish Elibank's horn were ringing his hamecoming, though he hied back without a cloot. I could stand being starved with the men-folk, but no being left in a garrison of women and Daddy Michael."

'Lady Murray drew out her thread in her lown corner, sternly eident, maintaining her unwavering challenge to aught in heaven or earth to move her. And I stole across the causeway, and over the hills, and up by the mossy springs. As the day waned, I clamb higher and higher, until the air blew pure and cold in my face, and there was not between me and the lift but hill-tops on every side for scores of miles. Yonder were the peaks of the Eildons, where Wise Thomas wonned.

'I had pulled the first yellow primroses in the fringe of wood far below. I did not put them in my snooded hair, as I might have done had I been the May of Elibank. I made them into a posey and a breast-knot; and though I was dun and homely, they were fresh and honey-sweet.

'My seat commanded the hill outlets; and there as I waited and watched, I noted to the east yonder a cloud of dust, and a dark moving mass rolling along. My heart was in my mouth. I had not dared to confess to myself how Elibank's honour and life were at stake.

'The wind blew the other airt, but in the lofty solitude the routing of beasts soon reached my strained ears; that was the first welcome

sign: next I distinguished two riders pricking before the lave, and I said these were Rob and Wat come to bid us rejoice and brag of their manhood. I sprang up, and began to speed down the heights, where one could 'maist descend in minutes what one toiled up in hours; and as I ran and ran and was half way down, I kenned Sir Gideon's crest, and next him a mounted man, whose head was bare and his hands tied tight. Well might a drow come over my joy, for that unhappy wight would pine in the dungeons of Elibank, if he did not hang from the nearest tree. But I was within sound of the shout of Daddy Michael, and the shrill jubilee of the women, and could I, a daughter of Elibank, be aught but blythe for ruth atoned for and revenged?

'I could tell the very moo, moo of my ain Crummie and Mallie, right glad to be restored to their lily pasture. The court was already full, and I crept into a canny corner. Every man, red and blowing with pride and joy, spoke and took the word from his neighbour's mouth, to tell how they had ridden suddenly upon Harden and his men crossing Hartley Burn; how they had scattered his band, and worn round the cattle; how many Scotts were slain, and how many bound and left helpless among the heather, to the charity of the first pilgrim or monk of Dryburgh that sped that way; and grandest of all, how they took Harden's sell, fighting like a lion in the front, and brought him straight to Elibank, to suffer the penalty of his madness, and teach the Border lads how they should jest with the Murrays. In the clamour and throng there flashed back upon me, like a light from another world, my dream by the Kelpie's Pool; and there, bound and helpless, with the March wind lifting his chestnut locks, sat Sir William of Harden.'

CHAPTER VII.

THE REIVER'S TRIAL.

'"Heize the rope," shouted Sir Gideon, patting his good horse; "let us see how Harden will dance; he has treated us to ae measure this morning already, and by my heart, he'll leeze him on another, and it shall be his lightest and his last." The leader's words were hailed with a thunder of laughter and applause.'

They were rough riders, these Murrays, like those pretty men among whom was the savage Scotch knight who, slaying an unhappy French gentleman in open fight, cut off his head, and plaiting the long perfumed curls into his girdle, rode vauntingly with the ghastly bloody burden dangling by his side.*

'The moss-trooper blood was up; Harden was red-handed; each laird and baron was his own judge; they thought not of the young life they would take, the gallant heart they would still, but of their mortal foe, a captive to their bow and spear.

'Elibank quaffed off his bicker of wine, and he turned now, like the gentleman he was, and offered it to his prisoner.

'"Clear the stour from your craig, Harden, lad, ere it be thrawn."

'Harden took the cup in his freed hand, with a low bow, and he drank a health to Sir Gideon Murray, and his dame, and his blooming sons and daughters, and a farewell to the sun, and moon, and stars, to the steep braes and the rowing burns; and the eyelids did not flicker nor the lip tremble.

'There he sat, in his goodly knighthood, defying Elibank and all his merry men.

'Lady Elibank stood in the hall door, calling, "Gude e'en to you, Elibank; a blythe meeting, Harden," and she swept him a curtsey.

'The men belonging to the tower were swarming like bees, unrolling a hempen coil, running it out, fixing it to the willows by the moat. I covered my face with my hands; when all at once I heard my mother bid them stay, and looked up to see her cross the court, her high-heeled shoon clattering on the rough stones, and all making way for her until she reached my father, stooping wonderingly from his saddle-bow; she tapped him on the back, and spoke in a voice of mingled malice and mockery:

'"Bide ye, Elibank, better spare

* Interpolation.

the bonny lad, and wed him to our Muckle-mou'd Meg." They could not move Harden with fear of death; she would torture him with a false, miserable blink of life and freedom. Elibank laughed his loud laugh, caught up and echoed by friend and retainer. He dropped his bridle reins, and clapped his hands, "Well spoken, dame; our Meg shall have the offer of a man, I maintain it hand and glove; puir Meg, she's above the desert of any chield in the land."

'It was but a rough jest, or rougher good will: but, even as Elibank replied, his bushy brows knit and his cheeks grew crimson; he minded of his violet trampled in the dust, and his strong heart did not melt; it grew hard as stone, while he swore that his rue should be gathered by the brawest lad on the waters. There was a buzz of doubt and disapproval, rising into vexed clamour; but Sir Gideon was king in Elibank; and though it was retribution these armed men were balked of, there was no question, but submission to the chief.

'"Speak up, Sir William," challenged Elibank, with a fierce glee that was infectious, and in a second, like sunbeams succeeding hailstones, it supplanted the thirst for blood around; "a willing lass or a short tow?"

'"A willing lass or a short tow?" shouted each Murray, striking his neighbour, and rolling in his saddle.

'It was Harden's turn to jeer at his masters. I crouched behind the draw-well, and the boughs of the oak, and a group of riders. My woman's blood burned and boiled; I trusted I was unseen, but I heard his reply.

'"You have nae mair light Mays, Elibank; na, na, I'll kiss the gallows tree before I pree Muckle-mou'd Meg."

'"Say you so, sir; you'll have your will. Aff with the fause traitor," foamed Elibank. "Bestir yourselves, you knaves; I'll answer to King and Council!"

'There was a rush and roar; and when I next lifted my head, Harden was off his horse, and standing on the louping-on stane, Black Quentin tearing down his ruff, and a score of strong hands flung out to finish the work.

'Sir William looked up into the blue sky and down the glen; and I doubt not, but for the hills of Elibank, he saw Heriot Water, and Borthwick, and Harden Dell, and horses and hounds neighing and baying, and faithful men-at-arms looking out till their hearts were sick and sore; and again the summer wind played with his hair, and cooled his cheek.

'I forgot all, save him; how could I mind myself when this hour was to be his last—he, so young, so brave? Were the bonniest and brawest ever to be taken, and the worthless left? I pushed asunder the leafless branches of the oak tree by the well, and cried, in agony, "Harden, Harden, save yoursell."

'His blue ee flickered and fell on the spot where I stood; and, for the first time in our acquaintance, it melted as such een melt to maidens. There was a rustle of silks and a clutch at my arm, and Lady Elibank, never sparing blood of hers for the sake of fremed ears, taunted between wrath and scorn, "Aye, Meg, you fain would win a gudeman; fain would you kep the wind when it blaws in your barn door."

'"It's false, Lady Elibank; ill betide you, woman, for a cruel mother," cried Harden's sell, with a voice like a trumpet. "It's all for me the word was spoken—for me; I recant, I recant; if any lass, black or white, thinks me so worth the haining, I'm hers. What for should I conter her? I've no truer love; and better foullest dame than the worms and the mools. Have at your Muckle-mou'd Meg. Elibank, will you stand to your pledge? I'll lead the vanguard, yet. Aye, shout my lads," cheered Harden, reckless in his yea as in his naesay. "Sir Gideon is belted knight, and cannot call himself forsworn. Keep your tow for another day; I'll e'en wed with Muckle-mou'd Meg, and jog hame to Harden."'

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRIDAL.

'Elibank Chapel was swept and sprinkled and decored; banners waved and shields shone in the

blazing torchlight. Sir Gideon was there in his furred robe of peace, worn in a king's presence in Holyrood, and now donned hastily; even Lady Elibank graced the sudden occasion, as if it were the fittest and freest, with her finest lawn and her richest mantle, more by token it was the sole great grace she ever showed me. Rob and Wat were light grooms, the lighter for the need to stifle doubt and dissent. After all, their sister Meg was buckled to a gudeman at last, by the strangest luck, the wale of the borders; and Annot and the lave were blythe as only bairns can be at an unlooked-for play. It fell not to bairns to mind that bridals were whiles more doleful than burials: and the last bridal at Elibank, where there had been sueing and speering and all, was it so blythe in its end, that this unlooked-for, unseemly, false wedlock should be so favoured?

'There were riders and runners that had striven in the bloody brawl at noon, content and cadgy, speeding the wild compact at sundown. Page and squire, cook and scullion, were at their wits' end promoting the banquet. Father Anthony was spirited from Melrose ere nightfall: sorely his mule was blown, and his bones shaken; but well knew his reverence the Lord Abbot that Elibank brooked no excuse; and if he hindered Harden but a day, the Scotts might try a rescue—for who so worshipped as Harden?—and there might be scorching flames for the nuptial torches, and bloody throats for the bridal liveries.

'Father Anthony was wont to be affable and pleasant, but to-day, though he came in time for the wedding feast, he was but glum company; and he groaned, ill at ease, when they made mention of bride and bridegroom.

'Would you seek that bride and bridegroom? He's yonder, bolt and bar drawn, pacing his narrow bounds; no honoured place, no holiday attire, no crouse heart, but the soiled armour and the disordered doublet suiting the face, comely in its bloom when death was at the door, now wan with vexation. Already Harden rues his hard bargain, and gnaws his lip to think how hill and dale and both the Marches will deride the result of his flouts and his pride; he, the gayest, handsomest gallant of the borders, mated at last, mated by force, to save his neck, to the daughter of his foe — a maiden whose hard-favoured face was kenspeckle as Elibank's Muckle-mou'd Meg.

'Nurse Ailie busks the bride in her turret chamber; aye, bridesmaids, had they been summoned, would but have disgraced her swart face. Nurse Ailie bathes the begritten cheeks and smoothes the tossed hair, and plaits and pins the white broidered kirtle, so unlike the woeful wearer. How can she rebel when father and mother command; and ae resisting word may dissolve the glamour, and hang young Harden, a blue swollen corpse, above the slimy moat, to haunt her day and nicht for the lave of her days; na, his escape from the marriage vow would be but the long breath before the death groan. That bride dare not protest or pray even for an hour's respite, so she suffers doting Ailie to rejoice over her nursling being a bride "ony gate," and with a grand bridegroom; and she steals into her bosom the withered primroses, the last flowers she pulled, a grave but peaceful maiden, on the braes of Elibank.

'The procession was formed. Father Anthony walked first, with his book; Sir William led Lady Elibank by the tips of the fingers, striding along, burning to finish what should never have been begun; Elibank supported the bride, and his heart smote against his ribs at that eleventh hour because of his cruelty and his treachery to his own nature and his own kin.

'"Take heart, my Meg; I'll ware my merks on Harden for your tocher, not that he does not owe you already triple love and duty; and he'll be the basest tyke that ever was born if he deny you your due."

'I knelt in the chapel of Elibank, side by side with Harden, as I knelt in my dream; and his head was turned as the shadow's, and so sick was my heart that I would have swarved away, but that I must repeat the vows to become his wedded wife, and redeem him from the gallows-tree.

'We were man and wife. There were mocking, mirthful huzzas of dubious portent; Elibank clasped his arms about my neck; Lady Murray wished us joy—her son as well as her daughter; and Harden cried hoarsely "To horse, and away!" He would but break a morsel of bread and drink a draught of wine, and quit the feast, for we had far to ride.

'None disputed his title to rise and go, nor would there have been much wisdom in seating a Scott with a host of Murrays of Elibank, to swill malt and wine till their blood was warm and their wit clogged, though the priest had just knit them into brethren.

'My head swam and my heart fluttered, but what mattered it? The leave-takings were said, the bairns began to greet, and Elibank took his last kiss, and bade Harden be gude to Meg; and Harden lifted me to the saddle, and lap before me; and his dappled grey bolted so wildly under his double burden, that, had Harden not gripped me hard and fast, I would have been flung at my father's gate, and Harden might have been gudeman and widowed within the selfsame night.

'So Harden carried off his unsought bride. It was a fresh night, with a young moon; and like spirits we twa sped over moss and moor, across ford, by bush and stane—the road he had followed so ill a gate, though I trow we had no pursuers save our ain bitter thoughts.

'Whiles Harden muttered the ford was deep, when we sunk to the girth in a hill water; whiles, when there was a black shadow upon the path, and a scaur on the hinder side, that there was a clud atween us and the moon; but we conferred no further. I could have slipped from the horse and laid me down among the heather, but that Harden was knight and gentleman, and would not suffer such scaith; and would it niffer the pit mirk into noontide light to flee in the face of the Lord?

'But I was a dead weight on the souple grey horse, and I 'maist prayed that I would be dead ere day; and ken you, lasses, strange though it sound, there was a bitter sweetness in the deeing thus with my head on Harden's shoulder; for though he rived at his fetters, that sundown, he had donned them, and sworn to scoug me thus all my days.

'But I died not, and at dawn we gained the dell. I kenned it weel; I saw it before at the Kelpie's Pool; and though the trees grew thick and black, and the road was rugged, and I was weak and weary, a glint shot across my gloom, as it were the dim face of a friend, or the sparks of a distant hope of youth and strength and better days.

'Eh! but Harden was welcome. What a tempest of gladness after their gathering mistrust and madness; horns blawing, dogs barking, friend and follower blessing his bonny face, and gripping his saddle. Then there was a hum of wonder and scorn that filled my ears like the dregs of my black cup. But Harden was generous.

'He said not, "My men, I've lost my band, and I've brought home spoil I counted as little upon, when we rode to the harrying of Elibank, as I care for it now." But he silenced the clamour for ever and a day; he lifted me down, and he cried aloud to each Scott that he brought him his lady; as loyally he said it as if I had been the Flower of the Forest, and he had courted me from Yule to Yule. And Harden led me beneath his doorway, and whispered, "Welcome hame, Meg; we'll forget all else but what you've done for me and mine." There was a stoun in the very words he used in his mercy; but I kenned then, as I kenned ever after, that Harden, with his vanity and his wilfulness, was yet the manliest and kindest lad that ever buckled on sword and spurs, and rode out under a merry harvest moon.'

CHAPTER IX.

HARDEN DELL.

'Harden was a strong tower, but it was a smaller, hamelier part than Elibank; there was little there save thick walls, and the hall that was both hall and bower,—but maybe couthier and kindlier. At least Harden himself was ever courteous to me, and none gave the hapless intruder, the Murray cast among

these fremed Scotts, a rough word. There was March honour as well as March laws in these wild times, and a magnanimity that stemmed even the heart's blood of a death-feud.

'I did my best to fulfil Sir William's behests, and to employ the power put into my hands for the ordering aright of ha' and buttery, knight and knave; so that his wife should be a good wife, however gotten. In the grace of our Lady, and after the gentle sample of their master, I attained more than sufferance—goodwill and honour.

'I was a different woman in Harden from Elibank. I was Madam and Lady; and if I had had but a proud heart I might bless my stars, and Sir Gideon and Lady Elibank, and Harden's derring-do, and be content.

'But my heart yearned for other than pity, or even esteem; and I had a half shivering, half thrilling assurance that would never let me rest.

'It would come yet; what I had looked for since I was a pining bairn;—it would come yet, that second-sighted knowledge, that aefauld regard.

'I was as lone a wife as ever carried her ain keys at her girdle, and Harden's dark den was not like the lichtsome braes of Elibank, and I thought of my sister Mary, and then my conscience rebuked me; and I who was tried mysell, grat afresh for her; with every sign set against me, I, poor Muckle-mou'd Meg, had received an easy portion, matched with that accepted by the blue-eyed, lily-skinned, lilting-tongued May of Elibank.

'But Sir William blinded less than Sir Gideon's sell; he was ever in the saddle, not to hawk or hunt, but to harry in Fife or the Loudons; to parley with the rebel lords; or to outreach yon proud prior, till his high head seemed as unsiccar as a laigh gowan's. I doubted not but that I should ae day lament over his bluidy corpse, and sew him into his winding-sheet. Never lady had mourned her lord as I should mine; and he would have heaved a sigh for poor Meg if hers had been the lykewake, in spite of all that had come and gone; aye, even for the rending of these bonds with which he had bought life and liberty, and then cursed, as harder than the agonies of an untimely death.

'But if Sir William praised this pasty and that spiced wine, and the screen that fenced his chair from the autumn blast, he never sat down on the same settle, or toyed with my hair, as I've seen Langshaw pull Mary's; nor trod swiftly when we met, nor lingered when we parted. He called me "Meg," "kind Meg," "good dame," but never "dear Meg;" never, never, "My Meg."

'I had fallen into a housewife skep which I was not free to take up and fling down, or cast upon stronger shoulders, at the biddin of others. I was saved from repining. I overlooked my maidens, I span lint and carded wool, and I walked in the dell, where I gathered mint and hoar hound and all-heal, and St. John's wort for the witches, and bramble berries for the tarts, each in its season, and to its proper use, till the winter snow shut us up; and on St. Valentine's day Harden's heir came home.

'The first word that I speered at the gossip was, "Had the wean his mother's mou'?"

'"He was a brave bairn," the gossip cried, "lusty and fair." I read the answer,—the mark had descended; the banned mou', that had so soon chilled my heart. The bairn might need its douce mother, and her mother's love.

'But when Sir William returned —he had been making cheer with Thirlstane—his ringing step came straight to the chamber to see his son; and he took him in his arms and made no sign of displeasure, but telled me, "You have done weel, Meg!" and took a long pull at the posset for better luck. And from that day he never alighted off his horse without crying for the bairn; and soon the boy grew old enough to spring up at the sound of his father's voice, and to crow and caper to be made a bogle of, and buried beneath Harden's helmet; and Harden would spend a spare hour dandling him on his knee, and teaching him a pretty mimicry of blowing his horn and drawing his sword, besides keeking into his glancing steel buckler. Wee Willie had Harden's blue een and shining

curls, and was a comely, pleasant child, though he was his mother's son. Ay, I've borne strapping sons and daughters, a credit to their name, and it was Heaven's will to stamp each lad or lass with some thought of that mou', in company with their father's handsome looks; but I know not that it spoiled their market, or burdened them with a hair of care. The ae man's dule is the other man's delight.'

CHAPTER X.

THE DAME'S PRIZE.

'It came at last, what I kenned but to come—what I was tempted to long for the one minute, and flee from the next with boding terror.

'The last foreshadowed scene in my mask of life:—King Jamie was dead—one of those dark, stormy deaths ordained to the royal Stewarts. The Regent was of a house opposed to Harden's; there was bad blood between them to begin with, and lying tongues ready to broo mischief; and doubtless there were holes in my lord's doublet—what gay, stiff, gold-laced doublet wanted them of those ever ready to spur steeds and strike bold strokes for Scotland? although Harden was no mole burrowing in the dark, no fell conspirator, but frank and open as the sun.

'The long and the short was, that a warrant of treason was issued against Harden, and a wheen else besides — of treason, for contravening the Regent and trafficking with his enemies, and threatening to raise the young King's standard. I ken not how much was truth and how much malice in the charge, but it was pursued with such dark and deadly aim, that we heard not of pursuivant and spearmen, and an army marching behind to back them, until it was too late to rally the clan, or muster our neighbours and fellow-sufferers.

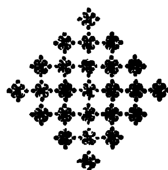
'Harden cried first to man the tower and die on its walls in his harness, like a gallant knight and soldier; for where were the beeves to feed us, or the men-at-arms at hand to stand to the defence, that we might come out triumphant after a siege from a Regent's army? There would be but a blast of defiance and folly from arquebuss and bow, till shafts and shot were exhausted, and they thought it worth while to bring up their war-engines; sullen gaps, with no men to bale out the assailants, slashing in the face of the defenders, till few were left to head or hang. But even as Harden flung on his gorget, he paused, and he looked round on his grey tower and his white-haired seneschal, and his merry imp of a page, and his handful of stout followers, so sternly prepared to die with their chief; and he rose up slowly for Harden, and he cast off his gauntlets and laid down his helmet, and he said sedately to his wondering listeners, "We'll not ding down the old wa's; we'll not spill blood wastefully. Keep the tower and your service, my men, for my young son; I'll e'en make my head pay its own forfeit; there's no great loss save to poor Meg."

'No prayers nor entreaties would move him. The time for flight was past; we had sure tidings that the bloodhounds were out, and the passes guarded. Then I preferred my petition. I led him to the tower summit, and I showed him the piles of flax for my winter's darg, and I bound myself with wild assurance to carry out the strategy. He had little will to hiding; he fumed at it as lurking like a rat in the dark, and maintained that they would set a low to the flax and smoke him like bees in a bink. But I minded him of great King David, when Saul's daughter laid an image in his bed; and I begged and implored, until I wearied him into consent; still he hesitated to lie down in his strange bed, even after the friendly beacon was lit and blazing on Hazelhope. He would bless his little son, the tender sprout of a lofty tree; he would leave to a little child his bauld name and his dangerous heritage; and aye, he counselled, "Grow up, Wee Willie, to a stout man to preserve the honour and might of Harden; and serve Buccleugh with horse and man, head and hand; and fear nought, save God; and be kind to your mother, Willie, that's kindest to you."

'The autumn red and brown was on the rowans and beeches, the corn

of the croft was yet yellowing in the September sun; but Harden never looked beyond his high turrets, his heart was within; he had taken farewell of the world without, once already, langsyne—he had no second leave-taking to spare to it now. "Oh, Harden, Harden, lie down, or you hae lost the last chance for dear life;" but he started up on his knees, and gripped my hand, and looked wistfully in my face, "Meg," he said, "puir Meg, I doubt I've been but a loon after all:" and then he swore my een were the marrow of his hound's that the boar tore, and that looked up into his face, and licked his hand, and died; and then he threeped for a hasp of my black hair for his last love-token, to lie on his heart when they pierced it through. Oh, was there maist rapture or woe in his wild words? But yonder the pennon was waving, and the spears gleaming, and my destiny—the destiny of my gudeman—was in my hand, as Tam Lane's, yon mirk night and lonesome road, in Lady Janet's, in the truth that makes us weak women baulder than the foul fiend.

'I bore my part; my tongue never faltered, my ee never fell, my colour never blanched; I stopped to bann the careless slut that spilt the foaming milk from her bowie. I bade them rest and refresh themselves; and when the leader, smarting under his failure, spoke with scant ceremony, "My dame, I red you grow hemp now in place of flax, for there are more strong ropes needed for traitors' craigs than Holland sarks for their backs," I answered with unbroken spirit, "There are no traitors clad with Harden flax; lift up the stalks, sirs, and look." The test was ended; the sair test was ended; the sair test that, had I not been strengthened to defy it, would have left me a widowed woman, more hapless and demented than she who bore her knight's body on her back, and howkit his grave and laid him in; and sure as death, Harden kissed the blessed tears off my cheeks as plain as he did in the far-off dream; and was I not a happy woman that night, and comforted for every care, when I walked with Harden through the gloaming wood, and he telled me, "My Meg, twice hained is aye gained; I ken now how soon I would have wearied of a lily skin and a brent broo; but a true heart and wise wit bind withs that Samson couldna burst; and your pleading een, and your clear broo, and your very mou', your muckle, honest, canny mou', have long been growing fair to me, sweet Meg." And ever on from that day's danger, Sir William, though no Scott that I could hear tell of, had yet a drap of coward's blood in his veins, abode more at hame, in peace, honour, and happiness, in his own tower of Harden.'



ANCIENT GEMS.

Part II.

LAPIS LAZULI—(*continued*.)

THE largest and most magnificent squares of lapis lazuli which I ever saw, says Beckman, were those in the apartments of a summer palace near Petersburg, belonging to the Empress of Russia, the walls whereof were covered with alternate facings of amber, and of this costly stone, fetched hither from Thibet. The ancient Egyptians used it extensively for engravings, and it is not unfrequently made up into seals now-a-days, in spite of the contained centra or points (pyrites) which Pliny declares render it unfit for this purpose. All the engraved specimens, however, we have either purchased or seen are of very coarse work. Smalt, *i.e.* cobalt, purified by torrefication, and fused with potash and siliceous earth, produces a beautiful fine blue powder, which is very often sold for true ultramarine; similar frauds are also practised with a calcareous Armenian stone, tinged blue with copper, as well as with mountain blue or malachite, fluor-spath, and blue jasper; the colouring matter, however, of the genuine lapis (brought from that long range of mountains in Tartary, which extends to the Caspian Sea,) is not derived, as in any of the above cases, from salts of copper;* it is a rarer and a much costlier substance; its price ninety years ago in Paris being five Napoleons per ounce. Large fortunes were sometimes amassed by those who first supplied it. An apothecary of Modena, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, made so much by preparing this costly powder, that his son, a too studious youth, was advised to remit his exertions, nor unwisely to injure his health, as one obliged to work for a maintenance; 'since without labour,' writes his friend Ricci, 'you are now possessed of an ample estate; you have farms, houses in town and country sumptuously fitted up, the furniture all your own; besides which you have a father who is as good as a hundred estates to you, whose skill in preparing ultramarine alone, to say nothing of other large proceeds from the laboratory, as he is the exclusive possessor of the secret, enables him to make pretty much what he pleases, and has already secured great wealth to himself and his heirs.'

TRANSPARENT QUARTZ, ROCK CRYSTAL.

After the opaque jaspers, of which we have just been speaking, a class of transparent stones, called from their glassy clearness hyaline, and whether tinted or colourless, constituting but different forms of that beautiful and well known mineral, rock crystal, next claims our attention. The ancients, who held many strange notions of the genesis of stones—as that they grew like truffles and potatoes in the earth, and were distinguished by sexual peculiarities—entertained the belief that crystal ('a word equivalent,' says Hesychius, 'to λαμπρον κρυος, clear ice) was in fact this very substance; being formed of certain celestial humours, viz., of rain and small snow intimately mixed together, and afterwards congealed by a very hard frost, so that it could never again recover its primitive liquid form. Pliny, who adopts the same opinion concerning the production of crystal, observes, it is singularly confirmed by the extreme cold of those regions where it is known to occur, and instances the top of the Alps, where, like most theorists, he had the support of some facts in his favour; one of the gîtes of this mineral being the heights of Mont St. Gothard, where it yet abounds, might have given weight to his opinion, did not crystal also occur in much greater abundance and luxuriance in the Island of Madagascar, where this glacial hypothesis must of course melt before the tropical sun. It was not, however, all the ancient world that adopted this fancy; Diodorus Siculus gives a decidedly Vulcanist's view of its for-

* Corsi says it is iron pyrites.

mation, saying, that though it is indeed water reduced to infusible ice, that this change is effected, not by means of cold, but by a very potent celestial fire, which, while it fixes, communicates to the solidifying mass all the beautiful tints in which it abounds. Both hypotheses suppose the water of crystallization (which modern science recognises as a true constituent of all crystal) to be the sole ingredient in this.

Pliny describes very accurately the primary form assumed by this mineral, though he is fain to wonder how the six sides of the crystalline prism should be so planed and polished by nature that no art can reach them.*

While the common prefix of the word 'rock' to this particular stone correctly indicates one of its normal sites, there can be no doubt† that it is also found disseminated in the ground where no rocks are near; still, though it may not be correct to confine these crystals absolutely to stone quarries, there is every probability that when found elsewhere they have originally been embedded in rocks and afterwards removed thence, and carried to a distance by the agency of water; hence our lapidaries distinguish two kinds—viz., spring crystal and pebble crystal. The first is lodged in the perpendicular fissures of strata; commonly in hexangular columns, broadly adhering to the matrix at the base, and terminating at the other end in a point; the second occurs strewn at random in the earth, or amidst loose gravel, and is of no more determinate shape or size than common flints or pebbles. These polymorphic masses, however, are never the mineral in its first form as detached from the rocks, but have acquired a rounded shape from rolling about, and rubbing sides with other stones.‡

Surgeons in the olden times were indebted to rock-crystal for a very notable way of applying the actual cautery; the practice was to hold a globe of crystal between the sun and that part of the patient's skin which they wished to burn, and provided he remained quiet and Phœbus (Ἑκήβολος) did not withdraw his rays whilst the process was going on, they always had the satisfaction of grilling him, like an Aphys,§ in a very short time.

Crystal was immensely admired and used by the ancient world, both for intaglios and in the fabrication of costly vases. Theophrastus mentions it with the amethyst, 'both being diaphanous, and employed for seal engravings.'‖ The number of engraved stones which occur in white or tinted rock-crystal are very considerable, and there can be no doubt that many of the gigantic ancient gems, rejoicing in the names of emeralds, amethysts, topaz, &c., were only rock crystal, coloured green, yellow, or blue, by different metallic salts. It is probable that in the words cited above from the Greek lithologist, that his amethyst was but a tinted modification of colourless transparent quartz; probability is all we can have here, since with the ancients 'one and the self-same stone changeth its name, not only according to the sundry spots, marks, and veins, &c., that arise in it, according also to the manifold lines drawn on it, and the diverse veins running between, but also according to the variety of *colours* therein observed, none of which accidents, however, makes any real difference.' The glories of rock crystal are not to be seen exhibited in full splendour in the small intaglios borne on the finger, pretty as some of these undoubtedly often are; but in those magnificent colossal boozing cups and vases with which the ancient Romans used to deck their rooms, many noble unsepulchred specimens of which now adorn

* The crystals of this quartz always present themselves to view under the same form,—viz., that of a hexangular prism, terminated in two six-sided pyramids, whose bases coincide with that of the prism. (*Haüy.*)

† Pliny. ‡ Hill.

§ A little fish, so small that it was only necessary to make one touch a live ember to be well cooked.

‖ *ἔτι δὲ καὶ ἡ κρύσταλλος καὶ τὸ Ἀμέθυστον. ἄμφω δὲ διαφανῆ. Ἐξ ὧν δὲ τὰ σφραγίδια ποιεῖται.*

various *stanze* in the great museums of the Capitol, the Vatican, and Collegio Romano, as well as the private collections of some of the *principes* and citizens of Rome, Florence, and Naples.

Nero is known to have possessed two very sumptuous vases of this material, sculptured with subjects from the *Iliad*, one of which, we are told, he dashed to pieces in a paroxysm of rage. Frequent mention is made of costly crystalline bowls and vessels, and from what have come down to us, there can be no doubt that rock crystal was, after myrrha, the greatest ornamental potorial stone of Rome. Some specimens are very ponderous: Pliny mentions a block of crystal weighing 50 lbs. as the largest he had ever seen.* This, however, is nothing in comparison with a specimen in the possession of Signor O. Raffaeli, which weighs 870 lbs., and of which Dr. Buckland, it seems, has recorded his opinion, that it is perhaps the most interesting mineral which any European cabinet contains.†

Besides the colourless rock crystal, of which the ancients have left us ample notices and splendid specimens, Corsi makes out two other varieties, from Pliny's long vocabulary of stones—viz., his lapis Iris, 'which when it is helde in the sun decomposes its rays, and throws a rainbowe on a walle behind.'‡ The second is what the same author calls lapis Zeros, which he mentions immediately after the L. Iris, and describes as a crystal of mixed black and white, thus clearly pointing out to recognition the Cairn Gorm§ Scotch stone we call smoky quartz. Though nothing can exceed the perfect clearness and transparency of rock crystal of the first water, it is however subject to occasional blemishes. 'It may be cloudy,' says Pliny, 'or be traversed by thin hairs which look like cracks;' with both these blemishes all the world is familiar; the first proceeds from the presence of a stratum of infinitely minute bubbles; the latter, or hairs, are an appearance caused by a metal called Titanium, which may be black or red, sometimes united into fascicles, at others, formed into single transverse threads.

Many fine engravings, as we have said, are executed in crystal. Every private dactylotheca will in a hundred intaglios have a dozen or more to exhibit;|| our own possesses a well-executed head of Tiberius; a Leander swimming the Hellespont; a Roman actor in a mask; a lean wolf suspiciously snuffing a sheep's skull; a fine head of Medusa, in high relief and full face; with several other pretty but not '*gran belle cose.*' The perfection to which the fabrication of glass had attained in the Augustan period of Rome, rendered the substitution of vitreous casts for crystal intaglios a very usual fraud, especially as the hyaline material was not only hard and compact, but quite perfect in all its simulated dyes.¶

AGATES—ACHATES.

Having spoken of opaque and transparent quartzes, we come to a third and last division—viz., the

* It was dedicated by Livia Augusta, and stood in the Capitol.

† 'L'egregio Signore Dr. B., Professore di Mineralogia nell' Università di Oxford, gli ha relasciato un attestato nel quale dice ch' è il piu bel crystallo che abbia veduto, e chi lo trova digno di essere considerato come il piu interessante minerale de' piu celebri gabinetti di Europa.'

‡ Haüy explains this iridescence as occasioned by the interposition of a thin stratum of air in the interior of the stone; a beautiful ancient white candelabrum in the Vatican aptly illustrates what Pliny had stated respecting this same iridescent quartz.

§ This is supposed to owe its smoky colour to carbon.

|| The tints of crystal are very various: there is a *blue*, called siderite, in Cornwall, of a resinous lustre; an amethystine, of every shade of *purple-violet*; a *green* crystal found near Peru; a *light-green* chrysophrase crystal, coloured by nickel; and a *yellow* transparent crystal found in Cornwall, called Bohemian topaz, coloured with oxide of iron.

¶ The modern Roman *ingannatore* is just as clever in this respect as any of his Latin predecessors, and many a glass gem worn by a six months' dilettante as an undoubted antique has been fabricated in the Eternal City.

semi-transparent; including a great variety of different stones called agates. Under this section of quartz are comprehended agates, properly so called, the onyx, sardonyx, niccolo, chrysophrasus, plasma, cornelian, and many others, embracing, in fact, almost all the fine stones on which the ancient engravers have shown their glyptic powers. Agates are renowned in more ways than one. They formed the eighth stone in the breastplate of judgment of the Jewish high priest. 'Agates,' says Theophrastus, 'fetch a high price, and are also very beautiful stones.'* It is, probably, not one of these however, but an onyx which he designates a wondrously fine stone (θαυμαστὴ λίθος), and tells us that it was engraved at Tyre, and for its rare excellence sent to a king as a present. In Pliny's day agates had lost much of their reputation as fine stones, though they seem to have had powers imputed to them sufficient to keep them from total neglect. Certain Cretan liars persuaded Pliny that Candian agates at least 'were effectuale antidotes againste the bites of venemous scorpions and spiders, and that a similar property seemeth to reside in the agates of Sicily, for no sooner do scorpions come within the air and breath of the said province through which the Achates runs, than as venemous as they be elsewhere, they die thereupon.' Indian agates are reported to have exercised yet more extensive powers over the brute creation, and to have controlled the fury of wild beasts.

'Αλλ' οὗτος πάντων προφερέστατος εἴκε μιν εὕροις
Εἶδος ἔχοντα δαφοινὸν ἀμαιμακέτοιο δράκοντος
Τῷ καὶ μιν προτέροισι λεοντοδέρην ονομῆναι
Ἥνδανεν ἡμοθεοισι, κατάστικτον σπιλάδεσσι
Πυρσαῖσι λευκαῖς τε, μελαινομέναις χλοεραῖς τε.

'Further, it is holden that, only to behold and look upon an agate is very comfortable for the eyes. If they be held in the mouth, they quench and allaye thirst. In Persia, they are persuaded that the perfume of agates turns away tempests, and all other extraordinary impressions of the air; as also stayeth the violent rage of rivers; but (adds the Roman naturalist), to know which be proper for this purpose, they use to cast them into a cauldron of seething water; for, if they cool the same, it is an argument that they be the right sorte. Agates of one colour make wrestlers invincible: a proof hereof they make, by sweating them in a pot-full of oil with divers painter's colours; for, within two hours after it has simmered and boiled therein, it will bring them all to one entire colour of vermilion.

The number of species described by Pliny is quite bewildering and hopeless to attempt to follow. Corsi, to whom we are indebted more than to any other author for the identification of various ancient stones, has, however, made out from this list a few of the best defined and most remarkable, of which the following may be cited:—The *leucachates* probably the calcedony† *cerachates*, or the wax agate, so called from its semi-transparent hue of waxy whiteness; of which there is extant a famous cameo of Octavius Augustus, preserved in the Vatican; *hæmachates*, or blood-agate, which differs from the blood-red cornelian in this, that whereas the latter is always of one uniform

* Καλὸς δὲ λίθος καὶ 'ο Αχάτης καὶ πολεῖται τίμιος.

† The Leucachates or white agate of Pliny; of this Corsi, who conceives it with much probability to be calcedony, cites Millin in support of this opinion, making him, however, say more than he actually does:—'Giuste l'autoità de Millin non puo essere che il nostro calcedonio,' says Corsi. 'La Leucachates de Plini pouvait être notre calcedonia,' writes the more cautious Frenchman. On this white agate many intaglios were cut, some fine ones;—a Lupercal belonging to Baron Stosch, a Medusa's head to Lord Carlisle, and a vase of Lord Bentinck's, cited by Natter, of Leucachates, are commendable as works of art. Calcedony, though commonly whitish, admits of a considerable variety of hue,—being found also of a grey, yellow, brown, green, and blue colour; it occurs in botryoidal masses in the interior of stones, is harder than flint, of a uniform colour, and of the specific gravity 2·6. Iceland is famed for it, nor is Cornwall less so, the Trevascus mine being celebrated for the beauty of its specimens, and the Penandral mine also, where it occurs sometimes of a beautiful blue.

colour: in the former the colour is generally more or less mixed and adulterated with other tints. A tawny agate, which has no distinctive modern name, but which may easily be identified with that called by Pliny *A. leonensis.* The *dendritic*, or tree agate,* of which pretty specimens occur occasionally along our own coasts; the *mocha*,† or moss-agate, which displays mimic mosses, lichens, and various byssoid growths so exactly portrayed that they used to pass for these cryptogamic substances, enclosed in the stone like flies in amber.

> Agates not only imitate mosses and beehives, but in many places they have flowers imprinted on them, like to those which grow by the high-way, and paths, and fields; and they also assume many other yet stranger appearances; for you shall find the forms of rivers, woods, and labouring horses imprinted naturally in them: a man shall see in them coaches, and little chariots, and horse-litters, together with the furniture and ornaments belonging to horses.‡

Sometimes nature impressed animal, and even human forms and figures on Oriental agates. Pyrrhus was the possessor of one of the most famous in ancient or modern records. This king of Epirus wore on his finger an agate, whereon nature vying with art, and as if determined to eclipse her in her own province, had placed Apollo with his harp and the nine Muses with their several insignia, the whole harmoniously grouped and faultlessly finished, even to the minutest details. Many modern authors report to have seen natural paintings upon these quartzes almost as marvellous as that of Pyrrhus, though not so charged with figures. Aldrovandi had seen a very perfect Madonna and Child thus depicted, and those who are curious to know all the deceptions practised by agates on the human eye, will find in Pancicroli all that has been seen, feigned, or fancied. Besides these and a variety of ribboned, zoned, and eyed agates, known both to the ancient and modern world. Pliny has described, under the name of *lapis enhydros*, a white semi-transparent pebble which, when shaken, is seen to be traversed throughout its cancellated structure by a liquid like the glaire of an egg. These stones can be none other than those small globes of chalcedony found in the neighbourhood of Vicenza, which are polished and made up into rings, the water from the little chambers occasionally escaping during the process of setting. The *haminites*, that Pliny describes as like the spawn of a fish, is an agate of which Corsi has seen ancient specimens at Rome, thus 'establishing the fact that there is a quartzose as well as a calcareous oolite.' Fine agates are found in many European countries, but the preference, as usual, is always given to the Oriental kinds; Sicily, however, which has been supposed to have given its name to the agate, from a river, anciently called Achates (now Drillo or Del Noto) produced, and yet produces very beautiful specimens; with these the ancient world were well acquainted. One of the staterooms in Hiero's famous ship was lined with them; and we know of none more beautiful than those obtained near Palermo, which are there offered in large quantities for sale, cut into various ornaments, but principally into knife and fork handles.

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* These tree-like appearances are formed under water, and ramify much in the way that water shoots into crystals as it freezes on the surface of glass; and are occasioned by the anastomosing of converging lines of metallic particles traversing the interior of the agate.

† Mocha stones are supposed to come over from the same site as the coffee so called, but this is a mistake: 'L'original de ce mot, est due à une expression patois des mineurs Saxes qui disent, *moch* pour mousse, moss, ainsi *moch-stein* signifie pierre de mousse et on a dit par corruption mocha-stein d'ou on a fait pierre de Mocha. Mousse se dit en Saxe moch, et moch en Pollonius,' (Millin. *Arch.*) These Mocha stones were much in vogue in costly gold-mounted snuff-boxes of thirty years ago, when as much snuff was used for the nose as powder for the hair; and when, in consequence, laundresses always charged twopence more than at present for washing a gentleman's shirts.

‡ Pliny.

ONYX.

Few, if any, ring-stones show off on the finger to greater advantage than a fine onyx. This is a semi-pellucid stone, of a compact flinty texture, and takes a fine polish: it is composed of two layers, one opaque and white, the other semi-transparent, and admitting a considerable variety of different shades of brown, grey, or blue*.

No description can be more accurate than that of Theophrastus, who thus concisely defines it, τὸ δ᾽ὀνύχιον μικτὴ λευκῷ καὶ φαιῷ παρ᾽ ἄλληλα. The alternate layers form beautiful zones, which are laid with the greatest regularity; and of these engravers taking advantage, cut figures in relief on one layer, and make the other the field or back-ground which is to set off the figures. Some of the most famous ancient cameos are on Oriental onyx; conspicuous amongst which is the apotheosis of Augustus on a stone of four layers, of the extraordinary dimensions of eleven inches by nine.† The cabinet of medals of the Imperial Library at Paris, contains a very fine onyx cameo‡ representing Jupiter, mounted in the heavy setting of Charles the Fifth's day. In the fourteenth century (which was more monkish than classical), Jupiter and his eagle were supposed to be St. John and his eagle, and 'this mistake,' says Mr. Labarte, 'will account for the introduction of the legend it bears—namely, the first words of the Gospel of that evangelist surrounding the stone; and for the stone itself being set in a reliquary.' Many others might be cited, for every dactylotheca, however small, always contains several onyx intaglios, and generally a sprinkling of cameos as well, which last are for the most part well executed: our own boasts of several of both kinds. Many noble cups, with figures cut in relief, or into which gems are fixed, were made of this variety of agate; one of these, called 'Ptolemy's cup,' mounted in gold, and enriched with emeralds, beryls, &c., used to be shown in the Abbey of St. Denys, but it has lately been transferred to Paris.

We learn the high estimation in which this stone was held, not only from classical writers in their own time, but at a period much anterior. In Job it is called the precious onyx. Moses was commanded to take two *onyx* stones, and to grave on them the names of the children of Israel according to their birth, with the work of an engraver in stone, like the engraving of a signet. And, finally. Solomon in estimating wisdom, after declaring 'no mention shall be made of coral nor of pearls, for the price of it is above rubies,' goes on to say, 'it cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the *precious onyx*, or with the sapphire, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.'

The range of the onyx is wide; some very good ones are occasionally met with in England; but Arabia, the East and West Indies, that ἔθνος μέγιστον τῶν παντῶν καὶ ἐνδαιμονεστατον, which Strabo here calls by its true name, exhibit the finest specimens at present known.

SARDONYX.

This differs from the last-mentioned stone in the colour and number of its layers; the alternate zones which are two in the onyx, are three in the sardonyx, according to that line in Martial,

Sardonycha verum lineisque ter cinctum;

'whereof one is white, another dark, and the third of a beautiful reddish brown,' which *last* is characteristic of the stone. Few ring stones were more coveted than this, and the sardonychated hand of the Latin epigrammatist§ indicated the man of ways and means. Many fine sardonyx intaglios and cameos, of noble size and workmanship (like those of the Sainte Chapelle) have

* The Arabian name for Onyx is said to express distinct hues, of which white is the predominating one.

† This gem is in the Bibliothèque Royale; with many other splendid specimens in the Cabinet des Antiques.

‡ This word (says Ducange) which occurs so early as the fourteenth century, is written Camaseu—meaning, an imitation made by means of a single colour, varied only by the effects of chiaroscuro.'

§ Sardonychata manus. (Martial.)

come down to us. Polycrates' ring (515 B.C.), which was long afterwards set in a golden horn, and suspended by order of Augustus in the Temple of Concord at Rome, was, according to Pliny, a sardonyx, though Herodotus calls it an emerald. Scipio Africanus introduced the sardonyx from Africa into general use at Rome, and after him the Emperor Claudius revived the taste and set the fashion of engraving these agates for seals, as they were found less adhesive than most stones to Roman sealing-wax, while they might show themselves without disadvantage on the same finger with diamonds and emeralds,

> Sardonychas, smaragdos, adamantas, jaspidas,
> Uno portat in articulo Stella.

Large specimens were let into the tops of costly tables,

> Sardonychas veras mensâ quæsierit in omni;

or like the onyx, were inserted into the flooring of some sumptuous hall, to be trodden underfoot by the wealthy possessor and his guests,

> Calcatusque tuo sub pede lucet onyx.

It was also largely and lavishly employed to make ornamental vases and drinking-cups; the Brunswick vase, a magnificent cup belonging to the King of Naples, affords the fullest evidence of its capabilities for such purposes.

Whether onyx came to Rome from India, as Boettiger, or from Africa, as Eckhel supposes, is not clearly proved; but as it is a stone which has been long used by the Indians for adorning their sword-hilts, and for beads for the neck, and as the Carthaginians were familiar with it in Scipio's time, it may possibly have been derived from both Asia and Africa.

NICCOLO.

There is a sober quaker-coloured stone, a kind of onyx, presenting a field of light lavender-blue, and a dark interior, to which the ancients were not a little partial; it is now called niccolo. Specimens, with fine intaglios, are to be seen in most private collections, as well as in every sale of antiques. We possess an Esculapius, and sundry other pretty engravings in this stone.

PLASMA.

This, the smaragdus Cyprius (Cyprian emerald of Pliny), was of three kinds,—viz., dark green, light green, and green with yellow streaks, a distinction which modern lapidaries continue to make. It is called plasma by the Italians and others. Millin derives this word from *prasius* (leek), hence *prasina gemma* or *prasina*, hence *prasma*, then *euphoniæ gratiâ*, *plasma;* Corsi, however, thinks the word *plasma* not a corruption, but the name originally applied to it, as this stone was supposed to be the matrix of the emerald, a genesis implied by the word itself.* It is of a bright sea-green hue, and much used by the engravers. Pliny describes it as one of the many emeralds found in the vicinity† of the copper mines of Cyprus, from whence the specimens continually dug up at Rome were probably derived, and of which the entire surface of the *paliotto*, or altar facings of *la prima capella*, is composed in St. Andrea della Valle. It is now a rare mineral; but Corsi mentions that an English mineralogist had found it native in the Tyrol. Two very fine intaglios (Mars and Diana hunting), cited by Natter, and once belonging to Dr. Mead, are plasmas. We have one or two almost as beautiful in colour as the emerald itself in our own small collection (though these are not absolutely free from darker specks, which somewhat rob the stones of their beauty), particularly a noble head of a Roman Galeata; an eagle's head, equally noble in its way; a Flora scattering flowers, &c.

Two other green stones under this section are to be mentioned as occasionally employed by the ancients,—the lapis prasius, or leek-stone, so called from its colour,

* The ancients supposed that all gems were elaborated from a substance less noble than themselves, which partook of the same colour, but was less perfectly defecated from impurities, and out of which they grew; thus, amethystine rock crystal was considered the matrix out of which the gem, so called, sprung; the emerald from the plasma; and so of all other gems.

† Haüy.

which exactly matches the leek; and chrysoprasius, the modern chrysophras, which is a beautiful variety, where the clear green is dashed with a bright yellow tint, as of transparent gold. Pliny, describing it, says, 'It somewhat resembles the topaz, in consequence of certain golden particles which are to be seen permeating the interior; both these stones were found in the neighbourhood of the Nile: of the latter the larger pieces were employed to make a species of drinking-cups, called, from their boat-like shape, Cymbæ.'

THE CORNELIAN.

The Cornelian is a species of quartz-agate, always of one only, but not always of the same colour;* cloudy or clear, semi-transparent, of a fine compact grain, varying in hardness,† and exhibiting, when broken, a fracture almost vitreous in appearance. Pliny speaks of the great variety of hue in these stones; nor, indeed, can any mineral be cited which displays a greater range. Seifascites, an Arabian lithologist, whom Corsi quotes, has described five principal kinds of cornelian, viz. the red, carnation, azure, black, and white; and between these are to be found almost all the intermediate tints. The division adopted by our own jewellers, viz. red, white, yellow, and beryl cornelians, is not very different.

The *red* cornelian, which occurs everywhere, was considered by the ancients, according to its lighter or darker hue, to be a male or female stone; specimens of pure *white* cornelian were always held in high esteem, their grain being fine and compact, and their hardness considerable; the hue, however, is not perfectly white, but rather what we call pearl colour — white with a slight admixture of blue. The *yellow* is a very beautiful stone, often of a flame colour, and more transparent than any of the former. The last named variety, or *beryl* cornelian, is of a much deeper dye than any of the others, also much harder and more clear.‡ Besides the above, there are three subordinate species, but still sufficiently beautiful, viz. the brown cornelian (*C. Fuscus*) of Cronstadt; the dotted (*C. Stigmatis*, of Wallerenus); and the veiny (*C. Lineatus*) of the same author. As regards the best localities for cornelians, the ancients set most store on specimens from India, which were red, and attained, according to Pliny, a size sufficient to form sword-hilts; such hypertrophied specimens, however, were very rare. Those from Persia are now reckoned the finest, both for their dye and gemmeous brilliancy: Chinese cornelians are also very beautiful stones, of a bright flesh colour, which is occasionally flecked with delicate white nebulæ. Those from Egypt are of a dark coral red; the yellow species occurs principally in the East Indies, but occasionally it is found in Bohemia. Of the veined cornelian (the sort generally imported into England) Hill mentions that he had seen almost as fine specimens from Scotland as any that occur in the East.

If all that the ancients tell us could be implicitly relied on, they had discovered a secret almost as well worth knowing as that of the transmutation of metals: it was that of clarifying cloudy cornelians, and so making Orientals of them all. Pliny gives the process, but the process does not give the result; it was simply this recipe: Of cloudy cornelians as many as you happen to have, and of Corsican honey as much as will cover them; stew over a slow fire till the acrimony of the honey has penetrated into the substance of the stones; then take them out, wipe, and sell them for Orientals, as nobody will know the difference!'

* It may, however, be flecked with white.

† Sometimes it is nearly as hard as a gem, and is then itself beautiful as a gem; at other times much less hard. This difference is strikingly exhibited in ancient cornelian intaglios, some of which time-honoured pebbles exhibit the high polish which Aulus and Dioscorides' fingers impressed upon them, unabated and unscratched; whilst others, and by far the greater part, are lustreless, worn, and present a time-eaten granulous surface, showing their antiquity.

‡ One of the finest engraved cornelians known, is that of the muse Polyhymnia in the Collegio Romano, which has the splendour, brilliancy, and tint of the garnet.

The moderns, either from not using the proper honey, or from not stewing the stones sufficiently, have looked rather foolish on wiping the pebbles to find them, invariably, not sensibly affected by the coction.* The derivation of the word Sardius, as also of its modern equivalent, cornelian, are alike unsatisfactory; affording, as usual in all doubtful nomenclatures, a choice of difficulties only, with no adequate reason for a preference. Sardius, say the philhellenic etymologizers, comes (they don't show how) from the Greek word *σαρξ*, flesh; a reddish flesh colour being in fact the prevailing hue of this stone;† others suppose Sardius to be merely a topographical adjective designating their native country, which some refer to the island of Sardinia, others to Sardis in Lydia, sites famous in their fancies at least for these pretty pebbles. Epiphanius, who is followed by Corsi, thinks the stone sardius is named after a red fish so called; but who shall say (admitting the similarity of hue might give a plausible colour to such derivation) which of the two gave the name to the other—the stone to the fish or the fish to the stone? With regard to the modern word, those who do not stick at deriving sardius from *σαρξ*, affirm cornelian to be only a corruption of *car*nelian from *caro, carnis* (flesh), and explain it to be an homonym with the Greek sardius, flesh stone: in spite of which we will not lightly risk our reputation in *Fraser* for correct spelling by altering the usually received form of the word, which, in fact, we consider to be the right one. The Sardius has, in all ages of the world, enjoyed a high reputation amongst ornamental stones. It stands first in the list of those which adorned the high-priest's breast-plate of judgment, and though not so much celebrated by the poets of antiquity as agates and sardonyxes, was an incomparably more common stone for Greek and Roman intaglios, than these or any other λίθος or lapis. The number picked up from day to day by the peasantry of Italy, Greece, and Egypt, in unabating abundance, after the lapse of many centuries, is truly surprising. Let the classical tourist go where he will to explore ancient sites or to see ruins, many hundred engraved stones, during a no very long peregrination, will doubtless be offered to him on such spots, and by far the major part of these will be cornelian intaglios. His experience would be the same if he made the *giro* of the principal museums and large private collections of wealthy virtuosi. Wherever *pietre fine* are exhibited at home or abroad, amidst the miscellanies of the window, under the sign of the three gold balls in London, in the shops of the salesmen *antiquarii* at Rome, in the splendid *étalages* of the great jewellers of the Palais Royal, or in the refuse drawers of the orefici of Florence or old Naples, in his friend's dactylotheca or his own, he will not fail to make the two following observations: firstly, that the ancients engraved a far greater number of cornelians than of any other stones; and secondly, that some of the very finest intaglios are in cornelian. With regard to the relative frequency of their employment for seal stones, we should say, judging from the show they everywhere make in those collections we are most familiar with—from our own manipulus of two hundred intaglios, and from an inspection with this view of some of the larger illustrated works on gems, and of catalogues descriptive of them—that of intaglios and cameos included, more than one-third, and of intaglios exclusive of cameos more than one-half, of the whole are cornelians; thus the ancients must have had their 'Cornelian Johns' in abundance.‡ As to merit, by far the greater part of these stones are possessed of none, nor the intaglios perpetrated upon them of more. Everything vile in art has been

* Caylus cites a process of Barrier for investing cornelian with a white coat, but it has not succeeded in other hands. Beckman observes that some of his cornelian intaglios presented such a coating. We have noticed the same, and believe it to be the result of fire; as, however, the stones have lost all their beauty, the process, if artificial, is certainly not worth repeating.

† The Hebrew name for the cornelian is said to designate such a redness.

‡ Giovanni delli Corniolé, a celebrated Italian artist; so called from his engraving little else but cornelians.

'done' in cornelian, and no lover of intaglios but knows how many scores of worthless *corniole* he has at once repudiated, or having purchased without time to inspect, has been fain afterwards to reject from his cabinet, lest they should bring discredit upon his other stones. But though many, perhaps most, cornelians, in spite of the boasted receipt of the ancients for clarifying, are cloudy, and the artist's skill is not found to have added any glyptic graces to their lithic ugliness, many pretty, some fine, and a few almost unique capi d'operi occur in this stone, as we have said. In Natter's beautiful and select anthology of gems (whereof, by the way, nearly one-half are cornelians) occur thirty *chefs d'œuvre* by great masters, who flourished at home under Alexander, were naturalized at Rome under Augustus, or lived between these dates in either country, some of whom have indelibly associated their name and fame

With heroic strength and grace that never dies;

with that of some fair nymphs in transparent robes, too small to be immodest; or with mighty heroes and demigods, whose commanding attitude and purpose want no greater corporeal development than that here accorded to them by the engraver. We subjoin below* a list of the subjects of some of these interesting gems, together with that of their possessors, past or present. The two last bear the names of two of the greatest of the old masters, Dioscorides and Sostratus. Natter thus describes the last:—

Cette Victoire à demi nue qui tue un bœuf et qui est gravé sur une tres belle cornaline avec le nom de CΩCTPATOY est indubitablement antique, et ne cede point en merite au Mercure de Dioscoride. Dans les gemmes précédentes la draperie est distribué de manière qu'elle ni touche ni ne couvre la figure. Il fallait être Sostrate pour avoir la hardiesse et l'habilité, d'habiller à moitié cette Victoire si legerement, que sa nudité n'en souffre en aucune façon; Ce qui est' (he adds), un excellent modèle à imiter en fait d'habillement et de nudité, et un beau monument de l'art et de la dexterité de ce grand artiste, rien n'etait si difficile qu'une gravure de ce genre dans un si petit espace.

'Nature,' says Pliny, 'is most admirable in her smallest productions;' taking, of course, intelligent naturalists as judges. In the same way the connoisseur, as he contemplates some wonderfully fine production of thought and model of execution, concentrated almost on a half inch of matter, is constrained, as he beholds all the excellence of highest sculpture represented, not in pale, cold marble, but in the warm, flesh-coloured, transparent gem, to confess that the glyptic art here copying nature, has reached the height of human attainments in the witchery of a fine Greek intaglio. Though it is permitted nowadays to none but noblemen and others of long purses to buy 'gran belle cose' of long-tongued dealers, with heads as long, yet a man of very moderate means, if with a taste and turn for these little understood pygmean treasures, may, by setting properly to work, accomplish his object, and come home after a few years' sojourn in the south, with a small dactylotheca containing some very pleasing specimens of the art, and possibly one or two rarities as well: and he will, if his selection has been made with any care, find himself possessed of objects far more beautiful and improving than those *fade* green (bronze) lizards with pens stuck in their mouths, meretricious brown shell Hebes, Irish Nero-antico columns, trashy mosaics, and other the usual *spolia opima* with which our countrymen are commonly content to come laden to England. In our own small collection, one-fourth of which are cornelians, a few may be noticed, *en passant*, as interesting from workmanship or subject. The first

* Anubis. Natter.
Harpocrates. Ibid.
Rape of Helen. Baron Stosch.
Æneas, Anchises, and Iulus. Ibid.
Soldier behind a shield.
Achilles wounded.
Three soldiers.
Otriades. Prince of Orange.
Otriades. Baron Stosch.
Marianna. Lord Duncannon.
Young Hercules. Lord Bentinck.
Man with Goat before an altar. Lord Carlisle.
Harvest. Natter.
Mercury. *Dioscorides*. Lord Carlisle.
A Victory sacrificing an Ox. Ibid.

is a fine bold head of Mæcenas, of which statesman — though several supposed portraits have been occasionally announced—it is believed by Visconti that there are but two authentic, of which he gives the outlines, accompanied with a recognised bust of the same great man, in the title-page of an interesting monograph published on the subject. Our own stone is larger than either of the others; all are remarkable for their likeness one to another, and for their common likeness to the bust. The face is that of a man of fifty; the features are large and expressive, but somewhat coarse; the head bald in front, but the parietal and occipital portions tolerably supplied with hair; the ears are large; the eyes have beetling brows; the nose is aquiline, almost to psittacine; there is a singular depression in the middle of the forehead, which forms quite a notch; while near the crown, whereabouts phrenologists place the organ of veneration, the head is somewhat flattened. The cornelian on which this head is cut is a brown transparent stone, and we believe the *C. Fuscus* of Cronstadt. 2nd, A pleasing little figure of Jupiter, standing very stately, with a glowing thunderbolt in his hand ready to throw. 3rd, A spirited nag's head and crest, recalling those noblest specimens of horseflesh in the Metopes from the Parthenon. 4th, A figure in the Etruscan or old Greek style, bearing a branch in the right and an amphora diota in his left, with the letters *στοιχ*. 5th, A beautiful fragment of a profile of Medusa (Mœstuosa), with drooping eye, in fine Greek style, which we picked out from a drawer of rubbish at an *orefice's* at Rimini. 6th, A full-faced Medusa, with the features goaded into fierceness by the hissing monsters which wriggle amidst the coils of her hair. 7th, A *puttino's* two-third face in relief, on a cornelian as bright as a garnet. 8th, A Hercules reposing from his labours, not after the manner of ordinary mortals, but standing in the attitude of Curl and his associates for the second prize offered by the Goddess of Dulness to her favourites in the *Dunciad*, q. v. 9th, A beautiful female face, a fragment, indebted to a jeweller at Rome for a gold skull-cap. 10th, A figure bearing an amphora in the early Greek or Etruscan style; the margin of this stone is crimped. 11th, A warrior with two heads; that on his shoulders is looking intently at another in his hand; a headless man in mail lies at his feet, on whose chest the standing figure plants a firm heel. 12th, A fine portrait of an Indian Bacchus, who, though venerable from his beard, looks fuddled in spite of the care with which he has elaborately interwoven his temples with an ivy wreath by way of antidote, but evidently it is put on too late. 13th, A fine head of Seneca. 14th, Another fragment; a hero in full armour, in front of a tower, dragging a helmet, the figure to which it belongs being unfortunately lost to the spectator by a flaw in the stone. 15th, Represents a shepherd sitting on the ground, and pulling a goat by the beard. 16th, Another representation of Bacchus (Orthos) supporting Silenus, who is anything but *orthos*, with one arm round the waist of his tipsy friend; who, thus urged on, by a gentle *vis a tergo* points his toe, and tries to put the best leg foremost. Bacchus, proud of his own superior sobriety, is looking round and pointing his finger at the expense of his companion, whose drooping head falls vinously supine over his protecting shoulder.

One famous cornelian deserves mention, as having given occasion to as much discussion and as great diversity of opinion as any object of *virtù*; this was the signet ring of the great Michael Angelo—the only point which seems certainly made out about it; and it has, ever since he possessed it, been familiarly named 'Michael Angelo's cornelian.' That it must have been an antique, as well as a first-rate gem, was assumed by many connoisseurs; for so great a judge would not, said they, have put anything *mediocre* or modern on his finger. The first question agitated was, what might be the subject of the gem; on which there was a great latitude of interpretation amongst adepts, for the encouragement of tyros. Mentour considered it to represent the birth of Bacchus; Tournemine that it was Alexander under the guise of Bacchus, and that the subject was

allusive to the conquest of India; Baudelot announced it as the Athenian feast, Prianepsies, established by Theseus; Mariette simply a vintage, of which the artist ingeniously announces his name by the device of a little fisherman in the corner as Allion, a well-known Greek engraver. To this Mr. Murr very properly demurs; and denying the stone to be an antique at all, gives the following much more probable account of the angler in the exergue, 'who stands,' not for Allion—('What,' he asks, 'could Mr. Mariette be dreaming of?') but logogriphically for Maria de *Pescia*, a celebrated engraver, contemporary with and a great friend of Michael Angelo, who wore it out of affection for the artificer. Raspe's observations on the authorship of this much litigated intaglio are judicious; and such as, could the pygmean piscator open his mouth and speak, he would no doubt affirm to be correct:—

The great *number of figures*, and the whole *composition* of the subject, might (says this author), have suggested very grave and natural doubts of its antiquity: but such has been the blindness and folly of the antiquarians, that no one has hitherto suspected it; and Mariette, though he justly looks upon the little fisherman as significative of some name, blunders egregiously in supposing that it can be that of the Greek engraver *Allion* It is true, indeed, that *alicus* signifies a fisherman, but, with a little knowledge of Greek, Mr. Mariette ought to have known that there is a vast difference between the words *Allion* and *Alicus*, while a very slight attention to the composition of the work would certainly have shown him that it was as far from the *style* of the ancients as the age of Maria de Pescia is remote from that of Allion.

Agreeable as cornelians of the 'old rock' are to the eye, when the stone is oriental, the sex masculine, its size, shape, and thickness convenient, and the engraving good, yet all cut 'corniole' are certainly not ornamental. Thirty years ago, in England, there was a great rage for them, and they were worn by both sexes; then many a little flirt of fifteen wore a cloudy cornelian heart round her neck, of the size and consistence of her own, and told you plainly what you might expect if you attempted to make love to her; which, alas! one did occasionally, in spite of the timely warning; but it was most conspicuously exhibited, setting off thousands of obese paunches, dangling in red bunches, like radishes, three inches below an obsolete side-pocket, called a fob; and jingling at the end of a short, strong-scented bit of brass chain, supposed to be gold; each large, ugly seal-stone was set in a great clumsy bezil, and engraved with some harsh nondescript animal familiar only to heralds, or with the sprawling initials of John, Tom, and Harry, united to the equally interesting surnames of Smith, Brown, and Walker. That age has passed away, and though the children on our eastern coasts pick up thousands of these pebbles, yet no lapidary cares now to buy them; and, save for shirt-studs and shirt-pins, their occupation is entirely gone. Visitors at different watering-places collect, but to lay them aside; there is, however, one purpose to which they may be put with advantage, and that is, to strew at the bottom of salt-water vivaria, when, being naturally hydrophanous, the water brings out their beauty, and the various hues of colour greatly embellish the live stock and weeds with which they are enclosed.

FELDSPATHS.

Next to the quartzes, of which we have been speaking, occur the feldspaths, whose characteristic is to have a laminated texture. This formation renders them resplendent and iridescent, even without the aid of the politor. They are found in masses, mixed with other substances. 'The word feldspath,' says Corsi, 'means the splendour of the fields.' Is it not rather a corruption of the German *felz spath*, the shining rock or stone? Little or no use was made of these stones for intaglios or cameos, on account of their schistose texture, which, in spite of considerable hardness, rendered them liable to crepitate at every stroke of the engraving tools. Corsi has identified one or two with ancient stones, which we mention on that account, and also because, though rarely, some of them have been engraved. The stone called 'lunar,' from its reflecting a silvery light like the moon, is manifestly that which Pliny calls *lapis astoros*, and describes as a pale stone found in India, which shines after the manner of a full moon. Mineralogists call this stone adalaria, because it was first found by

Professor Pini on the St. Gothard, which belongs to the range of Alps anciently called Adula. It is much like crystal, tinctured of a delicate yellow by the moon, when looked at vertically, but scanned horizontally, it shows like mother-of-pearl, reflecting, when turned about, the colours red, green, and violet. The finest specimens, according to Haüy, come from Ceylon. The gorgeous stone called of Labrador, generally found under water, and which, having no colour of its own, makes (when the sun or any artificial light strikes it at an obtuse angle with the eye) a kaleidoscope of a hundred brilliant hues, is with no less certainty the lapis mithrax of Pliny, which was brought from Persia and the mountains of the Red Sea, but comes now from a variety of different sites, whereof the most famous is the island of St. Paul, on the coast of Labrador, though it occurs also in Russia and in Italy, in the neighbourhood of Vicenza. The beautiful modern stone called amazon, after the river Amazon, in America, had its representative in the smaragdus calcedonius of Pliny, as that author's description, with Corsi's comments and exposition of the passage, must convince every one who will carefully con it over. In spite of this, however, as no specimen had been found near Rome, the evidence was incomplete, till the late excellent and accomplished nobleman, the Marquis of Northampton, first disinterred it in that neighbourhood in 1826, and removed the only plausible objection that could be made to the conclusion arrived at by that eminent Italian lithologist, from whom we have had occasion so largely to quote. The following is his notice of this important discovery:—

Nell' anno 1826 stando egli in Tivoli tentò uno scavamento nel luogo ove si crede che fosse la villa di M. Vopisco ivi trovò molti pezzi de Amazzone simile a quella di America; sembra che fossero frammenti di una quelche base o di statua o di colonna perche alcuni di essi sono formati en angolo retto, ma ciò che merita maggior osservazione si è che tutt' i frammenti sono piu o meno scolpiti è rappresentano geroglifici egiziani.

Though the above feldspaths were not, as far as know, cut into rings, there was one, the last we shall mention, our cat's eye—called by the ancients Belus' eye, because the Assyrians consecrated it to this particular divinity. Pliny describes two species, the commoner sort, vitreous in appearance, and of the size of an acorn; the second scintillating with a golden light, and having a dark pupil in the centre of a white cornea; which last kind is so rare, that according to Teifascites, all other precious stones cost less than this, and Ismael Salamet paid, we read, for one set in a ring, *sette cento danari elefantini*, and sold it afterwards to the Prince of Yemen for just double that price. This, when it is found at all, is generally in Ceylon. In Pliny's day, Roman specimens came from Arbela, a city of Persia.

MOLOCHITES—MALACHITE.

There can be no doubt that the ancient molochites and our malachite are the same substance. The Latin name is derived from a word signifying 'the mallow,'—a plant to the green colour of which this beautiful substance generally assimilates itself—though there are malachites found of all shades of green. This interesting production is a stalagmite formed from the droppings of water highly charged with copper in solution, and of so heavy a specific gravity, from the quantity of metal it contains, that we may, in fact, regard it rather as a metal than as a stone. Its appearance is well known to most persons; when cut in slates, the colouring matter is seen to form beautiful concentric circles of different shades of green, sometimes bearing a resemblance to the turquoise, sometimes to the lapis lazzuli; white veins occasionally traverse it. The Russians, who obtain it from Siberia, possess the finest specimens known. The sumptuous verdant doors, whose beautiful and polished surface deservedly attracted so much attention in the Exhibition of 1851, were perhaps as fine as can be seen anywhere, even in Russia, whence they came. The ancients procured their molochites from Arabia and China; it was always a substance held in high esteem, from the facility with which

it could be worked (' *Tenerissima al taglio,*' as Corsi observes), and from its admitting of being cut in relief by the simplest tools. There is no doubt it was so treated by the ancients; but the great frangibility of the material has prevented any specimens coming down to us in the form of cameos.

CALAMITA—THE MAGNET.

The magnet, which was formerly considered a mineral substance, and continuing in our own day to be best known as the lode-*stone*, is, in fact, a protoxide of iron to which molecules of stony matter may adhere accidentally. This was often engraved. There is a curious specimen of a small one in the Collegio Romano encircled with hieroglyphics and presenting an unexhausted and still energetic action at its opposite poles. The Greek names for the magnet—for, like the diamond, it seems, at diff'rent periods, to have possessed two—were Ηρακλεια λιθος, the Heraclean stone, thus named after the city of Heraclea, in Lydia, as Hesychius distinctly informs us, Κέκληται δὲ ὅυτος ἀπο τῆς Ἡρακλείας τῆς ἐν Λυδία πολεως; and Μαγνητις λιθος; by which the more ancient Greeks understood a talcy stone of the ollaris kind; the later, the lodestone, which was named like its talcy predecessor, from Magnesia, in Lydia, whence it was brought. Magnets are now known to occur everywhere in the neighbourhood of iron mines, and consequently we have them in England. 'Not long since,' says the accomplished translator and commentator of Theophrastus, 'I found a fragment of one of these stones which would take up a small needle within half-a-mile of London.' An amusing mistake; but no doubt a transposition of words, occasioned by *magnetism* after the types were set. The original sentence must have run thus:—'I found a fragment of stone within two miles of London, that could take up a small needle, &c.' Theophrastus was of opinion that magnets were rare, and found in very few places.

OBSIDIAN.

The mines of Æthiopia, and the island of Lipari, produced a substance closely resembling stone, but in reality a volcanic product, described by the ancients under the name of obsidian from one Obsidius, says Pliny, who first turned it to account, or because, says St. Isidore, it reflects images. Whatever be its etymology, says Corsi, there can be no doubt of the high estimation in which it was held, since the jurisconsulte Pomponius writes, that it was reputed almost as a gem; and, indeed, Pliny treats of it in his chapter expressly devoted to precious stones. Teifascites describing it under the Arabian name of Sabag, says it is subject to liquefaction, intensely black, but so brilliant and resplendent as to make a perfect mirror. His commentator, Ranieri, adds, that it is a volcanic glass, very brilliant and hard. In consequence of its reflecting properties the Corinthians frequently made it into looking-glasses, and sometimes the walls of their apartments were ornamented, like our own, with sheets of it for mirrors. In spite of its reputation, we cannot say that it equals our own plate-glass, with a good amalgam of quicksilver at the back. No Belinda who had ever seen herself in an obsidian speculum, however fine, would consent to exchange the Psyche in front of which Betty arranges her coiffure, for the finest slab ever possessed by a Roman Augusta; nor any gentleman not humbugged by Warren into believing that—

Blacking when brought to a wonderful pass,
Displays a man's face in his boot as in glass,

would ever think of invoking the aid of obsidian to help him to shave. This volcanic glass must have occurred in very large masses, since we read in Pliny that his predecessors had beheld with astonishment four elephants carved in obsidian (he does not specify the size), which were introduced into Rome in the time of Augustus, and also of a Greek statue of Menelaus, fetched by Tiberius from Greece, wrought in the same material. We have never met with any specimens of engraved obsidian; the principal (if not only purpose to which it was put by the ancients) being for the mirrors we have mentioned above.

C. D. B.

COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE FAR EAST.

IT is a fact established on the indisputable authority of the returns of the Board of Trade, that ever since 1850, the British shipping round the Cape of Good Hope has shown an annual increase of at least one hundred thousand tons. The road round the Cape of course is the road to India, Australia, and China, and to other colonies and independent countries, which have not, up to the present time, become either familiar or important enough to the British public to bear us out in the task of enumerating them. They may be accurately laid down in maps, with their sea-boards, mountains, and rivers marked most distinctly; and a good deal concerning them may be known to Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society. But they belong to the pioneers of science rather than to the sphere of hardy, plodding, practical life. Some time ago, the newspapers announced the probable arrival, one day or other, of an elephant of a peculiar colour, and other presents rich and rare, sent by the King of Siam to her Majesty. Who, until this announcement excited the hope of admiring this elephant in the Zoological Gardens, knew of or cared for Siam? That kingdom has faded from the minds of Europeans, ever since its Twins became matter for history and the fireside tales of old men.* And as it is with Siam, so it is with many other mighty kingdoms and island-covered seas in the Eastern World. We know of their existence. We know that there are mountains in the moon. The strangest portions of *Les Mariages du Père Olifus* are not the fables of that persevering mermaid who hunts her faithless husband from Monnikendam to Cochin China; but the accounts of the manners and customs, the produce and *trade* of Madagascar, Ceylon, Negombo, Goa, Calicut, Manilla, and Bidondo, and the other coast-towns and islands visited by Olifus in quest of a wife. The Far East—in contradistinction to the Near East—for the integrity of which we went to war with Russia — contains a population of six hundred millions of people, or perhaps more; and of these, one hundred millions at most can be said to be in correspondence with the manufacturing and raw produce-consuming countries of Europe and America, and even of their correspondence the greater portion is of very recent date. The rise and progress of the East India Company, from the first establishment of their factory to the present day, is too well known to claim more than a passing allusion. Our Indian empire over one hundred millions of subjects, and fifty millions of tributaries and allies, more or less ripe for annexation, is the great civilizing fact of the last hundred years. Within the last thirty years, the three hundred and fifty millions of people inhabiting China have been put in communication with us, and we are now witnessing what may be called the small beginnings of trade with the Chinese Empire. Australia, with its rapidly-increasing European population, has risen, so to speak, under our very eyes. Japan has just been opened, but its exploration has not even commenced. In short, the whole of the Far East is, as it were, just opening to us. The idea has been abandoned, that the Eastern trade must be limited to gold, ivory, spices, and dyeing stuffs, silk, tea, coffee, rice, and tobacco. Cotton is expected from India, and Australian wool has wrought the almost utter confusion of the sheep of Germany and Spain. Some time ago, Dr. Forbes Royle published a very valuable book on the fibrous plants of India. Indian railways have already commenced bringing many portions of the interior within the sphere of our commercial activity. Indian railways will no doubt supply us with new sorts of produce for new kinds of manufactures, while the staple produce of our manufacturing districts will, from year to year, make

* We are promised, however, some enlightenment upon it in the work announced for publication by Sir John Bowring, who last year went on a special mission from Hong Kong to the two Kings of Siam.

its way further into the interior, and subject province after province to the beneficent taxation of Manchester and Leeds. It is true that in 'cloudless climes and sunny skies' the mass of the people have few wants, and those easily satisfied. A thousand Indians or Cingalese are not likely to become purchasers to the same extent as an equal number of Europeans; but their chief strength is in numbers. A great commercial authority* speculates on the by no means improbable case of the people of India and China—about five hundred millions—becoming purchasers of British manufacture, each man to the extent of one shilling per year; and he calculates that even this seemingly insignificant amount would produce an annual increase of twenty-five millions of pounds in our exports. This anticipation of the future of our Eastern trade is in daily progress towards realization: witness the steady increase of the tonnage of British shipping in the route to India and the Far East.

Most marvellous is this extension of our trade with the East, if considered in conjunction with a fact too notorious to attract observation or invite comment. We allude to the enormous distance which separates this country from the nearest Indian ports; that is to say, the distance is between eleven and twelve thousand miles. Ships have to sail round the continent of Africa, on seas whose calms and storms imperatively demand the use of steam power. But steam, as is well known, is out of the question in a route in which the distances between the coaling stations are so enormous that a steamer, instead of carrying merchandize, cannot be expected to carry anything but its own coals. It is this peculiarity of the ship route to India which, more than any other cause, has contributed to limit the number of the steamers of our commercial navy. East Indiamen, once for all, are sailing-ships. It is true that within the last few years, the urgent commercial wants of Australia have led to the introduction, on the route round the Cape, of clipper-ships, fitted with an auxiliary screw; and it is not the less true that some of these ships have, under favourable circumstances, made very quick passages. But these are the exceptions. The rule is, that ships bound for the Far East carry sails only, and that their passages out and home are slow and very uncertain. But so overpowering is the vitality of our trade with the East, that, in spite of all these obstacles and disadvantages, that trade is steadily and rapidly progressing to stupendous dimensions, and that—we repeat it—its present increase is understated at one hundred thousand tons per year.

A trade so prosperous and promising makes of course corresponding demands upon our enterprise and ingenuity. The problem of steam communication with the East is at this present moment in the act of solution, since, as all the world knows, a gigantic steamer, fit to carry a sufficiency of coals and goods, is building in the Thames. But that steamer, and half-a-dozen similar or even larger ones, can only be so many exceptions to the general rule of sailing ships demanded by the route round Africa. It is not difficult to calculate the comparatively small proportion of the carrying trade, which, owing to their necessarily limited numbers, they could undertake. Our imports and exports from the seas beyond the Cape, amounted in 1853 to 1,401,284 tons. At this moment they can be safely quoted at 1,700,000 tons. What per centage of this enormous tonnage are six steamers like the one now building at Millwall expected to carry? Ensuring, as no doubt they will do, priority and certainty of arrival, they will have full cargoes at advanced rates of freight, and thus they will prove successful speculations. But from the capital required for their construction and management, they must always be exceptions to the rule which makes the passage round the Cape impracticable for steam navigation.

One advantage which these leviathan steamers might have conferred in our communications with the

* Mr. Anderson, Chairman of the East India Company.

East is already forestalled. They will effect no acceleration in the conveyance of intelligence, of wealthy passengers, and high-priced merchandize, capable of bearing heavy freights. This part of our correspondence with the East is effectively carried out by the Overland Indian and Australian mail, and by the electric telegraph across Egypt to India.

That line of telegraphs, now in course of completion, promises to bring the East, in all that concerns the transmission of intelligence, to our very doors. The steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental, and those of the New Australian Company, plying between India, Australia, and Suez, and between Southampton and Alexandria, provide a quick voyage and safe arrival for the *élite* of passengers and merchandize, for the chosen few, and the rich and rare goods which can bear the charges of that route. But neither leviathan steamers ploughing the sea in the route round the Cape at the rate of twenty knots per hour, nor steamers embarking and disembarking their passengers and cargo at Alexandria and Suez, can make good what has become a pressing necessity, a want of the age—namely, a quicker and shorter communication for the generality of passengers, and the bulk of goods, than is at present obtainable by means of sailing ships making their uncertain way round the Cape.

Two modes of effecting this communication have of late been urged upon the public notice. The one—the scheme of the Suez canal—is promoted by Mons. de Lesseps, a gentleman eminent in diplomacy, well acquainted and intimately connected with the East. Mons. de Lesseps, taking for his basis the overland route first opened by our countryman, Mr. Waghorn, proposes to effect a junction of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean by breaking through the Isthmus of Suez, so that ships sailing from the European and Eastern ports can pass from England to India, from India to England, without stoppage and without transshipment of their cargoes. He has in this undertaking the cordial cooperation of Mehemet Said, the new Viceroy of Egypt—a prince who, ever since his accession to power, has manifested a strong desire to open the country he governs to the civilizing influence of European commerce. The site of the proposed canal has been closely surveyed by the Viceroy's engineers, the correctness of whose observations has been confirmed by a commission of eminent engineers from all countries of Europe. This commission, in which England was represented by Mr. MacClean, has pronounced that the undertaking is easy of execution; and that its cost, including the construction of a harbour near Pelusium, and the improvement of the harbour of Suez, will not exceed £8,000,000. According to M. de Lesseps' programme, the toll on ships passing through this canal will not exceed ten francs per ton. The canal across the isthmus of Suez would be the shortest ship route to the Eastern seas; it would, for instance, reduce the distance between England and Bombay, as compared to the Cape route, by five thousand three hundred miles, and between England and Calcutta, by five thousand miles. A corresponding shortening of distance would be effected between the Eastern seas, the Mediterranean, and the North American ports; while, according to the emphatic opinion of the most competent naval authorities, the navigation for sailing vessels in the Red Sea—the only difficult portion of the whole voyage—would not be more difficult than the navigation in many latitudes in the route round the Cape. The proposed route would, from the frequency of its coaling stations, favour the introduction of steam into the commercial navy engaged in the Eastern trade; and this circumstance alone would prove of the greatest importance to us, because it would lead to a corresponding development of our coal-fields. Considering all the advantages offered by the proposed canal, M. de Lesseps is fully justified in his anticipations that at least 3,000,000 of tons from the total of tonnage employed in the Eastern trade, would make its way, *viâ* Egypt, instead of proceeding round the Cape; and this amount of tonnage, irrespective of the steady development of that

trade, and the fresh impetus it would receive from the opening of a shorter and safer route, would, at the rate of ten francs per ton, represent a very fair per centage on the capital of £8,000,000. Considered solely from a commercial point of view, the undertaking is sound and promising, full of present advantages, and justifying a hope of still greater advantages in the future.

We hesitate the less in giving utterance to this conviction, as our opinion has the support of the greatest commercial authorities of England and the Continent. The East India Company and the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, have made emphatic declarations in favour of M. de Lesseps' project; the Chambers of Commerce of Marseilles, Genoa, Trieste, and Venice have been unanimous in their approbation, and active in their support of the scheme. The government of Holland, which country is represented in the eastern trade by a tonnage of 335,909 tons, has appointed a commission to consider the means of promoting Dutch commerce by the proposed canal; and our own dependencies of Malta and Mauritius have recorded the most enthusiastic wishes in favour of a project, by which they anticipate a great addition to their prosperity and importance. Nor are these vain demonstrations and *pia vota*. M. de Lesseps affirms that by far the greater part of the £8,000,000 required for the execution of his project has been subscribed by the merchants of various countries; and we know from the official correspondence published in the Austrian newspapers that the Chambers of Commerce of Trieste and Venice have become shareholders to the amount of £1,000,000 in Mons. de Lesseps' 'Universal Company;' while the Viceroy of Egypt, besides the important privileges granted to the company, has become a shareholder to the amount of £1,200,000. We therefore believe that the list of subscriptions, when published, will fully bear out M. de Lesseps' statement concerning the readiness with which the great capitalists of Europe have appreciated the commercial features of his grand undertaking.

The political and social advantages of the scheme are, as it were, foreshadowed by the extension of our influence and the confirmation of our power in the East, since the opening of the present overland route. The conversion of that overland route into a ship route to India and the Far East, would still further extend that influence and confirm that power. It would shorten the time and lessen the expense of the transport of troops to and from our Eastern possessions; it would facilitate emigration and the communication between this country and Australia; it would add to the number and population of our commercial settlements in the outskirts of China.

The other project for the improvement of our communications with the East is the construction of a railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. The scheme is known as that of the 'Euphrates Valley Railway.' It is proposed to carry this railway from Seleucis to Bassorah; but as the surveys of the ground are not yet completed, it is possible that the line will start from Alexandretta instead of from Seleucis. Its length will be about eight hundred miles. No accurate estimate has as yet been made of the cost; but, in a rough computation, the capital required cannot be less than twelve, and may be sixteen, million pounds.

For conveyance on this route a cargo of goods would be conveyed by ship to Seleucis, where the ship would unload, and the goods would have to be transported to the railway, which, in due time, would carry them to Bassorah, where they would again have to be put on shipboard for conveyance to their Indian, Australian, or Chinese port of destination. Those transshipments would, of course, form serious items in the transport charges. Supposing that a company of railway carriers, exercising their trade in the heart of Asiatic Turkey, could afford to transport goods at the same rate of charges as are made by the majority of the Continental railway companies—that is to say, at the rate of ten centimes per ton and per kilometer—the charge for the transport of a ton of goods from the Mediter-

ranean to the Persian Gulf would amount to £4 15*s*. So that there would be freight from England to Seleucis or Alexandretta, railway charges from Seleucis to Bassorah, and freight again from Bassorah to the Eastern port to which the goods are consigned; and over and above all this the charges for transshipment, agencies, and storage. Considering that the cost of railway transport would, in itself, be equal to the amount of freight paid for goods carried in the route round the Cape, it is difficult to understand from what quarter the promoters of the Euphrates Valley Railway expect to obtain the amount of traffic necessary to insure the success of their speculation as a commercial undertaking. The Euphrates Railway will be shorter, but not cheaper; and, indeed, it will be much dearer than the ship route round the Cape. But as there is already a quick and expensive route to the East—the overland route—and as the necessities of the time demand a route which shall combine the advantages of a lesser distance and lower freights, it is difficult to understand what advantages, political or commercial, can be expected from making, at an enormous sacrifice of capital, a new road to India and the East, when a route nearly as short, and certainly not more expensive, already exists through Egypt.

The strong point in favour of the Suez Canal is not the absolute shortening of the distance which separates us from the East. That shortening is already effected by the overland route, and unless we mistake not it will be still more effectually accomplished on the Euphrates Valley Railway, which, when completed, will form the shortest, and, we should say, the easiest, but at the same time the most expensive route to the East. The transshipments and the length of the land transport must always operate as a check upon an extension of our Eastern trade by that route, which, while it enters into competition with the present route through Egypt and the railway from Alexandria to Suez, cannot be expected to direct into its channel a single ton of the goods which at present take their way round the Cape, because they cannot bear the expenses of the overland route. The Suez Canal shortens the voyage to the East by five thousand miles: the Euphrates Railway may possibly shorten it by five thousand five hundred or even six thousand miles. But the strong point for the Suez Canal is, that the route opened by it is a ship route from beginning to end; that it dispenses with the necessity of transshipments; that a cargo taken at London may proceed without stoppage, and may be discharged at Calcutta or Bombay from the hold into which it was lowered in the Thames; that from the frequency of coaling stations, even small steamers may be profitably employed in the Indian trade, and that therefore the route through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea fulfils all the conditions of a quick, cheap, and certain passage to India, which is acknowledged to be one of the wants of the age; while the railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf improves at best upon the conveyance of despatches, of the *élite* of travellers, and of goods small in bulk and of great value.

It is therefore a subject of sincere regret to us, that without examining the strong *primâ facie* case made out by the promoters of the Suez Canal, the Government have, by acts of which we hope that they are as capable of explanation as the acts themselves are incapable of recal, committed themselves to the scheme of the Euphrates Valley Railway. Of all men, the promoters of this railway are in a condition to refute Mr. Dickens' sneers at official circumlocution. It was not necessary to press this project upon the attention of Government; Government, informed of its existence, applied to its promoters for information.* This information given, it was communicated by Government to the Directors of the East India Company, and to the Board of Control, with a 'recom-

* Correspondence between the Directors of the Euphrates Railway Company and the Foreign Office. *The Times*, Sept. 9th.

mendation' in *lieu* of a command, to encourage, and if possible to assist in, the execution of the enterprise. At the same time Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who had already expressed his sympathy with the scheme, was instructed to give it the benefit of all the influence he could exert at Constantinople, as representative of a protecting power. The concession and guarantee for the Euphrates Railway was, in fact, to be considered as an instalment of the heavy debt of gratitude accumulated during the late war. The demand made by the Euphrates Railway Company, endorsed by Lord Clarendon, and committed to the hands of Lord de Redcliffe, was for a free grant of all the lands requisite for the construction of a railway from Seleucis to Bassorah, or between any other two points on the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, and for the guarantee of an annual payment of six per cent. for ninety-nine years on the capital which may be required for the undertaking. The Turkish Government is required to pay this per-centage if, and so long as, the profits to be derived from the traffic on the railway are under six per cent.; but beyond the repayment of the sums thus advanced, it shall have no claim to any share in case at some future period the annual profits should exceed the guaranteed percentage. In other words, if we understand the arrangement correctly, the Turkish Government, taking upon itself all the certain risk, and renouncing all claim to any share in the success of the scheme, is to pay, if necessary, for a period of ninety-nine years, a sum of at least £360,000 to the Euphrates Railway Company. What the Sultan and his minister have said to this proposal, who can tell? What they have done is better known. They have—joyfully perhaps, perhaps reluctantly—made the grant and given the guarantee demanded, and though arrears may possibly be allowed to accumulate, still the payment of six per cent. interest on the capital wanted for the construction of the Euphrates Railway, is a matter stipulated and agreed upon between her Majesty's Government and that of the Sultan. So long as a piastre remains in the Padishah's coffers, so long as a loan can be raised at ten and even twenty per cent., so long as the imperial revenue for years to come can be sold for hard cash to Jews and Armenians, so long will the power which obtained the guarantee enforce its execution.

When the overwhelming influence of a great country is thus brought to bear upon a timid and grateful ally; when a high guarantee for an enormous sum, and for an unusual number of years, is exacted from a sovereign whose financial difficulties are such that he is compelled to contract loan after loan at a ruinous rate of interest; when the Government of this country proffers its services to, and places all its powers at, the disposal of private speculation, the least which can be expected is that the scheme thus made irresistible by national support should confer great and indisputable advantages upon the nation, that it should be the solution of a great problem, supply a national want, and that its adoption by the Government should be in obedience to a strongly-expressed national desire. Such was the scheme of the present overland mail, which had to make its way step by step, and struggle from year to year against official incredulity and indifference. Such, in a lesser degree and at a later period, was the railway through Egypt. But we are at a loss to understand what advantages, commercial or political, can be expected from a railway from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, to justify so zealous, so unprecedented, and so extensive a support of the scheme on the part of a Government which, up to the present time, has obstinately refused to entertain the notion of the canalisation of the Isthmus of Suez. The only advantage which we can see is the acceleration of the journey overland by two or three days as compared with the time required in the present overland route from England to India.

No doubt, in our communications with India, a saving of two or three days is important. But is it, with the electric telegraph through Egypt, of sufficient importance to explain and

justify this unprecedented zeal—this propaganda in favour of the scheme, —this extortion of an annual contribution of £360,000 from a helpless and embarrassed ally?

We should be sorry if these remarks were construed as implying anything like a feeling of hostility to the scheme of the Euphrates Valley Railway. We do not believe that, with a charge of from £4 to £5 per ton for the land transport of goods from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, this railway will lower the freights and add to the commerce between England and the Far East. We do not believe that it will do away with the necessity of the passage round the Cape; but we can understand that the railway, carried through the heart of Asiatic Turkey, and touching close upon the confines of Persia, may at some future period exert a vast influence on the civilization of the Near East, and that it will re-create and become the channel of a commerce renowned in antiquity, but of which at this day faint traces only remain. But in our comparison of the two schemes proposed for the purpose, not only of shortening, but of generalizing our communications and trade with the East, we have wished to make it clearly understood that the scheme supported by Government, whatever its other advantages may be, falls short of those of a direct ship communication with the East held out by the promoters of the Isthmus of Suez Canal. And we cannot repress our astonishment at the fact, that while the most onerous, but no doubt necessary, concessions on behalf of the Euphrates Valley Railway were extorted by direct diplomatic action from the Sultan's Government, the promoters of the Suez Canal have in England had to encounter the contemptuous silence and the sneering incredulity of the Government, while at Constantinople they were met by the formidable antagonism of Lord de Redcliffe.

This is the more extraordinary and inexplicable, as M. de Lesseps does not, it appears, ask for any undue amount of protection, nor solicit extraordinary favours. He makes no demand for the extortion of a guarantee from the Turkish Government. All he asks is the suspension of Lord de Redcliffe's hostility to a scheme in favour of which the Sultan's sympathies are strongly enlisted. Since it is desirable that the Sultan, as *Suzerain* of Egypt, should ratify the charter granted to the Suez Canal Company by the Viceroy, all that M. de Lesseps asks is, that the influence of this country should not be exerted against our own interests, and against the interests of Turkey and of Egypt. Again, for the protection of the Company and the success of the undertaking, it is necessary that the canal from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea should be guaranteed 'as a neutral passage' by a declaration to that effect from the great naval powers. At the late Conferences in Paris, the subject of this declaration was mentioned by M. de Morny, but it was dropped out of deference to Lord Clarendon, who declined discussing the point. In fine, in this important question of a short ship route to the East, England stops the way. The undertaking, which is neither more nor less than the completion of Lieutenant Waghorn's plan, has the goodwill of France, the support of Austria, Sardinia, and Holland. It requires no guarantees, and it makes no demands for the pecuniary support of this country. But its execution has hitherto been delayed by the hostility of Lord de Redcliffe, and the refusal of Lord Clarendon to be a party to those international arrangements which are indispensable to its safety and success. This hostility is the more formidable from its being most guarded in its manifestations. It disclaims all political motives, and confines itself to expressing doubts of the possibility of a scheme which has for its supporters the ablest engineers of Europe; and of the commercial success of a speculation whose soundness has been declared by the active co-operation of the great capitalists and the commercial corporations of all countries of Europe. Doubts, founded upon a passage in St. Jerome, have been expressed of the possibility of navigation in the Red Sea, which, according to the

unanimous testimony of all naval men who surveyed it, is less dangerous and more practicable, less visited with violent gales, and better provided with natural harbours of refuge, than the British Channel. It has been said that a quick communication being established by means of the overland mail for advices and samples, the delay of vessels proceeding round the Cape is good for commerce and agreeable to merchants. In short, so many untenable and ridiculous arguments have been scraped out of holes and corners, and arrayed against this scheme by the few who have dared to enter into open opposition to it, that it is not unreasonable to suspect the existence of stronger motives for hostility, even less producible than the flimsy arguments we have quoted.

It has been said—not indeed by the organs and partisans of the Government, but by well-meaning persons in a private station, with easy access to the writings of obsolete political economists,—that the execution of the Suez canal would be a means of destroying the commercial preponderance of this country; that Venice and Genoa long flourished as the road to the East lay across Egypt; that the discovery of the sea route to India ruined the naval states of the Mediterranean, while it laid the foundation of British greatness; and more to the same effect. We need not enter into an historical discussion on this point, nor weary our readers with an essay on the rise and fall of the naval states of the Mediterranean. It is enough for our purpose to look at results. Portugal and Spain, the first discoverers and navigators on the route round the Cape, are far ahead of us on that route, and yet their share in the Eastern trade is merely nominal. If the return of commerce into its old route to the East were disadvantageous to this country, and to the advantage of the towns in the Mediterranean, then our commerce ought to have suffered by the opening of the overland route, and our loss would have been the gain of Marseilles and Genoa, Trieste and Venice. Nothing of the kind has taken place. Such fears do not disturb the equanimity of the Dutch, who are much in the same position with ourselves with respect to the Mediterranean towns and the proposed canal; and yet, if the Dutch have any fault as a commercial nation, it is an excess of caution. Such fears, at all events, cannot be the motive of the hostility shown by the Government to the scheme of the Suez Canal,—because the Euphrates Valley Railway, with its Mediterranean port of Seleucis, falls fully as much within the scope of this apprehension as the Suez Canal, with its Mediterranean port of Pelusium or Tineh. No doubt, in common with Holland and the German ports in the Baltic and North Sea, the towns in the Mediterranean and Adriatic expect to profit from the opening of a short ship route to the East. But even the most sanguine do not for one moment indulge in any delusions as to the portion of the Eastern trade which must fall to the share of this country, whose Eastern possessions —whose factories and stations throughout those waters—assure it the lion's share in whatever extension increased facilities for traffic may give to trade with the East. And, if we seem to forget it, it is remembered on the Continent that a canal through the Isthmus of Suez must always be under the control of the power which commands its inlet and outlet by means of Malta and Aden. For that very reason the consent of England to the canalisation of the Isthmus of Suez is absolutely necessary; and not less necessary is it for this country to come to a clear understanding of the commercial and political questions involved in the undertaking. The junction of the two seas has been proposed, and one-half the newspapers of the kingdom have published the banns. 'If any one knows of any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined, let him speak now or be silent ever after.'

SKETCHES ON THE NORTH COAST.

BY A NATURALIST.

No. V.—THE LAND'S END.

THE migratory birds which breed in this country gather together, previous to their departure, during the month of September. At that time large flocks of the lapwing—whose pensive complaint is then silenced — congregate upon the sands, and the assembled swallows dash buoyantly through the air, or cluster about the willows that dip their slender branches in the stream. These have hardly quitted our shores before the first woodcocks arrive. It is difficult to fix the precise time of their coming; but for some years I have seen the first cock of the season upon the first or second day of the October full moon. I have not the least doubt that they select the moonlight (and not close, foggy weather, as Mr. Selby asserts) for their southern voyage, which, from the very small numbers ever observed at sea, is probably accomplished during the course of a single night. I often find them among the rocks on the shore the morning after their arrival, so exhausted that it is difficult to flush them. They commonly, however, alight among the turnip-fields, which supply a sort of shelter, where they remain until they are sufficiently recruited to make for the inland covers. If the winter is to prove severe, the woodcock is speedily followed by the snow-bunting, or 'snaw-fleck,' as it is picturesquely known in Scotland. Previous to the severe storms of 1854-5, large flocks had appeared by the beginning of November; during the mild season of 1850, I did not notice a single bird until after Christmas. These, with the fieldfare, the snipe, and the golden plover, are the most characteristic of our migratory land-birds; but nearly all the rarer sea-birds belong to this class.

The barnacle goose may be seen flying over the bay in the latter days of September, or feeding cautiously among the stubble-fields near the shore. Then, towards the close of October, flocks of the northern hareld arrive, along with the red-throated diver. For several years I have observed a pair of goosanders in the bay at this time; after a few days' sojourn they leave for the South, and do not return until the spring migration. During November the greater number of the sea-ducks make their appearance—the pochard, the wigeon, the eider, the pintail, the golden eye. Great northern divers have been shot by the end of October (one was killed last year on the 26th); but these are always young birds, and a full-grown specimen in perfect plumage can rarely be obtained until after Christmas. In fact, during very mild winters, the old birds sometimes do not come so far south, being better fitted than their offspring to stand the severities of a northern winter.

A rocky headland or *ness* about a mile seaward—the peak of the crescent which protects the bay from the south—is a favourite station for sea-fowl shooting during the autumn and spring migrations. The hard granite is worn and bleached by the incessant turmoil of four thousand years—eaten away by the bitter tears of the storm. It is a solitary and a desolate place; and a sense of loneliness gathers upon the sportsman (for it is visited by no one besides), as, surrounded on all sides by the sea, he watches the great waves toiling along, like the immortal German *ohne Hast, ohne Rast*. Half a mile to windward, he can discern the swift heave of a billow, that, with the screaming and clamorous sea-birds, has been driven from some northland shore: with swift but silent footfall the bright tumult approaches; for one moment, its flashing mane, like a war-charger's, streams in the gale; and then, pouring out the wrath and bitterness of its stormy career in one desperate onset, it dies vainly upon the land! Like the spectacle in a theatre, or a picture by Stanfield, one obtains in this way the entire splendour and sublimity of a storm at sea without risk or damage,

or the terror which sickens the heart as the crazy timber creaks, and strains, and labours in the sea-trough. For a couple of hours at high water the communication is cut off with the mainland, and the fowler must wait for the ebb before he can return. So, setting to work, he selects a deep ravine, and builds up around him a sort of temporary shelter, in which, with lighted pipe, he makes himself snug for the day. The morning is dark and misty; the wind blows strongly from the north-east, driving the passing birds in upon the land; and thick clouds of sleet pass at intervals across the sea, and

Lash with storm the streaming pane.

The sportsman selects a morning of this kind, because in such weather the sea-fowl are less wary and observant, and are, moreover, forced to approach closer to the shore, as they follow the outline of the coast to the south. Flocks of the purple sandpiper are flitting uneasily among the rocks, and the oyster-catcher, in its battered finery, appropriates the stormiest pinnacle. Then a mottled crew of black-headed gulls and snowy terns wear up patiently round the point. The *wings* with which he is provided are put in requisition, and no sooner do the birds perceive them flapping along the rock than, with feminine curiosity, they hover over them, and noisily communicate their impressions to each other. But these are not the birds for whom he waits, so he forbears to fire. In a few minutes afterwards a flock of harelds beat swiftly by, keeping cautiously off the land. One, however, has lingered behind, and for the advantage of a short cut (short cuts are proverbially the longest), it passes right over the point, and brings itself within shot. Heels over head it goes—down with a smash upon the stones,—as though every bone in its compact little body were broken. The hareld is, however, very tenacious of life, and exceedingly difficult to kill. I once shot a drake who was passing overhead; he fell from a height of twenty or thirty yards into the water; during the time I was loading, he lay to all appearance quite dead, with his white belly turned up; but before the boat could reach him he had come round, and flew off quite jauntily, as though used to a little shock of this kind every day of his life. Cormorants, divers, and many different gulls follow rapidly—sometimes within, oftener out of range. But the bird that best answers to the wing has not yet made its appearance,—the storm not having lasted long enough, perhaps, to drive him from his Norwegian fastness. The great Glaucous gull is indeed a noble bird,—the largest and most kingly of the gulls; and though by all our ornithologists described as excessively rare, hardly a storm from the north-east passes without great numbers being seen on the Scotch coast; and so tame and unsophisticated are they on these occasions, that I have known three or four dozen shot in the course of a single forenoon. Here they come at length, a flock of some twenty or thirty; and as they catch a glimpse of the fluttering pinions they steady themselves on their long wings, and watch it curiously and earnestly until the shot is fired which scatters them in all directions, amid a white shower of feathers. A company of the little auk succeeds,—another bird never seen on this coast except after a severe and protracted storm. At such times I often find them dead on the beach; and some years ago one was taken alive in the kitchen garden, into which it had probably been pitched by the wind, and out of which it could not escape —as, like several others of the same wing-formation, it is unable to *rise* from the land. It lived for some days, but was ultimately killed by a Skye terrier, who possibly took it for a rat. The rotche is a charming little bird—a quaint edition in duodecimo of the razor-bill or the marrot. As beside these there are many other varieties, a couple of hours spent at such a spot on a stormy morning is by no means unprofitable to the fisher-people, most of whom eat and relish these sea-birds. Cormorants, after they have been buried for a day or two, are highly esteemed; the different gulls and ducks are considered not unpalatable, but the guillemots and divers are only resorted to in cases of extreme necessity. None of them, however, are

calculated, I think, to obtain a reputation in polite gastronomy. The cormorant is a miraculous combination of grease and fat, and over a multitude of minor delinquencies rises a predominant flavour of stale fish in the last stage of decomposition. Much may be overcome with the aid of science; but I defy Alexis Soyer himself to remove from the *scrath* an ineradicable taint of rancid oil. And if the cormorant, as I have said, is the bird most esteemed in marine cookery, what must the others resemble? However, as a sportsman is not entitled to eat his own game (though from the practice of certain gentlemen, it would appear that he is entitled to *sell* it), these gastronomic considerations do not concern him, nor need they deter him from enjoying a sport remarkable for its novel and various interest.

The migration of birds was a subject little understood by our immaculate ancestors, and all kinds of theories were promulgated by naturalists to account for their annual disappearance. That the swallow lay all winter in the water, was regarded by Pontoppidan as an article of belief which it was heretical to question. 'Everybody knows,' he says, 'that toward the winter, after they have chirped about a little, or, as we say, sang their swallow song, they fly in flocks together, and plunge themselves down in fresh-water lakes, and commonly among reeds and bushes, whence, in the spring time they come forth again, and take possession of their former dwellings.' This 'incontestable truth' had shortly before been contested by George Edwards, who is accordingly attacked with much asperity by the clerical naturalist. I have fallen upon a curious little work on this subject, entitled, *An Essay towards the probable Solution of the Question—Whence comes the Stork?*—quite a curiosity in its way, being really an ornithological interpretation of a passage in Jeremiah. 'The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow the time of their coming' (chap. viii. v. 7.) Though my copy unfortunately is without date, I believe it, from internal evidence, to have been written some time during the reign of Charles I., probably about 1630. It is by no means a bad specimen of a century when Biblical criticism and subjective speculations were resorted to for an explanation of the facts of nature, in preference to the facts themselves. I do not know if you are acquainted, my dear Juniper, with the conversational life of that century; but if you are, you cannot have failed to notice how curiously the text of Scripture—especially of the Old Testament—is wrought and twisted into the language. Glance over the tracts in the Somers Collection, and you will scarcely find a speech or pamphlet which is not to a remarkable extent garnished with Biblical quotations. An ambitious statesman goes to the scaffold; a patriot draws the sword of the Lord and of Gideon; an unscrupulous lawyer defends the prerogative; a wit sends his mistress a copy of his profligate rhymes; and each severally exhibits the most familiar acquaintance with the words of the Hebrew Scripture. The fashion was of course at its height during the tyranny of the Commonwealth, but it survived, at least in the phraseology of the Whigs and Dissenters [Shaftesbury never addressed his peers without lugging in a lugubrious denunciation from the Pentateuch], till a much later period. The author of the inquiry into the conduct of the Stork is very strong in this line, and if Biblical criticism could have explained the facts of nature, his speculations would perhaps have been verified ere now.

The popular belief, which we have given in Pontoppidan's words, our speculative naturalist at once rejects. Depend upon it, he argues with considerable shrewdness, the swallow would prefer warmer quarters during winter than the clay-clumps at the bottom of rivers. Besides, if they really did sleep, would they not be more dull and drooping towards bed-time? But this is not the case; on the contrary, 'their cheerfulness at that time seems to intimate that they have some noble work in hand, and some great design to set presently upon.' Moreover, as the words of the Vulgate are *tempus itineris*, the *journey* they make must be to some distance, which could hardly be averred if they only went to the bottom of the

next pond. From this argument it might really seem as though our naturalist were nearing the scientific fact of migration. By no means. He cannot rest satisfied with so unphilosophical a compromise. The fact is much too simple and obvious for his acceptance. 'I say, therefore,' he goes on, 'that divers of these fowls which make such changes and observe their seasons, *do pass and repass between this and the moon.* They come down directly upon us when our land is presented fair for them, as they view it above in the atmosphere.' And this conclusion, arrived at by the *à priori* method, will be most satisfactorily demonstrated if we will only consider the following facts,—(and it is quite astonishing how wonderfully flexible and pliant facts became in the seventeenth century, and how politely desirous they seem to have been to accommodate themselves to the ingenious speculations of the philosophers, so that the facts are just about as reliable as the speculations). In the first place, no one has ever seen these birds out of their season on the earth, and if they are not on the earth, where else, unless to the moon, can they go? Again, their arrival with us is so sudden and simultaneous, that they must drop down all in a body from some station overhead: what station so eligible as the moon? Moreover, their flesh is of quite a different quality when they arrive from what it is later in the season; the first cocks especially are without blood,—

For they on honey-dew have fed,
And drank the milk of Paradise;

or, in other words, have been used to a different diet during their sojourn among the marshes overhead. And finally, as a Puritan parson says at the beginning of his discourse:, 'Does not Jeremiah expressly use in the text the words—'in the heaven'?—words which must obviously mean that the stork migrates to the moon, which, as we all know, is 'in' the heaven, while our earth is in the ———?' The airy voyagers of course require some three or four months to accomplish the journey, and there are other insignificant little difficulties, which, however, are easily disposed of by the preternatural ingenuity of the seventeenth century. 'It remains, therefore, that the stork does go unto, and remain in, some one of the celestial bodies, and that must be the moon.'—Q.E.D.

We have seen that Edwards's heresy raised the choler of the excellent Bishop of Bergen; but even *his* scepticism was not very profound, and did not extend beyond the swallow. His work on *Birds* was written about the middle of last century (the first volume was published in 1743), at which time he says, 'It is the opinion of most anxious and learned gentlemen, that they (the migratory birds) lie hid during the winter.' He argues very soundly against the doctrine in the case of the swallow, but adopts it when applied to the migratory sea-birds.

I think the most satisfactory conjecture for the manner of their hiding themselves, and being preserved during the long and cold winters of these climates, is that there are submarine caverns in the rocky shores of these islands, the mouths of which caverns, though they may be under water, so rising within as to afford a convenient dry harbour, fit to preserve these birds in a kind of torpid state during the winter. The sea lying before the mouths of such caverns, and they having a vast depth of mountain over them, their inward capacity must be defended from any rigid cold, which may be a means to preserve these fowl; and late in spring the returning strong sunbeams on the water, near the mouth of the cavern, may reanimate these animals, and bring them from their state of forgetfulness by degrees, to the use of life and motion.*

* *Natural History of Birds.* By George Edwards. Vol. iv. p. 220. Though somewhat voluminous, it is a careful and interesting compilation. The 'dedication' is a literary curiosity:—

'To God,
The one Eternal! the Incomprehensible! the Omnipresent, Omniscient, and Almighty Creator of all things that exist! from orbs immeasurably great to the minutest points of matter, this Atom is Dedicated and devoted with all possible gratitude, humiliation, worship, and the highest admiration of both body and mind,
'By His most resigned, low, and humble creature,
'George Edwards.'

Such were the views entertained by the most intelligent naturalists less than a century since!

Some very curious notions as to the generation of certain birds were current until a comparatively recent period. Pontoppidan, while asserting that he did not himself believe that 'ducks grew upon trees,' yet admits that such was the popular belief. Harrison was not so cautious, and relates the circumstances in much detail:—

If I should say how either these, or some other such fowl not much unlike to them, have bred of late times (for their place of generation is not perpetual, but as opportunity serveth, and the circumstances do minister occasion), in the Thames' mouth, perhaps some will not believe me. Yet such a thing hath there been seen, where a kind of fowle had his beginning upon a short tender shrub standing near unto the shore; from whence when their time came they fell downe either into the salt water and lived, or upon the dry land and perished,—as Pena has also noted.

But the parentage of the barnacle goose was a matter of more national interest, involving as it did grave political and ecclesiastical considerations. At the present day, on the coast of Brittany the scaup duck, though very indifferent eating at the best, is in great request, members of the Catholic Church being permitted to eat it upon their fast-days, on the principle, of course, that it is less fowl than fish. Rome, we suspect, is losing her mediæval austerity, and, with her shrewd flexibility, adapting her asceticism to the culinary liberalism of the nineteenth century. At least, in her day of authority, so far from holding that ducks were fish, and therefore to be eaten of Fridays, it was a matter of very grave doubt whether barnacles were not to be regarded as fowl, and therefore, on the sixth day of the week, to be held forbidden and unclean.

Howbeit (says Harrison), neither the inhabitants of this island, nor yet of Ireland, can readilie say whither they be fish or flesh; for although the religious there used to eat them as fish, yet elsewhere manie have been troubled for eating of them in times prohibited, for heretics and Lollards.

It was no wonder, therefore, that he should have felt a justifiable anxiety in approaching so delicate a question; but the result of his investigations must have been anything but satisfactory to those Catholics who had espoused (more from taste than from conviction, we fear) the piscatorial theory.

For my own part (he continues), I have been very desirous to understand the utmost of the breeding of barnicles, and questioned with divers persons about the same. This present yeare of grace 1584, and month of Maie, going to the Court at Greenwich from London by bote, I saw sundry ships lying in the Thames, newly come home either from Barbarie, or the Canarie Islands, on whose sides I perceived an infinite sort of shells to hang so thick as could be one by another. Drawing near also, I tooke off ten or twelve of the greatest of them; and afterward having opened them I saw the proportion of a fowle in one of them more perfectly than in all the rest, saving that the head was not yet formed. Certainlie the feathers of the tale hung out of the shell at least two inches, the wings (almost perfect, touching form) were guarded with two shields proportioned to them, and likewise the breastbone had a coverture also of like shelly substance; and altogether resembling the figure which Lobell and Pena do give forth in their description of this fowle: so that I am fully persuaded that it is either the barnicle that is engendered after one manner in these shells, or some other sea-fowle to us as yet unknown. For by the feathers appearing, and forme so apparent, it cannot be denied that some bird or other must proceed of this substance, which by falling from the sides of ships in long voyages may come to some perfection.*

Is not this a fit theme for the Protestant eloquence of Dr. Cumming? The emancipation of the national appetite from the perilous uncertainty of the barnacle controversy, certainly ought not to be omitted in his intelligent estimate of the benefits achieved for us by the Reformation.

The Euphuists, among their other misdeeds, constructed a novel system of natural history. Their dishonesty was of a twofold kind. They could not find any facts in the actual

* Harrison's *Description of England* prefixed to Holinshed, pp. 38, 223.

world sufficiently absurd to correspond with their inflated ideas; so, to obtain the comparison, they were forced to create the fact. I have not *Euphues* at hand just now: else a paper of some interest might be written on *Lily's Ornithology*, containing certain traits of the feathered tribes rather calculated to astonish Mr. Yarrel's mind. Lily himself was the chief offender; but the whole gang was implicated, down to Stephen Gosson, who, as the first of the Puritans, might have known better.

Aristotle thinketh (says the latter, in *The School of Abuse*) that in great winds the bees carry little stones in their mouths to poyse their bodies, lest they be carried away, or kept from their hives. The crane is said to rest upon one leg, and holding up the other, keeps a pebble in her claw; which as soone as the senses are bound by approach of sleep falls to the ground, and with the noyse of the knock against the earth, makes her awake, whereby she is ever ready to prevent the approach of her enemies. Geese are foolish birdes, yet when they fly over the Mount Taurus they shew great wisdome in their own defence: for they stoppe their pipes full of gravel to avoid gaggling, and so by silence escape the eagles.

Sir Thomas Browne took this eccentric ornithology to task in a chapter of his charming book, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, wherein he argues against it with his peculiarly grave and characteristic *naïveté*. That the swan sings before its death, is a belief, he admits, of great antiquity, but resting on no sufficient authority. 'Surely he that is bit with a tarantula shall never be cured with this music; and with the same hope we expect to hear the harmonies of the spheres.' Leland, I remember, in his *Itinerary*, tries to compromise the matter: 'The spirite of the dying bird,' he says, 'labouring to pass through the long and narrow passage of her neck, makes a noise as if she did sing.' The old notion no doubt took its rise from this remarkable formation of the swan's windpipe—an organ, as Mr. Yarrel has shown, peculiarly unfitted for musical purposes, and contrived, as Sir Thomas shrewdly suggests, 'to contain a larger quantity of air, whereby, being to feed on weeds at the bottom, she might the longer space detain her head under water.' That storks will live only in republics or free states, is a heresy which the Knight of Norwich, with his aristocratic antipathies, will by no means countenance. The Prophet 'Jeremy,' as he calls him, in a passage I have already quoted, alludes to the stork; and Jeremiah lived under a monarchical government. Of course, if the stork invariably manifested the strong radical prejudices imputed to him, the Prophet could not have made his acquaintance, and would not certainly have alluded in a complimentary vein to an inveterate republican. That the flesh of peacocks corrupteth not, cannot indeed be altogether disputed; but that 'they are ashamed of their legs,' is a malicious calumny. 'Let *them* believe it who hold that any part can seem unhandsome in their eyes which hath appeared good and beautiful in their Maker's'—an argument which must settle the scoffers, I should think. If any reader, however, requires a more detailed refutation of these and similar heresies in natural history, he must turn to the book itself. Its peculiar charm consists in this, that the worthy gentleman's explanation is often more quaint and old-fashioned than the fiction which he assails. He saw clearly enough where something was wrong; but he had certain out-of-the-way theories of his own to which he was very fondly attached, and which sometimes led him further astray than if he had been content to accept the 'vulgar error' itself.*

The people here that I like best are the fishers—a daring and intrepid set of men, who don't perplex themselves much about speculative niceties. In polite language, they are comprised among the 'lower orders;' but there is often a stern genuineness about these

* Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579; Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, b. iii. c. 27, Pickering, 1835; Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. iii. 1538 (Second Edit., Oxford, 1744); *Linnæan Transactions*, vols. iv. xv. and xvi.

orders which I miss in the society of their betters. All over the world, indeed, the middle class is the most cowardly and conventional; and in Scottish provincial life, owing to the savour of Puritanism, it is evèn more obnoxious than elsewhere. To an Episcopalian, the society of indiscriminate Calvinists, who look upon him as given over to the enemy from his baptism, cannot be very entertaining; and you cannot feel peculiar cordiality for those who, could they get you into their clutches, would certainly send you, my dear Juniper, to the Grassmarket. A Scotch Puritan should keep to his column. He is out of his element in the society of the 'unregenerate.' Indeed, how, with his convictions, he can get through the business at all, it is difficult to understand. What do you think, for instance, this gentleman with the rubicund face, who sits beside you during dinner, and whose devotion to the good things of the table you have had occasion to admire—what do you think he believes in his heart? Do you know that, innocent and harmless as he appears on the surface, he sticks to a creed which asserts that the power of evil is inveterate and invincible; that the power of God is so feeble, that the dominion of the good must be for ever restricted and confined; that men (because they have not accepted an economy which from the beginning was limited to the 'elect') have been created, not for life, but for death, and that they will be eternally punished, not for any good it will do them, but to manifest the righteous and merciful nature of the Being who made them what they were? And the man who holds this consolatory doctrine sits at your elbow and consumes his victuals, and neither smoke nor flames issues out of his mouth! How can the starched neckcloth, and the black coat, and the spotless shirt-front cover such a furnace, and yet retain their unimpeachable propriety? It is a dreadful anachronism. One cannot help feeling that, in artistic keeping with such a creed, something shocking ought forthwith to happen. But the rubicund face continues unmoved, and having discussed your claret, it will leave you in the perfect conviction that you are on the high road to destruction. How, next morning in the market-place, it will strive to overreach its neighbour — how it will grovel in the dust at the feet of Dives—how it will sell its own blood for filthy lucre—and yet how, with all these things, it will unite a certain sincerity in its tremendous convictions—is one of those mysteries of the human heart into which one does not care to penetrate.

Yes; a Scotch Puritan should keep to his column. So much the better, at least, for the success of his confession of faith.

Quitting a subject, however, which scarcely comes within the scope of these papers, we will pay a visit this stormy morning to our sea-friends over the way. As we cross the sands we are lucky enough to get a shot at an old Glaucous gull who is wearing up through the blast. Just on entering the village we encounter a solitary fisherman, who, as a matter of course, is smoking his short black pipe, as he squints with his weather eye across the sea. There is no possibility of launching a boat to-day, the waves are black and threatening, and a dark cloud, thickly charged with sleet, is driving up rapidly from the bleak horizon; so we accept John's hospitable offer to take shelter within his cottage till the blast be over. It is a long, low building, whitewashed in front, the roof covered with bright red tiles, and divided inside into three apartments by thin wooden partitions. The kitchen is the reception-hall; a red peat fire is burning upon the stone floor, looking very cheery and hospitable. It is not over furnished—two or three large seamen's chests, filled with the household gear, a few roughly-constructed stools, a lot of fishing lines stretched along the ceiling, and a bundle of dried fish hanging over the fire, in the process of being smoked. Some little luxuries there are besides,—half a dozen earthenware plates and saucers, adorned with pre-Raphaelite patterns, and the family *escritoire* (containing among other rarities the last letter from the sailor son, dated from some outlandish sea-port of the Antipodes,

so carefully spelt and scanned by all his old cronies that every second word is now illegible), a piece of household furniture which, to judge from certain hieroglyphical characters on the lid, must have been originally devoted to the supply of Mr. Warren's blacking. On one side of the hearthstone sits the good lady of the house, who is occupied in 'shelling' muscles to bait the lines; the other is occupied by a black tom-cat, with a glare of unearthly intelligence in his grey eyes, and a little wiry Skye terrier, who in defiance of the heat, has pushed his feet so far among the cinders that only a miracle can prevent combustion. By the time the pipes are lighted (an indispensable preliminary), some of John's friends drop in to enjoy the privilege of a winter's day—a fire-side gossip. And their stories,--and they tell you of great peril in the plain unconscious way of men who are so used to it that they have come to regard danger as an inheritance,—their stories of a sea-life are as full of interest as one of Sir Walter's novels. But by common consent our friend 'John' is the hero of almost every drama, and the perilous feats which he has accomplished are frankly acknowledged to be unrivalled. He has taken the eggs of the 'Tamie Norrie' from a rock where mortal man never trod since the rock was made; he has been in the grasp of a 'brownie,' and only saved his life by stabbing the brute with his knife to the heart; he has floated by himself on a single spar in the broad Atlantic for days. And his supremacy is the more readily admitted, since he never lays any claim to regal authority, nor appears in any way conscious of his admitted superiority. A more brave, honest, unaffected, and genuine 'hero' is not to be found in Mr. Carlyle's collection than this black-eyed, black-bearded, sinewy Scotch smuggler.

These fishermen are a peculiar race, and deserve more attention than has yet been paid them. They don't take much interest in politics or political conflicts. A ministry may change or a dynasty may fall, without any of them being a bit the wiser. Wars and rumours of war come very softly upon them. Nor are they by any means national in their sympathies or antipathies,—quite as un-English as Mr. Coningsby himself. Indeed, they are so perfectly distinct and separate, that they have never been known to intermarry with the ordinary inhabitants of the district in which their community happens to be established, regarding the peaceful agriculturist with the contempt which the *gitano* lavishes upon the men who dwell in cities. And if you go familiarly among them, you will detect old Norse words,—curious customs that smack of the dash of Danish blood,—eccentric superstitions that have come down to them straight from the sea-kings—the ways and manners of colonists who are in the land and yet not of it. Still they are a people whom it is difficult not to like. No men in the face of danger can be more cool, daring, or intrepid; and, as might be expected, there is greater character, originality, and picturesque individual idiosyncrasy among those who have learnt the lesson of life upon the great deep, than among any other class of our population. It is quite true that the poetry of the lower orders has generally proceeded in Scotland from the prosaic agriculturist: Burns was an Ayrshire ploughman, and Hogg an Ettrick shepherd. Nor do I know any Scotch poet who was by birth a fisher; though of course such a grand sea-dirge as the old ballad of 'Sir Patrick Spens,' must have been composed by one who understood the sea well, and loved it, and feared it, as all do who know its perilous fascination. But this anomaly is perhaps accounted for when we remember that agriculture is a contemplative and sedentary occupation; and that consequently the agriculturist must be better fitted to condense his experience and imagination into verse than the man who exhausts the poetry of his life in the tumult of action or among the turmoil of the waves.

Even in this land of spiritual distinctions, there is one habit which is still kept up by all classes alike—

Sive inopes erimus coloni,—

the old habit of *dying*. To those

who through all discouragements believe in the essential equality of men, this inflexible and unmanageable fact of death ought to prove reassuring—as it does, no doubt. But in the very face of the great law,—*æqua lege necessitas,*—your aristocratic moralist is by no means silenced. The poor, he tells you, do not feel the blow as the rich do,—like cattle or sheep they graze away with perfect unconcern when a brother or sister is taken to the shambles. This attempt to carry *flunkeyism* (immortal Jeames!) into the next world, is just a little too bad. Surely the old anguish,—

> O God! to clasp those fingers close,
> And yet to feel so lonely;
> To see a light on dearest brows,
> Which is the daylight only,—

smites even *their* empty hearts bitterly. But it may readily enough be granted that death is brought home to the poor after a different fashion than to the rich; though which is the wiser or better experience, may admit of some discussion. Men who earn their bread with the sweat of their brow have little time for the expression of sorrow. There is no leisure for the luxury of woe when hunger is watching at the door. A child in the village is taken ill: it grows hourly worse and weaker; the neighbours gather into the house, and discourse with the parents around the dying boy; and there they wait, and talk, and wait, and before the discourse is ended the poor child's pain is over. Then next morning there is a plain coffin got (it has been ordered over-night); the friends drop in during the forenoon to take a look at the little fellow, laid out in his clean linen; in the afternoon he is laid in the 'kirk-yard,' and the place that knew him knows him no more. Death is thus brought nearer—dealt with as a commoner thing; not treated with the elaborate and fastidious deference which shuts it up by itself, and associates the chamber of the dead with a peculiar and mysterious trouble.

I went to the funeral of a fisher-boy the other day—a poor half-witted lad, who had died in what they called a 'fit' the night before. The father's was the silent and sturdy grief of the man, but the mother's was loud and querulous. At one moment she could not restrain her convulsive sobs, and her pitiful complaint, 'Little did I think to see ye leave the house afore me!' rung through the cottage; and the next, with that rare power of abstraction which the poor, happily for themselves, possess, she was carefully superintending the homely details and vulgar duties which the ceremony necessitates. Then the guests are taken into the little chamber, with its decent muslin curtain darkening the light, to look at the dead boy. His face is wonderfully transformed; the habitual look of puzzled difficulty and frightened anxiety replaced by one of content and calm, profoundly expressive of rest, as though the uneasy troubles of his brain were now well solved. What a dignity death gives! how a great pain ennobles! This ignorant, half-witted fellow, who yesterday was so proud of, and grateful for, any token of recognition, now bears quite a different relation. He has acquired an experience of which the wisest of us are ignorant, and endured a struggle which to our imagination is more solemn than any other. It is this—this consciousness that they have borne the hardest conflict and suffered the sternest sorrow of our human life—which gives that sense of power and superiority even to the ignoble dead.

Yet not ignoble, for there is nothing mean about death. You cannot by any dearth of circumstance make it ludicrous or grotesque. It separates the rich man from his possessions—*præter invisas cupressus,* and the poor man from the filth and meanness of his poverty. Pale, worn with the conflict, the shadow of the dark trouble lying upon the weary eyelids, no trickery or false taste can take away the tragic element from *these.* Perhaps the worst taste in the world is exhibited at Père-la-Chaise; but go there yourself, and see whether you are disposed to laugh. There is, for example, over this tomb, a great muster of funereal display: a wooden cross, wax tapers, little vases with flowers, a gilt angel in plaster of Paris, not by any means choicely selected, and very crowded,

like a German toy-shop: but a frail old woman, the mother of the innocent who has fallen asleep within the cool shade, is arranging the child's toys with a bustling, methodical, tremulous grief, that takes away the feeling of tawdriness, and associates them with the tenderness of human tears. And thus it is that, though the poets have often attempted to describe and disguise death, all poetry appears meagre and artificial in the chamber where death is, wanting not merely the truth but even the *beauty* of the fact. So that perhaps there is considerable reason and propriety in the vulgar Scotch custom of showing the dead frankly, and even sometimes, it may be, with a certain pride. At least, there can be no doubt, I should fancy, that it is more rational than the practice of society, which, by determining not to recognise the fact at all, gives death when it does come—and even in polite circles the last act of the play must not be omitted — a novel and fictitious terror.

SHIRLEY.

MANSFIELD'S PARAGUAY, BRAZIL, AND THE PLATE.*

THE 'over-population' theory, so popular at the beginning of this century, has been falling fast into disrepute. That startling dogma of the *science du néant* which used of old so magisterially to inform the human race that it was on the whole a failure, because 'the number of human beings had always a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence,' is now becoming, not merely questionable, but ludicrous. Started, so wicked wags affirm, by a few old bachelors, who, having no children themselves, bore a grudge against their 'recklessly-multiplying' neighbours for having any—it was suspected from the first on moral grounds; and may be now considered as fairly abolished on scientific ones. The moral philosopher answered to it, that it was impossible that the universe could be one grand mistake; human nature a disease; and the Creator of mankind one who —— but reverence forbids us to say what we should have a right to say of Him, were that theory a true one. The student of humanity asked, 'Is it possible that the family life, which is the appointed method of educating the highest and holiest feelings of man, should be at the same time the normal cause of his final poverty and starvation? Leave such inhuman dreams to monks and faquirs.' The scientific agriculturist doubted the truth of the dogma more and more as his science revealed to him that the limit of productiveness, even upon old soils, had been nowhere reached. The sanitary reformer put in as a demurrer the important fact, that under proper arrangements that limit could never be reached; for as each human being (so he asserted) returned to the soil, the whole elements of the food which he consumed, saving those which already existed in boundless abundance in the atmosphere, the productiveness of the soil ought to increase in exact ratio to the number of human beings concentrated on it. From these broad facts, the advocates of the *science du néant* took refuge in arguments about the cost of production. More skilful farming, more complete sewage, might certainly enable the land to support greater numbers; but not to do so profitably. The increased expense of the processes would interfere with the general rapid production of wealth. Here perhaps they had, on the whole, the best of the argument; and if it were any pleasure to them to prove the impotency of humanity, they must have enjoyed that lofty gratification awhile. One would have thought, certainly, that the business of the philosopher who desired the good of

* *Paraguay, Brazil, and the Plate.* Letters written in 1852—3. By C. B. Mansfield, Esq., M.A., of Clare Hall, Cambridge; with a Sketch of the Author's Life, by the Rev. C. Kingsley. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1856.

his fellow-creatures, was rather to show them what they could do, than what they could not; to preach progress, rather than 'the stationary state,' and hope, rather than despair; to bend his mind, like a practical man, to the ascertaining by experiment what could be done towards increasing the sustenance of the peoples, instead of sending forth from his remote study, *idola specûs*, abstract maxims which only strengthened the dogged laziness which refused to till the land, and the dogged ignorance which refused either to use or let others use the refuse of the towns, though it was poisoning hundreds yearly by epidemics. But the *science du néant* took little account of such plain matters; after all, why help to support more human beings, when it had settled long ago that there were too many already? Why even stop epidemics, which might be only nature's wholesome method of ridding herself of that plethora of rational beings—'Children of God'—as the obsolete traditions of an obscure Semitic tribe (so men talked) called them—with which she was periodically embarrassed. So the agriculturist and the sanitary reformer had to fight on, and on the whole, conquer, with little or no help from that science which arrogated to itself the knowledge of the laws of wealth.

Meanwhile stood by, laughing bitterly enough, the really practical men,—such men as the author of the book now before us: the travellers, the geographers, the experimental men of science, who took the trouble, before deciding on what could be, to find out what was; and, as it were, 'took stock' of the earth and her capabilities, before dogmatizing on the future fate of her inhabitants. And, 'What?' they asked in blank astonishment, 'what, in the name of maps and common sense, means this loud squabble? What right has any one to dogmatize on the future of humanity, while the far greater part of the globe is yet unredeemed from the wild beast and the wild hunter? If scientific agriculture be too costly, is there not room enough on the earth for as much unscientific and cheap tillage as would support many times over her present population? What matters it, save as a question of temporary makeshift, whether England can be made to give thirty-three bushels of wheat per acre instead of thirty-one, by some questionably-remunerative outlay of capital, while the Texan squatter, without any capital save his own two hands, is growing eighty bushels an acre? Your disquisitions about the 'margin' of productiveness' are interesting, curious, probably correct: valuable in old countries: but nowhere else. For is the question, whether men shall live, or even be born at all, to be settled by them, forsooth, while the valley of the Ottawa can grow corn enough to supply all England; the valley of the Mississippi for all Europe; while Australia is a forest, instead of being, as it will be one day, the vineyard of the world? While New Zealand and the Falklands are still waste; and Polynesia, which may become the Greece of the New World, is worse than waste? While the Nebraska alone is capable of supporting a population equal to France and Spain together? While, in the Old World, Asia Minor, once the garden of old Rome, lies a desert in the foul and lazy hands of the Ottoman? While the Tropics produce almost spontaneously a hundred valuable articles of food, all but overlooked as yet in the exclusive cultivation of cotton and sugar? And finally (asks Mr. Mansfield in his book), while South America alone contains a territory of some eight hundred miles square, at least equalling Egypt in climate, and surpassing England in fertility; easy of access; provided, by means of its great rivers, with unrivalled natural means of communication, and 'with water-power enough to turn all the mills in the world;' and needing nothing but men to make it one of the gardens of the world?

His mind, full of such a hope for the future of humanity, and full, too, of scientific knowledge which gave him especial fitness for estimating the capabilities of a foreign country, Mr. Mansfield went out upon a tour, the only fruit of which is the present book.

He did not live either to form the book into shape, or to carry out the plans at which he hints therein. A

premature and most tragic death overtook him in the midst of his scientific labours, and the mass of papers which he left behind passed into the hands of his friends, who are now digesting and arranging them, with a view to publication. These letters, carefully edited, and illustrated by notes and appendices, by an intimate friend of his, have been chosen as the firstfruits of his genius, as being at once the most popular work which he has left, and the one, perhaps, which most illustrates the variety, fulness, and energy of his intellect. A short sketch of his life, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, has been appended by the editor to his preface; but the best evidence of what manner of man he was, is to be found in the Letters themselves.

They are nothing more than letters, though worthy of a man of single heart and open eye; and so complete and full in themselves that the editor must have found little difficulty in forming them into an organic whole. With a reverence for the dead, which will be at once understood and honoured, he has refrained, perhaps here and there too scrupulously, from altering a single word of the documents as he found them, respecting even certain scraps of Cambridge and Winchester slang, which may possibly offend that class of readers who fancy that the sign of magnanimity is to take everything *au grand sérieux*, and that the world's work must needs be done upon stilts: but which will be, perhaps, to the more thoughtful reader only additional notes of power, of that true 'English *Lebens Gluckseligkeit*,' as the German calls it, which makes a jest of danger, and an amusement of toil. Jean Paul makes somewhere the startling assertion, that no man really believes his religious creed unless he can afford to jest about it. Without going so far as that, we will say boldly, that no man feels himself master of his work, unless he can afford to jest about it; and that a frolicsome habit of mind is rather a token of deep, genial, and superabundant vitality, than of a shallow and narrow nature, which can only be earnest and attentive by conscious and serious efforts.

However, the best apology for the form in which this book appears is to be found in the editor's own words.

Let none forget that this work is a posthumous one; put together out of letters written with all the careless familiarity of one who is addressing his nearest kindred, and his most intimate friends,—'Materials homespun for home use,' to quote some happy words respecting them. Had the writer lived to shape out these materials, who knows how much he might have suppressed,* how much added, how much re-written? Those only who have had in hand his graver works (such as that on the *Constitution of Salts,* now in the press) can tell with what scrupulous, almost painful, care he was wont to elaborate the finished expression of his thoughts.

And the task of editing a posthumous work, unchosen moreover by the dead, differs greatly from that of the chosen editor of a work by a living writer. The latter stands on the author's own footing, and may well deem himself bound to alter or omit whatever might be excepted to. The former should rather seek to preserve all that is capable of being defended; all that the writer might really have wished outspoken. What might have been his last word we know not. We only know that this was his first, and most especially is one called on to be diffident in altering the writings of one like Charles Mansfield, in whom so many rare and loveable gifts were so strangely blended, that though one may meet his equal, none who knew him will ever expect to meet in this world his like.

This is sound argument, and (save in the case which we have mentioned in a note) we fully concur in it, and take gladly (since it is impossible now to have more) this fragmentary relic of the observations of a true genius, upon countries too rarely visited by men of science or insight.

* This should especially apply to a hasty jest or two about an author to whom both history and geological science, as far as South America is concerned, are most deeply indebted. Had either Mr. Mansfield or his gifted editor ever become acquainted with that personage, and come under the influence of his geniality, courtesy, and learning, they would have long ago erased expressions which, though uttered merely in joke, should never have been uttered at all.—C. K.

From Mr. Mansfield's first landing in the Tropics (one might say from his first sight of Lisbon) the fact which seems to have weighed upon his mind was that of waste; palpable, inexcusable, boundless waste; waste springing from idleness and ignorance, and punished by poverty and disease. Can one wonder if the cholera should sweep away thousands in Lisbon, while 'dead dogs' are lying about the small streets; or if the population there should increase faster than the means of subsistence, while live 'dogs are asleep *in the middle of the streets* anywhere? A striking symptom of the inactivity and lifelessness of the town.'

So, too, at Pernambuco. Can one wonder at the recurrence of yellow fever, while 'there is not a drain of any sort, and all imaginable filth lies in the streets;' or that the resources of the country should be altogether undeveloped, while the roads (of one of which Mr. Mansfield gives a sketch) are deep ditches, 'from which a rider can just see, perhaps, over the top of the road,' worked out by the feet of the pack-horses into *transverse* ridges and furrows of stiff clay, and mud and water, in which many a horse has been abandoned as inextricable? While roads are left in this state, with a boundless supply of timber close at hand (supposing that stone be too far off) to make a sound '*metal*,' who can tell anything of the real resources of the country? Who can tell how much its population might or might not be profitably increased? Mr. Mansfield's opinion seems to be that its capabilities are boundless. 'What a paradise is, or at least might be, this country, if it were possessed by the English! I do not feel at all sure that I am not dead, and have not recommenced another life. I should be pretty certain that I was not in the earth world, but in some other planet, if I had had a sound sleep lately to cut the thread of consciousness.' And again: 'What a contrast here!' (compared with St. Vincent's, in the Cape Verd Islands). 'This place is, even in the hands of these wretched undeveloped people, an Eden of beauty. What a Paradise it would be made by Englishmen of this century! What a heaven it will be made by the brother-men of the age that is to come! I need not pour out my rapturous admiration of the works of the Great Poet-Father, as you have seen such and have worshipped in similar scenes. The beauty is almost bewildering. The glorious cocoa-nut trees, bananas, palms, bread-fruit, and the magnificent green oranges. . . . . . I am too giddy to write soberly about any thing. I feel inclined to cut capers under the trees till I am tired, then sigh like a hippopotamus for some one to pour it all out upon, and then lie down and dream. As for studying the botany of the country, it is impossible. Nothing is possible but to photographize everybody and everything: cameras cannot get giddy with wonder.'

There is a practical element underlying these raptures, merely æsthetic as they may seem at first sight; and Mr. Mansfield notes a most practical want when he says (as all do who know much of the Tropics):—

> I suppose there is scarcely any one here who values the glorious imagery of the Mighty Poet who made all this. Negroes, Mulattoes, Portuguese, Brazilians, have all pigs' eyes, by virtue, I suppose, of Adam's fall; and the English, for the same reason, are all absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, and so cannot enjoy.

Most practically does this carelessness about the glory which surrounds them affect Tropic civilization—we had almost said, render it impossible. For without the appreciation of beauty, there can be no art; without art, there can be none of that highest civilization among the rich, which will gradually draw up to its own level, humanizing and educating the classes below. 'Tropic art' is a thing which the world has yet to see: but when the inspiration shall come, how poor and cold will be all our northern conceptions by the side of the Raphaels and Turners of the New World! That a 'Tropic Art' will be developed some day, seems to us a promise written in the book of destiny; for surely, sooner or later, men's minds will be awakened, and more are intended by heaven to be awakened, to see (and as a necessary consequence to reproduce) the beau-

tiful, in those regions of the world in which the beautiful is to be found in utterly unparalleled luxuriance.

In the Tropics, if anywhere, must the old saw about '*ingenuas didicisse artes*' stand true; for there, more than anywhere else, the uneducated mind, in the long intervals of repose which the fertility of the soil allows, is tempted to expend itself in those fierce and sensual indulgences, which have plunged the Spanish colonies first into profligacy and then into bloodshed. Nowhere so much as in the Tropics do men require, in order to any self-development, even to any social order and safety of life and property, to be raised above the slavery of their animal appetites; and a free white nation which should have learnt this truth; which should be really educated to understand and enjoy the great glory of God around them, might rise to a civilization such as the world has never yet seen, for gracefulness and comfort, scientific appliances and the means of intellectual repose alternating with wholesome but not excessive toil; a civilization beside which that of old Sybaris or Agrigentum would be coarse and poor, and which, meanwhile, need never, under moderately just laws, exhibit any of those fearful contrasts of wealth and poverty which are the blot on our European States; because (as now with the free West Indian negro) every physical comfort, almost every physical luxury, would be within the reach of any one who was willing to labour daily just long enough to keep his body in health. The ideal of what a tropical white nation might be, when properly acclimatized (and acclimatization is now perfectly easy to the decently sober and prudent man), is, if we will but let our imagination soberly work out the details, too dazzling to be dwelt on long without pain, beside the fearful contrast which the social state of Europe presents to it at this moment, and is likely to present for many a year to come.

We will pass on to Mr. Mansfield's experiences of Buenos Ayres, and the country about the River Plate, learning always the same sad lesson of boundless waste, neglect and incapacity:—

I need not tell you that all the land almost, between the Andes and the Paraná-Paraguay, is one vast plain; all the southern part of which, almost, is now sacrificed to that lowest and most degraded form of occupation, that sham of industry, the feeding and butchering of cattle,—a vile occupation, delighted in by master capitalists, because it yields them a return on their money with the employment of the smallest possible number of workmen,—delighted in by workmen, because their employment is a lazy one, which excites none of their faculties, except those necessary to enable them to sit on horseback, and to rip the hides off half-killed oxen. I should like some of your lovers of flesh to see the reeking horrors of the *saladeros* of the River Plate.

We have no sympathy with the author's vegetarian predilections: but putting them aside, the facts which he gives prove a waste of animal food, and of animal matter valuable in other ways, frightful to contemplate:—

Dead horses and oxen everywhere . . . the immense quantity of bones is quite wonderful; they are, I am told, used as fuel by the poorer people for cooking and heating ovens. The road is repaired by filling up the holes with them, and in some places you see hedges made of them. I have seen one or two *corrals* (cattle-pounds) surrounded by fences made entirely of the bones which form the cores of the horns of oxen. . . Besides the waste of land (which might grow corn), the cruelty and the disgusting scenes which all this implies, I am annoyed by the consideration of the enormous waste of animal matter, which putrefies in the open air, and which might all make ammonia or saltpetre.

Large quantities of these bones, it should be said, are now imported into Europe as manure; but what a double 'Laputism' is involved in the facts! An industrial system so out of gear, that we find it actually cheaper, or at least easier, (and this in spite of our unrivalled mechanical appliances,) to transport bone manure across the Atlantic, than far more valuable town manure a couple of miles! Tens of thousands here glad enough of sheep's trotters or tripe once a week; good beef in tons putrefying there. It is sad and ludicrous enough: the one comfort is, that the laws of supply

and demand are not asleep, though man may be; and that little is wanting on our part, save increased information, to tell the masses who demand in vain, where the supply is; and increased education, to give them the courage and self-help whereby they may avail themselves of nature's infinite bounty. Let us teach on, and have patience. If the meat cannot go to Europe, then Europe will go to the meat; and where the carcase is, nobler animals than eagles be gathered together.

Already Mr. Mansfield saw the promise, here and there, of a better state of things. Here and there an Englishman or a Frenchman tries agriculture, and succeeds at once. What else could be expected?

Fancy (says Mr. Mansfield) the capabilities of these lands, where they plant woods of peach-trees for firewood and to feed their pigs—not because the fruit is not first-rate, but because there are not men enough to eat it. Olives, too, grow in great perfection at Buenos Ayres, and the vine luxuriates in the upper provinces, Mendoza and Tucuman. Here is a land of corn, oil, and wine; and as for the honey, as if it was not enough that there should be a score of sorts of bees to make it, the very wasps brew delicious honey. The Banda Oriental and Entre Rios have the same capabilities as the plain of the West, with such other advantages as are given by a more undulating and broken ground, with a great deal of mineral wealth. Further north, in Corrientes and Paraguay, you have the semi-tropical and tropical climates, where the richest oranges, sugar, coffee, tea, yerba maté ('Paraguay tea'), silk, and all the glories of a sun-blest vegetation, are to be had for the asking. Then as for intercommunication. In those parts where the country is hilly there is the best water-carriage in the world; and over the plains, what a country for railways! The whole Pampas ought to be furrowed with tram-roads (not to speak of steam locomotives, which they do not want yet): here is an employment for the thousands of horses which are to be had and fed for nothing. The glorious timber of Paraguay (there is in Appendix D a list of some thirty species of useful timber, by W. G. Ousely, Esq.) will do for the trams. Iron is not needed.

Paraguay itself is, he thinks, to be one of the great timber-markets of the world.

The obstacle to exporting timber from Brazil is the difficulty of getting it to the coast: here, however, is the Paraguay-Paraná ready to float down the timber from the interior.

This suggestion Mr. Mansfield follows up by a very bold and original one, which, we hear, is about to be adopted in practice. Why should not the timber be floated bodily across the Atlantic in rafts, as it is down the German rivers, only towed by steam? Of course, to do it safely, and to make it pay, it must be done on a large scale: the trans-oceanic raft must be a great island of timber, which will defy the storms by its very size.

I have no doubt (continues Mr. Mansfield, with one of those flashes of scientific imagination with which this book abounds) that the next generation, instead of loading ships with Wenham Lake ice-blocks, *will tow icebergs from the Pole to the Equator*. . . . .

These rivers do not want steam to navigate them. Glorious water-gods, they are of extra size, on purpose to do all the work themselves. I wonder why rivers have never been made to do their own tug-work.

And then he proceeds to sketch plans for stationary water-wheels which shall tow craft up the stream, and for floating factories to which those on the Rhine below Mannheim shall be 'baby-toys.'

The power available on this Paraná is positively unlimited; human hands need do no labour within hundreds of miles of its banks. Oh, what an enormous reservoir of force utterly wasted! Verily the exuberant bounty of God is awful, and the idleness of man is ghastly!

Whether each and every one of what Mr. Mansfield calls his 'dynamical dreams about this huge deluge in harness' be mechanically possible, is little concern of ours. Probably they are; for he was a scientific mechanician of no common order. But let the details go for what they are worth; the idea, the spirit which underlies them, is still invaluable. Surely this is the truly practical, the truly philosophic method of looking at man and nature, to look at them in hope and in faith; not to call upon humanity to fold its hands in the stationary state, in the very years in which it is discovering means of progress unparalleled in any age, and to abnegate its own powers just as it becomes conscious of them.

By a series of small good fortunes, Mr. Mansfield found himself in November, 1852, in Paraguay itself; almost the first Englishman who had entered it for many years. The sight of fresh, vast capabilities, not merely in the soil and climate, but in the people themselves, excited in him lofty hopes, which, alas! were brought to a sudden end by his untimely death; and the colonization of Paraguay, his darling scheme, must now be the work of another brain than his. That this colonization must take place, sooner or later, it is hard to doubt: and indeed the recent movement of sending thither French emigrants is the first step of a great movement to which we can wish no better fortune than that it may be guided, or at least assisted, by such a mind as has left in this book fragmentary tokens of its own power, earnestness, and chivalrous self-devotion to the public weal. The district which most excited Mr. Mansfield's hopes, however, was not Paraguay itself, but the 'Gran Chaco,' that vast tract which lies to the north of the river Paraguay, in length from Santa Fé ten degrees of latitude northward, and six degrees of longitude in breadth. . . .

A splendid country possessed by wild Indians alone, in which the simple and indolent Paraguayans (though it is separated from them only by the river) literally dare not set foot, for fear (forsooth) of Indians whom the Jesuit missionaries, though they did not convert them, visited safely from end to end of the land.

It is just known that the rivers are or may easily be made navigable, and the rich verdure of the country is visible from the top of this house; and that is all that is known about it. . . . The country still is open. The only positive right which the neighbouring republics claim with respect to it, is that which they have doubtless in common with the rest of the world, that each may extend its frontier so far as it can into the Chaco, by encroachment of actual occupation. But not being able to do this, they add the negative dog-manger claim of refusing to other people the right to do the same.

However, two years after this letter was written, a nucleus of civilization, it seems, began to be formed in this neglected place; a Bordeaux company having obtained a grant of land opposite Assuncion, which they are to colonize with a thousand families,—Irish, French, and Spanish (the latter two, Mr. Mansfield supposes, will be Basques).

This latter supposition springs from the fact, that so great has been the Basque emigration to Monte Video of late, that some years ago there were whole villages in which nothing but Basque was spoken. Meanwhile the omnipresent Irishman has found his way thither also, and is mingling with the Iberian races; so that, curiously enough (as the Editor remarks in a note), we may witness the formation in the New World, of a second people of 'Celt-Iberi.' May they prosper! and with them, any and every colony who will go forth, to replenish the earth and subdue it.

A portion of our Italian legion has also, we understand, gone out as colonists to Paraguay. We have unfortunately not been able to obtain any details on the subject; but the plan seems one which must, with common prudence, be crowned with success; and this band of disciplined and enterprising men, if well supported by European influence, should surely form a nucleus of strength, which may be hereafter of boundless importance in the fast-coming era of general European emigration.

We should gladly enter at greater length into the question of the probable future of this magnificent country, did we not fear that by so doing we might give a somewhat wrong impression of Mr. Mansfield's book as a whole, and make many readers fancy it fitted rather for the merchant and the projector, than the general reader. But, in fact, it is throughout an amusing book, consisting not merely of scientific or industrial hints, but of the impressions of the moment about every conceivable matter, dashed off with a careless, but a graceful pen. Mr. Mansfield's extraordinary variety of information made him as good a traveller on paper, as his bodily activity, temperance, and unfailing energy and good humour, made him one in body; and the book throughout is full of nervous sketches, picturesque and humorous, even when he is talking of birds and flowers. He has, especially, that accurate, and truly poetic eye, which

never fails to supply him with the exact simile or epithet for each object. One can hardly open a page, without finding a bit of description instinct with originality and life. The sea, in those latitudes, is so calm that

A petrel, flying three or four hundred yards from the ship, was quite plainly seen reflected in the water. . . . A day in a tropical calm is a wonderful dreamy bit of life; and at the end of it, the sun drops hard and bright behind the clean sharp horizon, as if it were eclipsed by the edge of a knife; the fringe of clouds seeming to rise like solid rocks out of the water. . . . Every one has heard of the 'Thresher,' who beats the sperm-whale to death with his tail; but we at least never had any notion what his redoubtable weapon was like, till we read of it as '*a huge ivory paper-knife*, sabre-shaped, ten feet long, perfectly white, which has occasionally protruded perpendicularly out of the water, and then brought down with a tremendous thrash.' . . . The ants walk up the trees and cut off the leaves; other ants remaining below, receive them, cut them into small pieces, shoulder them, and carry them to their nest. There was a long line of these fellows walking at double-quick pace, each with a great piece of green leaf towering over their heads, just like Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane. . . . The frogs, some work on an anvil, like blacksmiths, others whistle like a man calling a dog, others bark like a dog.

His sketches of tropical scenery are admirable; better than those in Mr. Gosse's *Jamaica* (excellent as they are), and only requiring that polish which cannot be expected in familiar letters, to make them equal to Michael Scott's as yet unrivalled pictures, so well known in *Tom Cringle* and the *Cruise of the Midge*. Take, again, a sketch of a humming bird,

Covered with iridescent green. . . . You sometimes see one as you think, sitting on a twig; when you get a little nearer, you see that there is no twig; he is sitting on the air quite stationary, while his wings are vibrating like microscopic steam engines; his beak is probing some flower on a bunch. Then he gives a little jerk with his tail, and his position is shifted half-an-inch to the next flower.

. . . He sees, at Buenos Ayres, a curious leafless tree, called Umbu, which looks 'just like the roots of some big tree, pulled bodily out of the earth and stuck up on end,* the trunk looking like an old stubbed oak, but soft as cork or cabbage; you might cut down one a yard thick with a penknife!' He sees a sandy cliff on the Paraná full of bird-burrows, which prove to be those of parrots—'long-tailed creatures, green and grey, with a flight like a cuckoo, and a scream like a jackdaw.' A swarm of locusts overhead 'did not darken the sun the least: but as their wings glittered in the light, they looked like flakes of snow passing over the blue sky.' The flowers which cover the leafless *Lapacho* trees 'look, at some distance, like immense roses stuck on a bed of moss.' A kind of wild pineapple in flower has, in the centre of the crown of green leaves, an inner horizontal coronet of bright scarlet, 'forming a cup of fire, in the midst of which sits the flower-clump of little white blossoms, stuffed in a cushion. It ought to be called the phœnix-plant; it is just like the portraits you see of that bird grilling.'

But perhaps the best sketch in the book is that of his first sight of the great *Mycteria Americana*— p. 280:

As I was riding this evening across the Pantanos (marshes), a district on the south side of the town, where the soil is clay, and the surface covered with little shallow pools of water, with pretty water-plants and quantities of wading birds, I saw the most magnificent bird I ever beheld; he must be the king that was sent down from Heaven to meet the demands of the frogs,—a perfect emperor of cranes. I had just been watching a big heron, when I caught sight of this fellow. At first I thought he was a cow, and then that he was a man; at last I perceived that his gait was far too stately for any biped but a bird; and he let me come as close to him as about the length of an ordinary room; and he was all snow white, except his beak and his head and his neck, which were black, and a broad collar round the lower part of his neck, between the black and white, which

* May we express our regret that to so many of the natural objects which Mr. Mansfield describes, the scientific names (by which alone they can be identified) have not been appended?

was deep red; and his beak was ponderous, like unto a pelican's, and full a foot long, with a heavy lower jaw. He must have stood five feet high without his boots; and he let me look at him ever so long, and he stalked about quite promiscuous; and there was close to him a big white heron, that looked quite small; and as I stood and wondered, he spread his wings, all snow-white, and sailed strait away down south for miles and miles, till the speck of white in the sky was too small to see.

Very interesting also, especially at the present time, are Mr. Mansfield's scattered hints as to the qualities of the Paraguayans themselves. He looks on them as a race who have done what work they could do; and who, having had a chance of organizing and colonizing a magnificent country, and having failed from indolence, are destined to be absorbed by the Anglo-Norman race, whether English or American. And this expectation of his receives, to our notions, a sad corroboration from the 'extreme laxity, or rather almost total absence, of morality among the women'—sure sign of a decaying race. Nevertheless, it is worth while to note the many fine capabilities of a race which may hereafter mingle itself with Anglo-Norman blood. Their parentage is curious enough. The early Spanish conquistadores, who settled Paraguay in the middle of the sixteenth century, all took Guarani (Indian wives), and thus sprang up a mixed race, speaking the Guarani language, whom an old Spanish writer in 1612 describes as—

Commonly good soldiers, and of great valour; inclined to war, skilful in the management of all sorts of arms; excellent riders, so that there is none among them who cannot break in a colt; above all, very loyal and obedient servants of his Majesty. The women are generally of noble and honourable sentiments, virtuous and beautiful, endowed with discretion, industrious, and well skilled in all kinds of needlework, in which they are continually engaged.

In 1852, Mr. Mansfield found the upper classes—who look down upon their native Guarani, and affect the official Spanish and the *estilo de abayo*,—the style of below, *i.e.*, the quasi-European fashions of the colonies at the mouth of the river—wearing a somewhat used-up look; as is to be expected in a nation which has lived for now three hundred years utterly isolated from the rest of the world: but of a charming simplicity, quietly enjoying life in poverty and ignorance; the ladies barely able to read and write, and asking whether people went by land or by water to the United States; but the peasantry, who still speak Guarani, very noble, and with so little appearance of Indian or negro blood, that he sees in poor cottages in the country, numerous children whom he would have supposed the offspring of some high-bred English family, with delicately-cut features, rather long than broad, and hair as fine as any Saxon; among many of them, reddish hair, quite Scotch. This fact, and the general 'English complexion' of the people, drives him to the conclusion that among the Spanish conquistadores there was a singular absence of Moorish blood. and that the country was settled by pure northern Vandals. Be that as it may, such a people, stately and yet energetic, good-tempered and high-minded, docile and imitative as he describes them, need only to be freed from the stupid tyranny which has for the last few years ground them down, and to be thrown into the great common current of human progress, to develop, though not perhaps independent and alone, into something more worthy of that terrestrial Paradise in which Mr. Mansfield found them idling—the western 'Land of Prester John,' as he calls it, in a playful and fanciful poem (full, meanwhile, of deep and noble feeling), inserted in this volume—another proof of the powers of that many-sided mind, of which English science has been (for some inscrutable yet, we doubt not, merciful purpose) so untimely bereft.

Meanwhile, there is something sad in the child-like ignorance and frivolity of the dwellers in the Arcadia of the West. Take, for instance, their way of celebrating Christmas-day—p. 390:

In several of the houses of the better class of the poorer sort, they rig up what they call a *pesebre*, which is, being interpreted, a manger. No doubt it was originally meant as a representation of the birth of our Lord: but it

would seem that this meaning of it is quite lost. . . . . Under a bower of calico and lace . . are seated every kind of little figure that can be collected: the centre of the background is occupied by a doll which represents the Virgin, and all around are the stupid little figures, which look as if they were gleaned from the toy-shop of some remote country village in England. There were grotesque little images of Oliver Cromwell and Robin Hood, with an apostle or two, and little dogs mounted on squeaking bellows, with little patches of line grass dotted about among them, and candles to illuminate. The visitors' room is crowded with spectators . . . who sit and gaze in admiration on the motionless spectacle, and every now and then break out into a melancholy chant, which I suppose is meant for some act of reverence. If this was seen in a newly-discovered country, I suppose it would be set down as the worshipping of their idols.

What else it can be set down as now, is difficult to define. Certainly, setting this and similar facts by the side of miraculous images and winking pictures, and cures by relics, we know no facts recorded of any ancient idolatry more grossly sensuous than those of the modern Romish and Greek churches. All attempts to draw any distinctions between the heathen and the quasi-Christian creed on these points have, in our eyes, failed utterly; and every excuse or explanation now offered by modern priests for the abomination, has been offered long ago by those of Greece, Egypt, and Rome, and by their Neo-platonist partisans.

The spectators (continues Mr. Mansfield) consist chiefly of Chinás, or women of the lower order: but the ladies of the higher families go about to see them as an amusement; and not, I fancy, without much gratification.

Couple this with the frightful fact that at the expulsion of the Jesuits from Paraguay, the Indians of their boasted Reductions relapsed at once into barbarism and heathendom, proving thus the utter absence of any self-supporting vitality —any real 'regeneration unto life' —in the Jesuit system; and all we can say of Popery, which daily boasts of its fresh conquests and approaching triumphs, is, that in the very country in which its power has been most unlimited, and least disturbed by external enemies, 'that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away.'

Paraguay is, as might be supposed, the paradise of smokers. Every one smokes—even at a lady's funeral (where a mulatto-man chants through his nose the whole Latin service, in nothing but a shirt and drawers, with a green-baize poncho, and much spitting on the pavement; and Mr. Mansfield 'never saw such a scoundrelly-looking set of fellows as the priests who officiated,') the chief mourner prepares for the procession by sticking a cigar in his mouth. 'Even the young ladies 'of the upper dozen,' who refrain in public, smoke vigorously when alone, at all hours and places; and the tobacco is scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of Havannah.'

Picturesque, lazy, cheerful people they seem—content enough with 'the stationary state' in a country where the necessaries of life may be had for the asking, and quite unaware (and small blame to them) that to remain in the stationary state, in the midst of such a country, while all the nations round them are struggling for the means of existence, is a national sin, because a national selfishness—a burying in the earth the talent allotted to them. For surely a moral duty lies on any nation, who can produce far more than sufficient for its own wants, to supply the wants of others from its own surplus. No one, of course, is Quixotic enough to expect a people to condemn itself to unnecessary labour for mere generosity's sake, and to give away what they might sell: but the human species has a right to demand (what the Maker thereof demands also, and enforces the demand by very fearful methods), that each people should either develop the capabilities of their own country, or make room for those who will develop them. If they accept that duty, they have their reward in the renovation of blood, which commerce, and its companion, colonization, are certain to bring; and in increased knowledge, which involves increased comfort, and increased means of supporting population. If they refuse it, they punish themselves by their own act. They discover (or rather, the world discovers by their example)

that national isolation is only national degradation; that the stationary state exists only on paper, and is, in practice and fact, a state of steady deterioration, physical and moral; that to refuse to take their place in the common weal of humanity, and their share of the burdens of humanity, is to cut themselves off from all that humanity has learned and gained, by hard struggles and bitter lessons; to leave the national intellect fallow, and thereby give more and more scope to the merely animal passions; till, frivolous and sensual, the race sinks into the dotage of second childhood: but not self-contented or at peace. To a race in this state, most fearfully is fulfilled the world-wide law—'He that saveth his life shall lose it.' Nowhere will life and property be so insecure, as among those peoples who care for nothing but life and property, and who say, with folded hands—'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' For over the lazy brute-Arcadia sweep surely terrible storms; their weakness makes them a prey (as the Paraguayans have been) to tyrant after tyrant. Nay, even tyranny itself may be a benefit to them; and the capricious and half-insane dictatorship of a Francia may be the necessary means (as it was in Paraguay from 1820 to 1840) of developing the agriculture and the manufactures of a lazy and debauched race, and thereby giving increased means of subsistence to thousands who must otherwise either have starved, or have gradually sunk into the condition of savage and godless squatters in the fertile wilderness.

The terrible lesson, that no price was too high to pay for industry and order, even of the roughest kind, which Francia taught the Paraguayans, seems not to have been lost upon them; and their conduct since his death, in 1840, has formed an honourable contrast to that of the other South American republics. The general features of this improvement may be read in Mr. Mansfield's volume, pp. 458—463; and the new policy of the republic, which admitted strangers, whom Francia had so jealously excluded, was practically inaugurated in 1853, by the opening of the river Paraguay (which the jealousy of Rosas had long kept closed) to British ships as far as Assumption. A treaty between Brazil and Paraguay has just made Assuncion the thoroughfare for the enormous mineral wealth of the western Brazil; but nothing, it seems to us, can permanently protect Paraguay from those miseries which have desolated every State of South America for the last forty years, save the introduction of a sturdy race of European and American colonists, protected by the strong arms of their civilized mother-countries, from the intrigue, caprice, ignorance, and brutality of the surrounding military despots for the time being. Let us trust that the alliance formed between Paraguay and England, France, the United States, and Sardinia, will not remain waste paper: but that if 'intervention' be needed, intervention will be boldly employed, to protect both the Paraguayans and the new colonists against the machinations of those surrounding States, whose political career has been marked by nothing but blood, as the many have been butchered periodically for the sake of the ambition and cupidity of the few, and their hired myrmidons. Let the European nations, or the United States, once become fully alive to the enormous capabilities of Paraguay, and self-interest will make them interfere with a strong hand to put down that suicidal anarchy, which they now only regard with contempt: but which they will then begin to fear and hate, as a curse and a hindrance to the progress of the human commonweal. And, meanwhile, may the kindly Paraguayans enjoy themselves, as best they can, in their simple picturesque way, till the fast-approaching day shall come, when play shall be at an end, and work begin.



THE BROTHERS.

[The elder fell in the first onset at the battle of the Alma; the younger died of cholera, one month afterwards, before Sebastopol.]

I.

SLEEP on! sleep on! ye beautiful and brave!—
Where late the cannon's boom
Thunder'd its voice of doom;
Where late your charging cry
Rose o'er the rattling musquetry;
All now is still, save Alma's rippling wave;
Sleep on! sleep on! ye beautiful and brave.

II.

Soon was thy warfare ended, thou young chief!
No weary, fitful story
Of years of toil for hours of glory;
From off that field, thy first and last,
Thou at one bound hast pass'd
To fame! Ah, Fame, thou cheerest not our grief;
Pale are the brows and cold, where twines thy laurel-leaf.

III.

They saw Death beckon from the fierce hill-side,
As by the camp-fires' light
They watch'd that dreary night;
But when the morning broke
On a hundred batteries' blaze and smoke,
With bounding hearts they clear'd the shot-lash'd tide,
Sprang at the cannon's throat, and wrestling died.

IV.

Sleep! calmly sleep! ye beautiful and brave!
By sacred lips the words are said,
Which soothe the living, bless the dead;
Heroes are buried where they fall,—
No funeral pomp or pall,—
A warrior's cloak is all;—
With this a brother in 'true soldier's grave'
Folds the lov'd form he would have died to save.

V.

Sleeps now that brother, too—yet sleeps not there:
O cruel, fatal Chersonese!
Insatiate War! Must fell Disease
With Slaughter join to feed
Thy ever-growing greed?
The siege drags on; valour in vain may dare;
Weapons are mould'ring in the sickly air;
Reckless of shot and shell, ev'n lightest hearts despair.

VI.

Past is your pain and peril: sleep, ye brave!
Glory is yours, and rest!
But many a gentle breast
Shall shudder at your tale,
Many a blooming cheek grow pale;
While Faith shall turn bereav'd eyes from the grave,
To Him who only taketh what He gave,
Whose Holiest came to suffer and to save:
In Him sleep on! ye beautiful and brave!

N. N. S.

JÂMI, THE PERSIAN POET.

'ALL genuine forms,' says Schlegel, 'are organical'—they spontaneously evolve themselves from the hidden nature within. They are not arbitrary or lawless; but if the internal essence have a living vigour, it will clothe itself in its own appropriate dress. The impulse may be an unconscious one—the poet may be wiser than he knows; but the connexion between matter and form lies far deeper than mere accident or caprice. Hence every new kind of poetry which the human soul has produced, has simultaneously assumed a new form of its own; the rises of the hexameter, the elegiac metre, the terza and ottava rima, are landmarks in the history of the human mind; for with each is connected a new world of feeling, a new range of images and thoughts. We see the same law when we turn to Persia, and look at the poetry, which may be called the peculiar native growth of the soil. The wild and impulsive Persian temperament has reproduced itself in the *ghazal*, a form as peculiarly national as the language or literature of the people. The Æolian and Dorian characters were severally stamped in their lyric measures; and in the same way the form of the Eastern ode faithfully reflects the genius of the East. European poets have tried, with various success, to naturalize the ghazal among us, and especially Rückhert and Count Platen in Germany; but it can never be other than a stranger; and however familiar a guest we may make it, it will still be an alien from our hearths, for its native land lies beyond the sunrise, and there only is its *home*.

It is interesting to compare for a moment the lyric measures of Greece and Persia, and to mark with how instinctive an intuition each has chosen its own appropriate forms. Alcæus and Sappho could not have written in the ghazal—its mechanism is utterly discordant with their genius. We cannot conceive the ode to Venus bound down to its peculiar rhythm, or the passion of Longinus' fragment meted out in rhyming couplets; we feel with an instinctive recoil that such matter and such form no freak of fortune could reconcile. Yet the converse holds with equal truth where the ghazal has grown up as a national form. The Alcaics and Sapphics of the great Æolian poets are not more appropriate to their songs than is the ghazal to the more lawless effusions of the Persian bard. An interchange would have been fatal to each: the chastened strength of the Greek would have become trivial, and the wild impulsiveness of the Persian cramped and stilted.

The mechanism of the ghazal, as we said, is singularly adapted to the genius of Persian lyrical poetry—it has grown up as its natural expression. The wild and passionate character of the ode, its desultory and lawless wanderings, as the poet runs on with no continuous progress, but rather steps as *per saltum* from theme to theme—the track by which one thought led to another being often too slight and evanescent for the reader's surface-glance to detect—all this admirably harmonizes with the ghazal's wild and desultory rhythm; while, at the same time, the continual recurrence of one rhyme at the end of each couplet unites, like a silver thread, the separate pearls (to use a favourite Persian image*), and binds their dishevelled profusion into order and harmony. The ghazal should contain not less than five couplets, and not more than thirteen, and the sense of each couplet (as in the Latin elegiac) is generally complete in itself, rarely overflowing into the next. The first two lines of the poem rhyme, and the same rhyme recurs at the end of every second line, while the intermediate lines of every couplet, except the first, are left free. This Sir W. Jones has endeavoured to preserve in an ode which he has translated from Jámi; the attempt was not very happy;† but the open-

* Thus Háfiz, *ghazal gufti, u dur sufti*, 'thou hast uttered ghazals and strung pearls.'

† Several very pleasing specimens of the English ghazal may be found in Trench's *Poems from Eastern Sources;* and we can distinctly recognise the Persian measure, even though stripped of its rhyme, in Tennyson's beautiful ode in the *Princess*:—

'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk.'

ing lines, which we subjoin, will serve as a specimen of the measure, and will also give some idea of the long succession of rhyming syllables which is so frequent in Persian odes.

How sweet the gale of morning breathes! sweet news of my *delight* he brings;
News that the rose will soon approach the tuneful bird of *night*, he brings.
Soon will a thousand parted souls be led, his captives, through the sky,
Since tidings, which in every heart must ardent flames *excite*, he brings.
Late near my charmer's flowing robe he passed, and kissed the fragrant hem;
Thence odour to the rosebud's veil, and jasmine's mantle *white*, he brings.

The two great masters of the Persian ghazal are Háfiz and Jámi. From the former's *díwán* we selected twelve odes, which were given in *Fraser's Magazine* for September, 1854; and we now present our readers with some similar specimens from the works of the latter. Jámi's name has little of that celebrity in England which hangs round his more fortunate rival's, and few of his odes have ever assumed an English dress; but with his countrymen he has always been an especial favourite, and their common name for his seven great poems is the *haft aurang*, or 'seven thrones,'—the 'Ursa Major' of the firmament of Persian poetry.

Of his life we know but little. His real name was Nuruddin Abdurrahman; but he assumed the poetical surname Jámi, from his birthplace, Jám, a small village near Herat, in Khorassan, where he was born A.H. 817 or A.D. 1414. One of his works he dedicated to Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople; nor was he renowned only as a poet, and, least of all, as a mere writer of love songs. With him, as with so many other Persian poets, the exterior is but the fashion of the times; we must pierce below the surface if we would grasp the poet's real meaning. We hear of Jámi as the erudite doctor of Musulman law, and as the scholar and successor of the great Sufi teacher, Saad-ud-din, of Kashgar; and we must carry this character with us to his books. In all of them more is meant than meets the outward ear; for these are no utterances of the idle votary of pleasure—some Eastern Ovid or Horace,—but the language of a Sufi professor absorbed in his mystic philosophy. The cup, the breeze, the beloved, have all a mystic meaning, which, while the spoken sounds vibrate on the outward ear, speaks loud to the ear of the initiated heart; just as, in the Platonic doctrine, the eye of sense sees the visible and material, while the eye of *νόησις* grasps the essence and idea. Thus Jámi himself, in one of his odes, expressly claims this interpretation for his poetry, when he says—

Far beyond this our world lies the dwelling-place of our beloved;
Oh! happy he, who, beneath our words, is the sharer of the secret.

Or, again, in another place—

If, like the flask, thou takest the cotton from the ear of thy soul,
Thou shalt know what means the secret of the wail of the lute and the harp!

In Jámi's poetry this mystical character is certainly more distinctly brought out than in that of Háfiz, and those passages are of more frequent occurrence, which bear on their very surface the undoubted impress of Sufeyism; but it is highly important to observe that this is only a difference of *degree*. In Jámi and in Háfiz the subject matter of the odes is precisely the same; the former only brings out more clearly what the latter usually expresses by allusions. The mysticism in Jámi will often fill an entire ode, where Háfiz condenses it into a couplet or line. But in each alike it exists; and hence Jámi's odes have an additional value, from thus illustrating and confirming Háfiz's claim to the same system of interpretation.

As a poet, Jámi lacks the condensed vigour of Háfiz, but he has great sweetness and beauty. 'Un charme inexprimable,' to use De

Sacy's expression, hangs round his verse, even where the thoughts themselves are trivial; commonplace is redeemed by the exquisite words in which it is clothed, and the melody of his lines softens every extravagance.

He wants, indeed, Háfiz's large soul, which seemed to ransack all creation for images; his imagination is far more feeble and confined; yet in its own field of vision his eye is strong and clear. The desert, with its pilgrims, seems one of his favourite subjects, and the caravan and the Caaba supply him with countless allusions; he never tires of pointing to the pilgrim, hurrying on across the waste,—

The wind that meets him, blowing sand in his eyes,
And his feet sinking deep in the burning sand below;

or the desert itself,

What time in its wilds the whirlwind lifts its head,
And makes pillars of sand for the tent of the sky!

At the same time the prominent mysticism of his poetry gives it a peculiar interest to the English reader. In his odes Sufeyism comes distinctly out, and we can judge of its true merits and tendencies, and mark the truth which it contains, as well as the evil, which human error may have mingled therein. The following odes will supply specimens of both; for, if we admire the deep glow of religious feeling which pervades them, we must not pass over the Sufi's contempt of *all* outward forms, which would tend to place all religions on a level.

I.

Whose is this litter on yonder camel with its golden bells,—
A hundred caravans of the heart* following in train behind?
'Tis the litter of one, who, did she but throw her curtain aside,
Would flood mountain and valley with the light of her cheek!
Oh the memory of that day, when I wandered after her camel,
And I heard her call to her side the dog that followed her.
I hastened up in my error,—and with a gracious smile,
She asked, 'how farest thou, bewildered lover of mine?'
'I am all consumed by thy love,—oh speed not in such haste,' I answered;
'Though well I know thou art my *life*,† and life's manner is ever to hasten!'
'Oh Jámi,' she made reply, 'spread wide thy world-traversing wings,
With a free flight to soar to the soul's home of rest;
Or, if thy thoughts rise not so high, then stay, a fixed recluse,
By the ruins and blackened ashes‡ of our old caravanserai!'

II.

Last night my eyes were closed in sleep, but my good fortune was awake,
And the whole night, the livelong night, the image of my beloved was the companion of my soul.
The sweet melody of her voice still remains in my heart;
Oh, heaven! how sweet were the words that fell from her lips!
Alas! all that she said to me in that dream has passed from my memory,
Though the livelong night till morning my sole thought was to repeat her words.

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* Cf. Longfellow's

'The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answer back again.'

The Sanskrit word for 'desire' (*manoratha*) means literally 'a mind-chariot.'

† This conceit not unfrequently occurs in Persian poetry. Compare Háfiz (in *Fraser's Magazine* for September, 1854, p. 292)—

'Yesterday *she* passed, but she cast no glance towards me;
Ah, helpless heart of mine, that knew not its *life* was passing.'

‡ *Diman* is one of those picturesque desert-words which Jámi delights in. Freytag explains it—'*Vestigia habitaculorum et hominum ibi habitantium, et loci ob hanc causam nigri.*'

Without her cheek the day is dark as night to my eyes;
Ah, blessed indeed the day, when my eyes were first fixed on that cheek!
Oh, happy be thy dreams, mine eye; for Jámi in his sleep
Hath seen this night the vision, for which all his life long he hath watched.

III.

Long ere that day, when Heaven first kneaded the dust of man,
In my water and clay* love sowed the seed of thy desire.
All beauty art thou from head to foot,—one would say the eternal artist
Had moulded thy form not of water and clay, but of pure soul and heart.
Oh, reveal thy face, that towards the arch of thy brow may turn their eyes
The worshippers from the mosque, the devotees from the idol temple.
No belief we win from thee, howsoever our eyes with tears of blood
Write on the door and wall of thy street the story of our love.
If thou wert not my murderer,—oh, would that after my death
They might make bricks of my dust to build the tomb of thy victims.
Rise thou and shed my blood,—spread the crimson mat beneath my feet,
For fate hath at length resolved to fold up the carpet of my life.
On the future reversion of paradise have others fixed their hearts,—
But Jámi's paradise is at once paid to the full, wherever thou art seen!†

IV.

A hundred thorns from thy absence pierce the foot of my heart;
And from the garden of thy presence not a rose comes to my hand.
The resting-place of the bird of my heart was once the bough of the Sidrah tree;‡
'Twas the lure of thy bait§ that brought me into this snare.
Every one drinks a draught of the cup of thy love,
Be he a sheikh of the hermits, or be he a wine-worshipping reveller.
I have torn my heart away from the leaves of science and books of knowledge;
I would barter all that is for the wine of thy lip.
One draught,—and the wine-worshipper is set free from self;
But the hapless self-worshipper,||—alas! he is never free!
From the threshold of the wine-tavern have our heads been exalted;
Oh, Heaven, may the waves of sorrow never sweep its foundations away!
Oh Jámi¶, humbly bow at the foot of the bowl, like a glass,
For fate will shiver thy life's cup with the stones of circumstance.

V.

I went to the Caaba,** and there I longed for thy street;
I gazed on the Caaba's beauty, and remembered thy face.
When I saw the rites of the pilgrims and their sacrifices,
I stretched out the hand of desire towards thy black tresses.

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* A favourite Eastern expression for the human body.

† It is singular that, in composing this ode, Jámi seems evidently to have had in his mind the sixth of the odes from Háfiz, which we gave September, 1854. The same rhymes are used throughout, though the order is changed; but the images which they severally suggest to the two poets are very different.

‡ A tree in Paradise.

§ The word *dána*, or 'grain,' used here for 'bait,' probably contains an allusion to that favourite beauty in Oriental descriptions—the mole on the cheek.—Cf. Jámi's lines in the *Salámán*—'She placed a musky (or 'black') grain upon her cheek, therewith to ensnare the bird of his heart.'

|| The continual theme of Eastern mystical writers is the need of escaping from self and personality, to be lost in the Deity. Jámi elsewhere says finely, 'at that time in my darkened fortune, I lay like a black shadow flung by the wall of self.'

¶ *Jám* signifies 'a cup;' and Jámi is rather too fond of thus playing on his name.

** This ode will be best explained by the following extract from Gibbon's *Decline*, ch. 50:—'The same rites which are now accomplished by the faithful Mussulman were invented and practised by the superstition of the idolaters. At an awful distance they cast away their garments; seven times with hasty steps they encircled the Caaba, and kissed the black stone; seven times they visited and adored the adjacent mountains; seven times they threw stones into the valley of Mina; and

When, with an hundred prayers, I seized the ring of the Caaba's door,
I uttered a sigh for the ringlets of thy musky locks.
The pilgrims turned their faces to pay their adorations;
From the midst of the throng I turned my heart's face to thee.
From spot to spot I passed,—for thee was my sole desire;
Each toilsome round that I paced, I paced in my search for thee.
On the station of Arafat* the pilgrims stood, reciting their prayers;
I closed my lips from prayer, and only spake of thee.
In the valley of Mina they knelt, and poured forth their petitions,
But, like Jámi,† free from them all, I only poured forth my desire for thee!

VI.

Yon teacher,—what aileth him, that, creeping into his cell,
He renounces fellowship with the world, to bind it but closer with himself?
Each thread of sympathy which he severs from other men,
He only winds tight round himself, as the silkworm its cocoon.
He himself is the world—and he asks to be free from the world;
How shall *he* be free from the world, who is not yet free from himself?
Let him talk as he will of the Caaba, and the pilgrims who toil to its gate,—
His ear hath ne'er heard the sound of that caravan's camel-bell.
He has left the pursuit of knowledge, and is frantic after tinsel;
He has squandered his pearls of price, and has bought only children's beads.
Oh Jámi, ask not from him the qualities of the wine of love;
Never hath he seen that cup, and never tasted its wine!

VII.

O Musulmáns, what help can I find 'gainst this wanton tyrant of stony heart?
All my hopes from her lips are blasted,—all my patience at her cheek is gone!
If I set my body to leave her, weary and stale is life;
If I fix my heart on her presence, profitless is the thought.
They tell me the cure of love may be found in travel; but I know too well
That with each successive stage would her love in my heart grow more.
If my fast-falling tears rained not to quench the fire,
From the lightning of my hot sighs would camel and saddle be burned.
To that pearl of priceless worth how shall I bend my way,
When from me to *it* lie oceans of tears between?
In the whirlpool of sorrow our bark of hope is wrecked;
Do not thou fling, oh friend, the stones of reproach from the shore!
Hand to the lords of festivity, oh Fortune, the wine of gladness;
For Jámi the cup of sorrow hath drained to drunkenness.‡

VIII.

The print on the ground from thy horse's hoof
Is a more auspicious sight than the new moon§ in the sky.
By night a moon, and a sun by day,—oh hide not that face of thine,
For 'tis hard indeed to see the world, except by the light of thy face.

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the pilgrimage was achieved, as at the present hour, by a sacrifice of sheep and camels, and the burial of their hair and nails in the consecrated ground.' Jámi visited Mecca as a pilgrim in 1472; see the memoir prefixed to the admirable translation of his *Salámán and Absál*, lately published.

* A mountain near Mecca.

† The Persian poets, as our readers will have observed, invariably bring in their names at the conclusion of each ghazal; this is usually done in a short soliloquy, but sometimes, as in the present ode, the poet speaks of himself as another person.

‡ Compare the beautiful lines, quoted by Sir W. Jones, in his 'Commentarii Poeseos Asiaticæ,' from Theodorus Prodromus, the Greek romancist:—

Κρατῆρα μακρὸν ἡδονῆς κὰι δακρύων
Κιρνῶντες ἐξέπινον ἄχρις ἐς μέθην.

§ One of the Persian names for the moon is *na'l-i-shám*, 'the horse-shoe of evening.'

Glad is the heart to meet the wayfarers journeying to thy door;
What better sight than the caravan to him who hath lost his road?
So long for grief for thee have my nails torn my breast,
That ye can see my bones through the rents of my garments.
I lost myself in ecstasy, as the Beloved rode by slowly with tightened
reins,*—
Oh, who can behold unmoved that hand and those reins?
By thy love is Jámi so melted, that in his heart,
As wine in the cup, can be seen the image of thy lip!

IX.

Who is this moon that enters by the door of my chamber,
And at the reflection of her cheek all my darkness turns to light?
Yea, rather a resplendent sun, at whose appearing
The star of my fortune culminates in the highest heaven!
With the tears of my eyes have I moistened the clay of sorrow,
Till from that clay at last upsprings the rose of joy.
Our life has gone from our hands,—what gift have we left for an offering
To welcome her footstep, if after our death she passes over our grave?
For my meek subservience the rival calls me her dog;
Ample honour for me is this name in the two worlds.
I have laid down my life in the dust of her footstep; yet what profit of it all?
My humble service meets not the acceptance of her bounty.
Her presence, O Jámi, is thy highest range of hope!
Still hope thou on, for thy hopes shall yet attain their end.

X.

Oh, in the air of thy love all creatures are as motes!†
No being knoweth aught of the essence of thy nature.
The eye of Reason was dazzled, when in the beginning of eternity
Thy beauty revealed its reflections in the mirror of qualities!‡
Every brick from the idol-temple becomes another Caaba,
If one ray of thy beauty falls upon Somnath.
Wheresoever shines one gleam of the light of thy glory,
Iza'§ is shorn of its splendour, and Lát is reft of its power.
Whosoever is drowned in the ocean of thy majesty
Finds, like the prophet Khizr,|| the road to the fountain of life.
To the Caaba of thy search whosoever would turn his face,
Must first renounce all reverence for created beings.
To Jámi's thirsty lips, oh, in bounty vouchsafe one cup
Of that wine, whose taste is freedom from the dregs of ignorance!

XI.

My heart hath not found thy presence; I have given my life for thy image;
The wanderer after the fountain hath died with parched lips in the mirage.¶
My beloved, when with her garment she wipes the tears from my cheek,
Lets drop my very heart's blood, as she wrings the mantle.

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* Háfiz has a fine couplet, which Jámi may have imitated:—

'Ride on, oh king of the realm of beauty, but ride slow, with tightened rein—
At the end of every street stands a suppliant for justice!'

† This remarkable ode occurs in the middle of Jámi's *Díwán*, and is one of those 'glaring instances' which so strongly confirm the mystical interpretation of these Eastern ghazals.

‡ 'Forms and qualities are, according to the Sufi doctrine, but reflexions of the Divinity and of his attributes, without individual reality; and are called indifferently, *forms, names, splendours*, or *qualities* of God.'—*Asiatic Journal*, 1840.

§ Iza' and Lát were two idols worshipped by the Arabs in 'the time of ignorance' before Mohammed.

|| The prophet Khizr is said to have discovered and drunk of the fountain of life.

¶ The *Seráb*, or 'mirage,' is no doubt the same word as the Hebrew *shárab*, in Isaiah, xxxv. 7. (See Gesenius.) The image becomes far more vivid if, instead of the 'parched ground' of our authorized version, we translate it 'the mirage shall become a lake.'

I am grown so thin and worn, that, like the strings of a harp,*
On my wasted body ye can count my every vein!
The lover takes his soul in his hand when he comes into thy presence;
Such homage as he can, that doth the beggar bring.
How could I drink wine, when the cupbearer in my hand
Placed last night the ruby wine, and I, alas! far from thy lip?
Now from my bosom's heat melts the cup, like the wine;
And now from my sighs' cold breath freezes the wine, like the cup!
Oh, wherefore should Jámi's nails thus passionately rend his breast?
He would erase from his heart every letter that tells not of devotion to thee!

XII.

Again the ache† in my head,—from whose drunken eye does it come?
Again, the arrow-point rankling in my heart,—from whose bow does it come?
My heart has gone from my hand;—oh breeze, why comes not back
That bird of the nest of fidelity,—in whose snare is it caught?
Oh my heart, count thou as rest the stroke of the loved one's sword,
Look not thou at the sword,—heed only whose is the hand!
For a lifetime have I laid my head as the dust of her street;
Yet none asks, as he passes by, 'For whose foot waits it there to be trampled on?'
Within this heart of mine hath the loved one's image fixed its home;
See this ruined chamber, *whose* dwelling-place is it now!
A fire-temple is my bosom,—and what shall I say? within it
My heart, through its darkened fortune, is a Hindú fire-worshipper—of *whom!*
With the wine of the sorrow of love is the soul of Jámi drunken;
Yet knoweth none of his friends from *whom* came the draught!

XIII.

Alas, this peri-faced beauty hath wholly driven me mad;
My own reason calls me a stranger, nor will she herself call me a friend.
Every Musulman, who beholds the form of that foreign idol,
Turns his back to the mosque and Mecca, and his face to the idol-temple.
Whosoever reads the story of Laili and Majnún,
As soon as he hears my history, bids farewell to the legend.
This intoxication and madness are beyond the power of wine;
All that her friends have suffered comes from her drunken eye.
A very treasure is love, and our desolate heart is a desert;—
How to such a desert can such a treasure find its way?
For the love of thy cheek and mole hath my soul descended to the body,
The hungry bird hath come down to taste the water and the lure!
Oh, Jámi, make thyself glad with the dregs of the cup of sorrow,
If this be the liquor which the cup-bearer pours into thy bowl.

XIV.

Long ere that day when they built yonder majestic dome,
My Mecca was the arch of that vaulted brow of thine.
Thy cheek was that lamp of light, which, in the night of Sinai,
Illumined the holy valley with its mystic blaze.
Those who drain the cup of thy sorrow, the hermits with their woollen rags on their shoulders,—
Many are the vows of homage which they have paid to that brow's empyrean arch!
Once thy eyes darted their glances forth, and their brightness slew;
Alas, my turn hath come, and why have they forgot their power?

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* This might also refer to the lines on the hand, but Jámi has elsewhere a somewhat similar conceit:—

With my wailings and cries my body is bent like a harp,
And my tears, as they stream to my feet, hang from each eyelash like the strings!

† *Khumár*, or 'crapula.'

Oh see her universal bounty; nor murmur, oh rose of beauty,
That in this wide garden they foster the grass as well as thee.*
Oh, Jámi, press ever onward, nor lose sight of these hurrying riders,
Who at every stage which they pass, leave a hundred caravans behind!

XV.

Knowest thou what saith the voice of the harp and the lute?
'Thou art the Beloved and the All-sufficient!'
Earth's frozen ones have no ear for the mystic song,
Else would its melody have entranced the world.
Oh, for the minstrel, at one song of whose voice
All the motes of existence dance for joy!
The derwish may stand on the shore of doubt and illusion,
But the soul of the wise is drowned in the sea of sight.
The pure glory of love is formless to the eye,
But it manifests itself under every form.
It decked itself under the guise of Laili's† beauty,
And stole patience and rest from Majnún's heart.
Before its own face it threw the veil of Azrá's charms,
And flung wide before Wámik a hundred doors of sorrow.
It is love, in truth, that hath played with itself alone;
And Wámik and Majnún have been but a name!
Jámi hath seen the reflection of the cupbearer's cheek, and in his transport
He hath fallen, like a flask, to pay his homage before the bowl.

XVI.

I am not the man who should soil his lips with idle words,
Or wear the point of his pen in the praise of the worthless.
The talk of the base is a potsherd, and song is a string of pearls;—
Alas! alas! the shame, that I waste the pearls on the sherd!
My pittance of life hath slipped from my hand, squandered in idle breath;
And now for bitter remorse I may well gnaw the back of my hand.
Through the threads of my verse,‡ which my life long I have been weaving,
Alas! what can I strain but the tears of my eyes and the blood of my heart?
The realms of the kingdom of speech, though they stretch from the east to the west,
From my daily toil of rhyme, seem cramped and contracted to my feet.
Speech is like the wind—and with my footrule of dactyls and spondees,§
I but weary myself night and day in vain efforts to measure the wind.
In the morning I said to Speech,|| 'Oh, thou, who in spite of the envious,
Hast been the appointer of my tasks in the workshop of words,
Long enough have I vexed my heart with this word-weighing toil; give me my dismissal,
That henceforth I may bow my head on the collar of Silence, and be at rest.'
'Oh Jámi,' it made reply, 'thy soul is a treasury of secrets;
And can it be right that I should keep the door of that treasury locked?'

E. B. C.

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* Perhaps Jámi may have here intended a reference to a fable of Sadi, which was given in the March number of *Fraser's Magazine*, p. 289.

† The loves of Laili and Majnún, and Azrá and Wámik, are the favourite theme of Persian romantic poetry.

‡ Of the two MSS. which I have used for these translations, only one gives this ode, and unfortunately some words in this couplet are so illegible that I have been obliged to guess at the reading.

§ I have ventured to substitute these well-known names for the original's dichoreus and fourth epitrite.

|| *Nátikat*, the faculty of speech.

WHAT ARE THE UNITED STATES COMING TO?*

'WAR with Russia, sir! the idea is ridiculous. I don't see how a man of sense can talk such stuff. Are you aware, sir, of the importance of our commerce with Russia, of the extent to which Russian bonds are held in England, of the number of English houses established at St. Petersburg, Riga, Odessa? The mutual interest of England and of Russia forbids a war; and interest, as all *practical* men know, sir, is the great bond which unites man to man, and the great rule of national policy. Moreover, it is really rather late in the day to talk of war. War, sir, is an exploded folly. The progress of the nineteenth century has made war absurd and impossible. Logic and trade alike condemn a resort to the barbarous and idiotic custom.'

So talked many a British wiseacre in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-three. And listening afar off to such talk, the Czar Nicholas rejoiced greatly in his heart, and went on from step to step of his bold, bad career, adding insult to insult, and piling assumption upon assumption, till the blood of England boiled over with wrath and righteous indignation, and the talk of the wiseacres was suddenly silenced by the great universal war-cry of the people; and the webs of peace were wiped from the cannon's mouth; and England went forth armed to execute justice and judgment; and her spirit failed not, though there was much sorrow in all her homes: for she learned in the short years of that sharp trial how a nation strengthens in maintaining the right, as a man in speaking truth.

As the wiseacres talked in England three short years ago, so have their brethren in America been talking through all the lifetime of the Great Republic.

Once and again has it been prophesied to the rich, prosperous, powerful Northern States of the American Union, 'Between your liberty and the slavery of your Southern confederates there can be no peace, but only war. This lukewarm Laodicean life you seek to lead cannot last for ever. God has ordained no enduring twilight; but either the glory grows into full day, or fades into utter night. If you do not resist the devil he will not flee from you, but will come upon you, raging and terrible, in an hour when you dream not of him.'

And still the Northern wiseacres have answered, 'There can be no war between us and our brethren of the South. While the Mississippi flows to the Gulf, while the South grows her crops and the North works her work, there must be peace and union between us two. Our interests unite us, and no abstractions can divide us.'

Is not the wisdom of the wiseacres now to be suddenly put to shame, and the confidence of the unbelieving to be dashed in pieces?

Eighty years ago thirteen great colonies of England in America, exasperated by the injustice and the attempted tyranny of the Home Government, threw off their allegiance to King George, and fought their way to a place among the nations of the earth. Throughout that struggle (which all right-minded Englishmen now hail as glorious) the Anglo-American banners bore a double device. The colonists were warring for 'Liberty and Independence.' They won the latter to secure the former. It was their proud profession of faith that freemen left to govern themselves would so establish justice and so organize equality among men as they had never been established and organized before. Therefore it was that through all the world the eyes of men were turned with hope to this new star of empire rising in the West. It was expected of America that she should become conspicuous among the nations for righteousness, as well as for riches: that she should bring forth the perfect fruits of freedom in harmony at home, and

* *On Seaboard Slave States.* By F. L. Olmsted. New York and London: 1856.

An Address on the Nature and Power of the Slave States and the Duty of the Free States. By Josiah Quincy. Boston: 1856.

in a foreign policy at once pacific, honourable, and firm.

What American will say that these reasonable expectations, so warmly cherished in so many lands, have been really fulfilled in the career of his country?

Prosperous beyond the dreams of her first founders the Republic has indeed become. Already she rivals the old powers that had monopolized so long the title of 'great' in the numbers of her population, while in the extent of her dominions and in the abundance of her resources she leaves the most of them far in the rear. Her commercial marine has outstripped our own; her railways outnumber the combined railways of all the earth beside; her people are better fed, better clothed, better housed, better taught than ever a people were before—than any other people are now. If a man or a nation could live by bread alone, one would say that there was nothing lacking to America—that she had achieved and was achieving the uttermost good.

How is it, then, that from this country—so rich, so powerful, so independent—there come to us such sounds of discord and of confusion? How is it that the weaker neighbours of the Great Republic seek alliances in Europe against their mighty sister? How is it that the ambassadors of the nation which was to demonstrate that Law is nowhere so safe as in the arms of Liberty, should have been found proclaiming piracy for a policy, and menacing modern Christendom with the language of ancient Rome? How is it, above all, that the government of free America should have given its sympathies, if not its aid, to the machinations of despotic Russia against the independence and the liberties of the West?

While the substantial America has so waxed great and rich, has the ideal America—the America which drew to itself the interest and the hope of mankind—has this withered and waned? Here is the question which all true lovers of America in the Old World have long been asking—the question which is forced upon them with new intensity by the events now transpiring in all parts of the Republic, by the outrages perpetrated upon the people in Kansas, and upon the representatives of the people at Washington. Let us see if to this question any hopeful answer may be found.

European observers of American affairs are constantly liable to overlook the one great fact which Americans themselves have hitherto studiously obscured and done their best to ignore, that America is not *one* America, but *two* Americas—not a nation, but a Union—and a union not only of so many separate states, but of states which divide themselves by irresistible natural affinities into two great groups.

The thirteen English colonies which formed the original Union had been settled at different times and in very different circumstances by different classes of Englishmen. The north-eastern colonies known as New England were peopled mainly by the descendants of God-fearing, intelligent, industrious men who had gone thither for 'conscience sake,' and who carried into their new home the love of constitutional liberty, the respect for religion, the just estimate of the importance of education, and the honest spirit of enterprise which distinguished the best portion of the upper and the middle classes of England in the seventeenth century. The New England settlers were Puritans, with all the virtues and all the failings of the Puritan character; and with the obnoxious Puritanism which they bequeathed to their descendants they bequeathed to them also that noble Puritanism to which we in England owe so much of the good we have kept in Church and State. Throughout the New England colonies, learning and industry were held in honour from the beginning. Hardly had the Plymouth colonists cleared away a fringe of forest from the shores of Massachusetts Bay before they founded a University for 'the training of teachers and preachers,' a new Cambridge, to perpetuate in the Transatlantic world the remembrance and the influence of that English Alma Mater, nearly one-half of whose living sons, we are told, were to be found in New England between 1620 and 1643.

Very unlike the colonies of New England were those of Georgia, the two Carolinas, Virginia, and Maryland. These colonies (with the exception of Georgia, which was settled, as a speculation, at the beginning of the eighteenth century) had been chiefly peopled by emigrants, Catholic and Episcopalian, who had been sent to the New World by the royal authority, or who had fled thither to escape the rule of the Commonwealth. Virginia, the oldest of these colonies, and the most important, was made up of a very mongrel population. There were Cavalier gentlemen, of good family and of character, holding large estates; and Cavalier vagabonds, with pockets empty of money and heads empty of wisdom, vulgar, swaggering, lazy, making trouble for the magistrates, and fleecing the tradesmen. There were high-spirited refugees, who had escaped the sword of Cromwell's men; and low-spirited blackguards, the refuse of Alsatia, who had been sent away to the New World to rid the restored Government of Charles II. of their importunity. As a royal colony, Virginia had been entirely subjected to the regulations of the home Administration, and the ranks of the population had been continually recruited from the prisons and the workhouses of England. Convicts and paupers were sent thither, and sold into servitude; poor girls were stolen and exported thither, and bought for tobacco by the highest bidders. There the Church of England was by law established, but got only a sorry living from a people who were more ready to fight with the Puritans than they were to work for their own parsons. As the first land settled by Englishmen, Virginia esteemed herself the true original America; and the Virginians, proud both of their politics and of their historical precedence, looked down upon their fellow-colonists. Virginia, in the days of Elizabeth, had been honoured with the title of 'dominion,' and the name figures upon old coins of 'Queen Bess,' who styled herself 'Queen of England, Ireland, France, and Virginia.' While the New England colonies were swift to hail the establishment of the Commonwealth, Virginia held out against the Protector, and invited Prince Charles to come over from his dawdling in Holland, and be 'king in Virginia.' Nothing, in short, could have been more antagonistic to the habits, manners, opinions, tone, and temper of the New England people, than the habits, manners, opinions, tone, and temper of the Virginians; and the other Southern colonies partook more of the Virginian than of the New England spirit. Between New England and the South lay the great colonies of New York and Pennsylvania, with the smaller ones of New Jersey and Delaware. These colonies, again, differed in their character, as in their origin, from their neighbours on either side. But, in the main, their affinities were stronger with the Northern than with the Southern spirit. The orderly civic virtues of Holland had been quickened in the people of New York by the infusion of English resolution and enterprise. Whatever was best in the Quaker character was to be found in Pennsylvania, expanded and animated by the influence of the adventurous colonial life.

The institution of African slavery existed in all the colonies: but as it had been first introduced into Virginia, so had it been especially fostered in the Southern settlements by the temper of the inhabitants and by the nature of their occupations. The Southern colonies were more purely agricultural than those of the North; and while in Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, prædial slavery was almost unknown, in the more Southern colonies the chief part of the field labour was performed by slaves.

Such was the condition of the colonies at the close of the Revolutionary contest. United in the struggle for independence, the Americans, after that great object was achieved, soon found themselves somewhat divided in sentiment when they came to settle the establishment of liberty. Somewhat divided in sentiment, we say; for the universal discussion of the fundamental principles of society and government which had accompanied the conflict, had not been

without its fruits in all parts of the country. Throughout the new Union, the leading spirits pronounced themselves very strongly upon the incompatibility of the institution of domestic slavery with the great principles for which the colonists had been doing battle, and upon which they proposed to organize the great nation they were to found.

Not seldom during the war had the consequences of the very different training which the two great sections of the Anglo-American colonists had received, been manifested in collisions between the overbearing spirit of the Southern men, and the independent temper of their Northern confederates. In the letters of Washington himself, in the private correspondence of other distinguished Americans, and in the Journals of Congress, we find frequent indications that the gentlemen of the ex-royal Southern colonies were indisposed to meet their coadjutors of Puritan, Dutch, or Quebec origin on terms of frank and absolute equality. There exists a remarkable letter addressed by the Rev. Jacob Duché, the first chaplain of Congress, to General Washington, immediately after the Declaration of Independence. In this letter the reverend gentleman, after strongly condemning the extreme step which the Congress had taken, and declaring that he can no longer consent to officiate as chaplain in an assembly of avowed 'rebels,' urges the general to recede with him from the way on which the colonists were entering. His appeal is eloquently worded, but we allude to it here because he brings to bear upon Washington the argument, that this measure of the 'Declaration' had been chiefly forced upon the Americans by the delegates from New England, who were persons with whom it was not fit that a Virginian gentleman should be associated. 'Persons, sir,' he says, 'whom you or I would be ashamed to invite to our tables.'

The domineering tone of the Southern Americans re-appeared in the early debates and deliberations of the confederated Congress. Yet as the Southern representatives were almost equally with their Northern colleagues, disposed to prepare the way for the gradual abolition of that institution of slavery which, more than anything else, tended to keep alive the anti-republican and offensive element in the Southern character, it might have been anticipated that little harm would come of all this, and that what harm did come of it would have but a brief duration.

But in the fact that it was found necessary to 'prepare the way' for the abolition of slavery, lay the scarce discerned seed of America's greatest dangers, the seed of the Upas tree which has since sprung up to overshadow her institutions, and to which the axe must now be laid, if the Republic is to live and thrive.

In the Northern colonies, slavery was already dead or dying; in the Southern colonies it was simply 'held for execution.' The Congress could not annihilate at a blow the large slave property of the Carolinas, of Virginia, Maryland, and Georgia. Although the Southern Colonies had by no means borne the brunt of the revolutionary struggle, — Massachusetts alone having furnished many more men to the republican armies than the five Southern colonies together—yet the prominent part taken by eminent Southern men in the councils of war and peace, and the rank claimed for herself by Virginia particularly, gave to the South an undue preponderance in the discussions relative to the establishment of the Government. The South insisted upon a qualified recognition of slavery in the Southern States, and the North conceded an absurd, and, as events have proved, a fatal condition, by virtue of which the slave population of the South, which to the laws of the South was known only as property, should be considered in settling the basis of representation in the national legislature as partially human, every slave being reckoned as three-fifths of a man.

Armed, thus, by the North itself with a most unfair accession of real political weight, the slaveholders were not likely to abate anything of that tone of fancied superiority which they had been accustomed

while colonists to assume. They were virtually constituted an oligarchy in the bosom of the republic, united in action by a common interest, and enabled by their position to devote themselves to political life. At the North the majority of able and educated men found in the opportunities afforded by the rapid and amazing development of the resources of their country abundant reasons for turning their energies in a hundred various directions. They became lawyers, engineers, merchants, manufacturers, men of letters—they engaged in all the pursuits which multiply upon mankind in the progressive life of modern civilization. The governmental machinery of the Northern States in the main worked so well and so easily, that there was little to call for the devotion of great abilities to the affairs of the State. Political life at the North grew less and less attractive to men of powerful intellect, high character, and noble ambition. Political life at the South, on the contrary, tended to monopolize more and more the activity of the prosperous planting classes. For while the North conceived the great objects of American political life to have been gained, and so were securely confident for the future, the South soon conceived a project difficult of fulfilment, and concentrated its energies for the realization of an uncertain future.

Slavery, which had already begun to decay throughout the South at the epoch of the Revolution, suddenly revived within a few years after the adoption of the Constitution. Almost simultaneously with the development of the cotton manufacture in England, the discovery was made that the southern portion of the North American continent was, of all the countries in the world, the best adapted for the growth of cotton; and this discovery was naturally followed by the planting of cotton over all the sea-board slave territory of the Union. The gangs of negroes whom the planters of Carolina and Georgia had almost begun to regard as locusts, devouring the soil, were instantaneously converted into machines of immense value for the production of a staple, of which the supply, let it increase as rapidly as it might, could not keep pace with the growing demand for it. The notion of emancipation rapidly began to fade out of the Southern mind, and gave place to other thoughts. How to secure room for the expansion of slavery, soon became the first care of Southern politicians. For, as all sagacious observers of the operation of the system of slavery have demonstrated, the profitable employment of slave-labour is inconsistent with the development of agricultural science, and demands a continual supply of new and unexhausted soil. The slave-holder, investing his capital in the purchase of the labourers themselves, and not, as here, merely in soil and machines, paying his free labourers out of his profit, must depend for his continued and progressive prosperity upon the cheapness and facility with which he can transfer his slaves to fresh and fertile lands. An enormous additional item, *viz.*, the price of slaves, being added to the cost of production, all other elements of that cost require to be proportionally smaller, or profits fail.

Within the limits of the Union, as established by the Peace of 1783, the slaveholding interest was hampered by a restriction adopted in 1789 by the American Congress, and known in American history as the North-Western Ordinance. By the provisions of this ordinance, slavery had been confined to so much of the American territory as lay south of the river Ohio. Over against the American dominions, along the valley of the Mississippi, and the shores of the Gulf, lay the magnificent south-western possessions of Spain. These possessions passed into the hands of France during the convulsions which followed the great French Revolution; and in the general confusion and embroilment of the nations, the idea suggested itself to the Southern leaders, of negotiating with the First Consul of France for the transfer to America of the great territory of Louisiana. The acquisition of this territory was to be but the inauguration of a new American policy, of which the object should be, not the restriction, but the indefinite extension of slavery. The mere conception of such a policy, so utterly at variance as it was with the original ideas of

those who founded the American Republic, is a striking illustration of the boldness, the self-reliant audacity of the Southern politicians, and ought certainly to have aroused the Northern statesmen to a vivid sense of the danger which menaced their country and its institutions from a party of men so arrogant and so unscrupulous. But this effect was produced by it only in the minds of a few clear-sighted and high-spirited men. The majority of the Northern people were dazzled by the splendour of the proposed accession to the territorial extent and the productive wealth of the nation. The administration of the Government was lodged at that time (1803) in the hands of a Southern man—Mr. Jefferson, of Virginia—who was fully convinced (as his own recorded words assure us) that to acquire Louisiana, and add it to the Union, was fundamentally to violate the Constitution, and 'make it blank paper by construction;' but who held the gratification of his own political ambition dearer than all considerations of patriotic duty. Mr. Jefferson therefore threw the weight of his official influence and of his personal popularity with the dominant party of the Northern democracy, in favour of the measure. In vain did the best representatives and senators of the North oppose themselves with ardour and constancy to this first movement of the reactionary Southern party. They were but tamely supported by the busy and indifferent masses of their constituencies, and the Southern leaders triumphed, defeating their Northern antagonists, as Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, did not hesitate to say to Mr. Quincy, of Massachusetts, 'by the help of the *white slaves* of the North.' Louisiana was added to the possessions of the Union, and the Southern superiority was established in the councils of the nation. From the date of that conflict, every great collision between the two sections of the Union, upon whatever question of foreign or domestic policy, has resulted in the triumph of the South. With the solitary exception of the administration of John Quincy Adams, between the years 1824 and 1828, the Presidential authority has been steadily lodged in the hands of Southern men, or of men pledged and committed to the Southern policy. A majority of all the great offices of the State has been held by the South. The war of 1812 with this country was forced upon the commercial States of the North by the South; the tariff has been modelled and remodelled to suit the varying necessities of the South; the extension of internal improvements at the North and West has been checked by the South so far as the action of the general Government was concerned; the Missouri Compromise of 1819 was effected to satisfy the audacious demands of the South, which insisted upon the admission of new Slave States to the Union, and a renewed recognition by the Government of the institution of slavery. The annexation of Texas, and the Mexican war which followed it, were Southern measures, resisted in vain by the public sentiment of the North. The South has compelled the enactment of laws authorizing postmasters at the South to violate the sanctity of the national mails, in order to seize and destroy such of their contents as should be held to be of an anti-slavery tendency. At the dictation of the South, the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed, in flat defiance of the deepest feelings and the most sacred sentiments of the Northern people. And finally, in 1854, the South was gratified by the sacrifice to slavery of every safeguard which had been erected by the Constitution and the laws to keep for freedom the unsettled territories of the Union.

Through now fifty years the Southern political leaders have relentlessly and victoriously pursued their object of securing an unlimited area for the extension of slavery. While the wiseacres of the North have been repeating the traditional language of the early Republican days, and assuring mankind that slavery in America was a limited and languishing entity which would long since have vanished from off the face of the earth, had not the slaveholders been inflamed into a passionate disregard of all their own interests by the injudicious attacks

of intemperate abolitionists—while we in England, marking only the marvellous increase of the prosperity of America, and familiar with America only through her commerce, and of late through her literature, have been supposing that the life of power in America dwelt in those great Northern communities in which commerce and literature mainly flourish—through all this time the South has been steadily advancing, a serried phalanx, to the accomplishment of the purpose which it conceived so long ago.

Slavery continually extended over new soils has been continually profitable, and the slaveholders of the South, flown with continual success, have borne themselves as nobles in the Republic. One needs but to look through the lighter literature of America, to be satisfied that the position of the slaveholding class in the United States has been as nearly as possible analogous to that of the patricians in the Rome of the Gracchi. 'The tall, graceful, lordly, dark-eyed, and haughty Southerner' has been the hero worshipped in the boarding schools and the milliners' shops of America, as is the 'young lord' in those of Britain. The name 'Yankee,' which we in Europe apply to all Americans indiscriminately, has in America a local application to the citizens of the Northern States, and is never used by the Southron, in speaking of his countrymen, save as a term of contempt and opprobrium. It would be difficult to show that in the present existing type of the 'Southern gentleman' there is any intrinsic justification to be found of the common Southern assumption of superior breeding, style, and blood. The Southern planters, as a body—so far, at least, as our acquaintance with them extends (and it has not been inconsiderable) —certainly do not surpass, if they so much as equal, the professional men and the merchants of the North, in any of the personal elements of distinction. Neither in manners, in morals, nor in mind, need the active communities of the North fear a comparison with the self-indulgent populations of the South. We doubt, indeed, if, from the records of criminal proceedings in all the Northern States, an instance could be culled of conduct so foul and degrading, perpetrated by a man of decent standing, as that of which Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, was guilty in his attack upon Senator Sumner. And we are sure that it would be impossible to find a Northern community so lost to all sense of shame and of manly honour as the population must have been which endorsed that ruffianly act by returning the criminal to the Congress from which he had been virtually expelled. For what are the facts of that case, as testified by the guilty parties themselves? A Northern Senator utters some stinging observations upon the behaviour of South Carolina during the Revolutionary War, and makes some sharp replies to very abusive attacks which had been made upon himself by a Senator from that State. Several days after the delivery of the speech in the course of which these observations and replies were made, a member of the other House of Congress resolves to exact personal satisfaction from the speaker—and this on the ground that offence had been given to himself as a citizen of South Carolina, and as a nephew of the South Carolinian Senator to whom Mr. Sumner had replied. Having come to this resolution, our Member takes counsel with two personal friends as to the means of putting it into execution. His own intention is to meet the Northern Senator in the street, and call him there to account. But this intention is disapproved by his friends. 'Beware,' they say to him, 'Sumner is a larger man than yourself, and a more powerful man. Moreover, we understand that he is a capital pugilist. If you should attack him in the street, you might come off second best, and that would be a sad thing indeed!'

Our chivalrous defender of South Carolinian honour is struck by the force of these arguments, and exhibits a quick and graceful apprehension of their practical good sense, which would have done honour to Falstaff himself. 'I will assail him on the Capitol steps,' he then proposes, 'where I might take up a good position and fall upon the unsuspicious Senator from above, as the Swiss at Morgarten fell upon the

Austrians.' But the sagacious friends of this reckless knight know a trick worth two of that. 'The Capitol steps are not so numerous, nor so steep,' they suggest, 'that a vigorous man like Sumner should 'lose his wind' in mounting them, and he might give you trouble, even when caught at such disadvantage. Your true plan of campaign is this. Boldly enter the Senate House after the adjournment; wait patiently and bravely till all the personal friends of Mr. Sumner shall have left the Hall, and then, while he is seated at his desk, engaged in writing, and wholly unconscious of your presence, approach him, suddenly address him, and ere he can recover from the surprise of your appearance, smite him upon the head.' This plan the hero of South Carolina adopted and carried out to the letter. Let not our readers suppose that we have exaggerated the facts of the case, or drawn upon our imagination for the counsels of Mr. Brooks's comforters. We have mitigated, in some details, the published avowals, made with pomp and conscious pride, by the two individuals who aided and abetted Mr. Brooks in this cowardly felony. And we repeat the assertion of our belief, that there does not exist a Northern town of respectable size, or of any size, in which the doer of such a deed, and the givers of such counsel, would not have been sent to gaol amid the execrations of the people. It is simply ridiculous to claim the credit of good manners and good breeding for the community which could tolerate and even applaud such conduct. It is, indeed, conduct which carries us back to the early days of the Southern settlements; but it savours more of Alsatia than of Whitehall. The vulgar Northern notion of the 'Southern gentlemen' must have been sadly disturbed by this incident. It ought to have been shaken long ago. For although the present year is the first which has witnessed the use of actual physical violence as an expression of Southern sentiment and opinion, the habitually overbearing manner of the Southern men in Congress to their Northern colleagues has long been proverbial in America. Northern men who had been elected to Congress on the ground of their known anti-slavery views, have been just as regularly and just as speedily sent to coventry in the American Congress, as a Radical would have been in our Parliament before the passing of the Reform Bill.

Forty years ago that wise and celebrated man, Judge Story, denounced the schemes of the 'Southern leaders' as the 'insolent Virginia policy;' and the advocacy of that policy has been always as insolent as was its first conception. The public men who have ventured to oppose any of the great measures of the Southern policy, have been met, not merely with argument and with oratory, but with threats and denunciations, and all the machinery of personal intimidation.

The Northern representatives, who, thanks to the political indifference and apathy of the better classes at the North, and to the blind confidence in their party leaders of the masses, have been too often mere political gamesters or ordinary men of business, have generally quailed before the fiery audacity of their antagonists. So common a weakness was this on the part of Northern men in Congress, and so well known was it to the South, that when the 'Compromises of 1850' were under discussion, one of the leading journals of Virginia proposed that the Southern men should 'go into the House of Representatives armed with ladies' riding-whips, and chastise the Yankee representatives into obedience.' This, of course, may be considered but the frothy ebullition of one man's vulgar petulance, yet the journal in which it appeared is one of the oldest at the South; and it is not in this way that even vulgar men are accustomed to talk of antagonists whom they have been forced to respect.

More significant than the actions of individuals are, of course, the actions of the States in their sovereign capacities; and no Southern youth has ever borne himself more loftily among his compeers at the Northern school or college, than have the Southern sovereignties in their intercourse with their con-

federates. South Carolina, for instance, thought fit to enact as a law that all coloured seamen coming into her ports should be taken out of the vessels in which they sailed, and imprisoned in the common gaol till the departure of the ship. This measure was intended to prevent the dissemination of dangerous doctrines among the negroes of Carolina by their more fortunate brethren from abroad. It was a gross violation of the Constitution which had expressly provided that the citizens of any one State should enjoy in all the other states the rights to which they were entitled at home; and Massachusetts accordingly resolved to interfere, constitutionally and legally, for the protection of her coloured citizens. With this object she despatched to Charleston an agent commissioned to bring the matter to a trial before the United States Courts in Carolina. This agent had been selected with especial reference to the moderation of his views and the respectability of his character. He was a lawyer of the highest standing, an ex-State-Senator, and a gentleman advanced in years. He went to Charleston, accompanied by his daughter, and took lodgings at an hotel. His arrival created the greatest excitement in the city, and the legislature of South Carolina, then sitting at Columbia, was thrown into a ferment by the news. It was resolved that he should be sent out of the State by force, and a committee of 'gentlemen' waited upon him to inform him that it would not be safe for him or for his daughter to remain in Charleston. To this indignity Massachusetts submitted, and contented herself with vindicating the rights of her Commission and her own honour by—a series of resolutions!

A similar insult has been but recently put upon the same Northern State, by the State of Alabama, which officially returned a copy of 'Resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature,' forwarded to Alabama according to custom. by the Governor of Massachusetts, with the declaration that 'Alabama wished no further intercourse with such a State as Massachusetts.' And during the past winter a bill was proposed, and came near to being carried, in the Alabama Legislature, providing that 'criminal assaults committed upon citizens of Massachusetts should afford no cause of action in the Courts of Alabama. And that any citizen of Alabama to whom money was due from a citizen of Massachusetts, might seize upon the property of any citizen of Massachusetts which he could find in Alabama, and indemnify himself therefrom.'

Upon the notorious fact that it is not safe for any Northern man to travel in the Southern States unless he restrains the expression of his anti-slavery opinions, or has no anti-slavery opinions to restrain, we need not dwell. The real relation which the South considers itself to hold towards the North, was clearly set forth not long ago, by the *Richmond Enquirer*, a prominent journal of Virginia. According to the *Enquirer*, the Southern States represent in the American Confederacy, the Roman element, while the Northern States represent the Greek. The Romans, says the *Enquirer*, were born for politics and for dominion; the Greeks for arts and sciences, for commerce and manufactures—the Romans to rule the world, the Greeks to enrich their masters, and to develop the resources of the earth. While the Northern States have been building, and sailing, and forging, and ploughing, and inventing, and writing, and painting, and carving, the Southern States have been monopolizing political power, and planning dominion. In a word, the South is the Imperial mistress, the North the clever and skilful slave.

Rarely have these notions been so frankly avowed by a Southern journal, but they are to be discerned in the whole course of Southern policy. In no act of American history has their influence been more conspicuously visible, however, than in the affair of Kansas.

The territory of Kansas lay north of 36° 30′ north lat., and was consequently guaranteed to freedom by the Missouri Compromise, which had established that imaginary line as the boundary beyond which slavery must not pass. Kansas is

essentially a wheat-growing and a pasture country, and neither its soil, its position, nor its products make it a desirable country for the slaveholder. For overthrowing the Missouri Compromise and for striving to introduce slavery into Kansas, the South had but one motive, and that motive was to complete its own victory over the North, and utterly to achieve its old project of reversing the character of the American Republic. It was an act of deliberate aggression upon the Free States. And the first aggression of the Bill was followed up closely by the violent and outrageous invasion of the territory of Kansas from Missouri, by the violent and outrageous seizure of the ballot boxes, about which the people of Kansas had assembled to elect their territorial Legislature, and by the violent and outrageous establishment of a Legislature illegally chosen. From the first to the last the conduct of the South in respect to Kansas has been aggressive, insolent, overbearing. The people of Kansas have been treated by the Southern States, and by the American President, who is merely a tool of the Southern party, precisely as if they were a population of rebels. When the Congressional Committee charged to inquire into the Kansas affair appeared before the President to represent the distressed and endangered state of the settlers, that personage made them a reply which we hope no American will ever forget, a reply which shows more distinctly than pages of eloquent reprobation could, to what a degree of degradation the oligarchic rule of the South has brought the American Executive. 'There would have been no trouble in Kansas,' said this successor of Washington, 'had the people been more anxious for peace and less concerned about their institutions!' What, indeed, are the United States coming to, when they have already come to this! To anything much worse than this they cannot very well come; and we choose to hope that they are coming to something a great deal better.

We do not believe the seventeen millions of the North to be so pusillanimous that they will tamely submit to the insolent dictation which has now thrown off all disguise, and boldly signs them to its feet. We do not believe the seventeen millions of the North to be so perverted by prosperity, so corrupted with materialism, so false to all the great ideas of their great ancestors, as to be prepared to acquiesce in the triumph of slavery, to defile the sacred shrine of liberty, to dethrone justice in the Republic, and to deify brute force. We cannot indeed help seeing that the poison taint has entered into the Northern life; we read with sorrow and concern of Northern men who publicly pronounce the Declaration of Independence to have been an extravagance; and we hardly know whether to feel indignation or contempt for the Northern men of mature years and decent understanding who can assemble now to deprecate the 'formation of geographical parties,' as if a party organised to oppose the extension of slavery could help being a 'geographical party.' Still, we do not, we will not despair of the great Republic We cannot believe that Providence will permit the 'madness and violence of a few' to throw away the magnificent future which seemed opening so brightly upon the United States. We will hope that the wiseacres will soon be silenced by the great voice of the Northern people uniting to prevent the collisions of civil war, or the worse catastrophe—both for the South and the North—of an assured Southern domination, by a resolute exhibition of that overwhelming strength which God assuredly has not given to them in vain. We look with anxiety for the results of the pending election in America; for though the choice of President now made cannot, of course, be followed by the immediate settlement of the mighty question at issue, yet it will go far towards contributing to that result by vindicating the intention of the Northern States to do their duty. Personally, Colonel Fremont would seem to be quite the man of the hour for America. Young, brave, resolute, intelligent, and, above all, honest and manly in his love of freedom, he would seem peculiarly fitted to execute the deliberate will of a free people, and quietly but firmly to coerce into reason and

rule an overbearing, irrational, and violent minority. If, on the other hand, the destinies of the United States be surrendered on the 4th of November from the hands of Mr. Pierce into those of a successor like unto himself (and such a successor Mr. Buchanan will certainly be in respect to his public policy), who shall dare cast the horoscope of our Transatlantic kinsmen?

But we will not even suggest the possibility of an evil issue for the nation which began so well. We will keep our hopes of America bright, and keep warm our faith in the virtue, the moral force, the will of those mighty free States upon whom God has laid it to save, not themselves alone from Southern dominion, but the foolish and passionate South also from the deadly domination of its own senseless, barbarous, and wicked spirit.

NOTE.—Since this paper was printed we have found in a Canadian journal the following *résumé* of Southern opinions on the subject of slave labour and its extension; which we cannot withhold from our readers, so remarkable a confirmation does it lend to all that we have said of the Southern spirit and the Southern policy in America:—

THE NEW 'DEMOCRATIC' DOCTRINE.

Slavery not to be confined to the Negro race, but to be made the universal condition of the labouring classes of society.

Not many years ago the Southern slaveholders were contented to have their 'human chattels' protected in the States where they held them.

Next, they demanded and secured *five* Slave States from acquired territory (La., Fla., Ark., Mo., and Texas), while the Free States have only secured *two*—Iowa and California.

Next, the Slave power demanded all the territories, and broke down the Missouri Compromise, which secured a part of those territories to free labour.

Next, they demanded the right to come into the *Free* States with their slaves whenever they choose and stay as long as they please; and the United States Courts seem about to yield to them, and grant this outrageous demand.

But the *last,* the *crowning,* the *diabolical* assumption is, that Slavery is not to be confined to the NEGRO RACE, but must be made to include *labouring* WHITE MEN also. This doctrine, which is so monstrous and shocking as almost to seem incredible, is now openly avowed and defended by very many of the newspapers and of the public men of the South that support James Buchanan. The doctrine is also proclaimed by some Northern newspapers of the so-called Democratic party, but not generally with such boldness as in the South. To show the exact extent and nature of this doctrine of *enslaving* WHITE MEN, the following extracts from Buchanan papers and from the speeches of Buchanan men are given.

The *Richmond Examiner,* one of the leading Democratic papers in Virginia, ardently supporting Mr. Buchanan, holds the following language in a late issue:—

'Until recently, the defence of slavery has laboured under great difficulties, because its apologists (for they were mere apologists) took half-way grounds. They confined the defence of slavery to mere *Negro* slavery *is right natural and necessary, and does not depend upon difference of* COMPLEXION. The laws of the Slave States *justify* the holding of WHITE MEN in *bondage.*'

Another Buchanan paper, the leading one in South Carolina, says:—

'Slavery is the natural and normal condition of the *labouring man,* whether WHITE or *black.*—The great evil of Northern *free* society is, that it is burdened with a *servile* class of MECHANICS and LABOURERS, *unfit for self-government,* and yet clothed with the attributes and powers of citizens. Master and slave is a relation in society as necessary as that of parent and child; and the Northern States will yet have to introduce it. Their theory of free government is a delusion.'

There's 'Democratic' doctrine for you, with a vengeance; 'our theory of free government a delusion' '*labouring men,* whether *white* or black, to be slaves.' Verily, matters are coming to a pretty pass with us. The *Richmond* (Va.) *Enquirer,* Mr. Buchanan's confidential organ, and considered by the 'Democratic' party as its ablest paper in the South, speaks as follows, in a recent number:—

'Repeatedly have we asked the North, 'Has not the experiment of universal liberty FAILED? Are not the evils of FREE SOCIETY INSUFFERABLE? And do not most thinking men among you propose to subvert and reconstruct it?' Still no answer. This gloomy silence is another conclusive proof, added to many other conclusive evidences we have furnished, that *free*

society in the *long run* is an impracticable form of society; it is everywhere starving, *demoralized*, and *insurrectionary*. We repeat, then, that policy and humanity alike *forbid the extension of the evils of free society* to new people and coming generations. Two opposite forms of society cannot, among civilized men, coexist and endure. The one must give way and cease to exist—the other become universal. If free society be unnatural, immoral, and unchristian, it must fall, and give way to slave society—a social system old as the world, universal as man.'

And the *Muscogee* (Ala.) *Herald*, another valiant Buchanan organ, says:

'Free Society! we sicken of the name. What is it but a conglomeration of *greasy mechanics, filthy operators, small-fisted farmers*, and moon-struck *theorists?* All the Northern and especially the New England States are devoid of society fitted for well-bred gentlemen. . . . . This is your free society which the Northern hordes are endeavouring to extend into Kansas.'

And the *South Side Democrat*, another prominent Buchanan paper, in Virginia, whose editor was supported for Clerk of the House of Representatives by the Democratic members of the present Congress—T. J. D. Fuller, of Maine, among them—abuses everything *free* after this style:—

'We have got to hating everything with the prefix *free*, from *free* negroes down and up through the whole catalogue—*free* farms, *free* labour, *free* society, *free* will, *free* thinking, *free* children, and *free* schools--all belonging to the same brood of *damnable isms*. But the worst of all these abominations is the modern system of *free schools*. The New England system of free schools has been the cause and prolific source of the infidelities and treasons that have turned her cities into Sodoms and Gomorrahs, and her land into the common nestling-places of howling Bedlamites. We abominate the system, because the *schools are free*.'

The *Charleston* (S. C.) *Standard*, another Democratic paper, in defending the murderer Herbert (the Democratic Congressman), who shot the poor Irish waiter, says:—

'If *white men* accept the offices of menials, it should be expected that they will do so with an apprehension of their relation to society, and the disposition quietly to encounter both the responsibilities and liabilities which the relation imposes.'

The *Alabama Mail*, in commenting on the same, says:—

'It is getting time that waiters at the North were convinced that they are servants, and not 'gentlemen' in disguise.—We hope this Herbert affair will teach them prudence.'

So much for extracts from 'Democratic' newspapers. Now for a few from Democratic speeches. S. W. Downs, late Democratic Senator from Louisiana, in an elaborate and carefully-prepared speech, published in the *Washington Globe*, says:—

'I call upon the opponents of slavery to prove that the *white labourers* of the North are as happy, as contented, or as comfortable, as the slave of the South. In the South the slaves do not suffer one-tenth of the evils endured by the white labourers of the North. Poverty is unknown to the Southern slave, for as soon as the master of slaves becomes too poor to provide for them, he *sells* them to others who can take care of them. This, sir, is one of the excellences of the system of slavery, and this the superior condition of the Southern slave over the Northern *white* labourer.'

According to Mr. Downs (then good Democratic authority), all that the Northern white labourer requires is somebody to sell him when he falls into poverty. Admirable philanthropy!—beautiful Democracy!! Senator Clemens, of Alabama, declared, in the U.S. Senate, that 'the operatives of New England were not as well situated nor as comfortably off as the slaves that cultivate the rice and cotton-fields of the South.' In a recent speech by Mr. Reynolds, Pierce-Buchanan-Democratic candidate for Congress from Missouri, that gentleman distinctly asserted that 'The same construction of the power of Congress to exclude slavery from a United States Territory, would justify the Government in including foreign-born citizens—*Germans and Irish as well as niggers!*'

These extracts are not taken from obscure prints or obscure men. They are from the active, influential papers and influential men who lead the Democratic party. It is for the free and intelligent mechanics and farmers and labourers of Maine (and they comprise nearly the whole population) to decide whether they will co-operate with a party whose leading spirits thus condemn their honourable callings, and brand them with every opprobrious epithet.—*Kennebec Journal.*

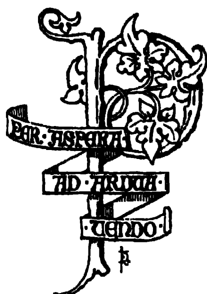


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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of FRASER'S MAGAZINE *does not undertake to return papers that are sent to him for consideration.*

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1856.

AN ESSAY ON POPULARITY.

By a Manchester Man.

THE title of this article looks somewhat unpromising. It may lead you, kind reader, to expect one of those sound, ponderous moral treatises which edified our grandfathers, and remind us of heavy dumpling without sweetmeats or suet; or it may call to your recollection a sermon on a special occasion preached from a University pulpit; or it may lead you to say, 'Here we have a rejected University Essay, only a few shades better than the one which carried off the prize.' The truth is, we have to redeem our character as an essayist from a charge of levity and unfairness; and we have chosen an important social subject on which to display our casuistical powers. Some time ago we had the privilege of writing for *Fraser* 'An Essay on Humbug,'—a commodity which is said to abound in our factories and warehouses, and to be at all times marketable in the Manchester Exchange. Not long after Mr. Shufflebotham, to whom allusion had been made, met us in the street, and declared that we were in ourselves the best illustration of the subject. Now Shufflebotham has a pleasant house in the country, and wines of rare vintages, and handsome daughters who have received a genteel boarding-school education:—Naturally, therefore, we wish to propitiate our friend by selecting a subject as far removed as possible from all personal considerations. Popularity! who associates this article with the metropolis of cotton? Does popularity hover round bombazines in the piece? Does it associate with madapollams? Can you extract it out of corduroys as the philosopher promised to extract moonshine out of melons? And if there is nothing in the title of our essay at which Shufflebotham can take offence, he cannot, we are confident, say, as in a former instance, that we are ourselves the best illustration of our subject.

And yet there is a family likeness between popularity and humbug. There is a sort of moral affinity between them. Their colours often blend very pleasingly together, and melt into each other like the tints of the rainbow or the coruscations of the aurora borealis. Still they are not identical. Humbug is expressive of a more generic idea; it diffuses itself over a very large portion of rational creation; it is a sort of self-inoculator throughout human society. Popularity—alas! that we should have to write it—is often a species or a correlative of humbug: it is one of the pimples and eruptions produced by the inoculating matter. What the great Stagyrite says of the relative sciences of rhetoric and dialectics, is true of popularity and humbug—the one is a sort of offshoot of the other; they grow up side by side; ὥστε συμβαίνει τὴν Ῥητορικὴν οἷον παραφυές τι τῆς Διαλεκτικῆς εἶναι.*

But to begin with the beginning—to commence, after the dialectic fashion, with the definition—*What is the nature of Popularity?* Let it be laid down to be 'a species of reputation.' But reputations are of various kinds: some are lasting, while others are short-lived; some are based on a solid foundation, while others have none whatever. How is it with Popularity? Can it be styled a reputation that springs out of a real cause, and will endure? This must be regarded as fame. Would any one speak of the

* Arist. *De Rhetor.* lib. i. 2.

late Duke of Wellington as popular? Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, are famous; but it would be a piece of humour to designate them as popular. Would the term be applicable to any of our great discoverers, like Newton; or any of our great inventors, like Watt? On the other hand, we seek for popularity among reputations of a different kind. Who were more loudly cheered than Father Gavazzi and Dr. Achilli? For whom were more hearty plaudits raised than for Grimaldi, tragedian Brooke, and Pablo Fanque? Barnum and Tom Thumb were celebrated characters in their day. Who have starred it more triumphantly than Charles Kean and Jullien? Have not Tom Spring, James Ward, Dutch Sam, and the Tipton Slasher been the admired of all admirers? Has not Sam Rogers, the horse-jockey, attained to greater distinction than his namesake the poet? But in cases like these, observe, the reputation rests only on a very insecure foundation, and is of the most transient character. The orator may prove a frothy fool or a filthy knave; the fiddler's fingers may lose their cunning, or his catgut may be greased for the occasion; the singer may catch a chronic hoarseness, and the dancer may be stricken in the sinews of her calves; the prize-fighter may be laid up with rheumatics, or his small modicum of brains may be knocked out; the horse-jockey may strain his Sartorian muscle, or break his neck:—then the reputation of such characters vanishes quietly, like smoke before a puff of wind; *tenues evanescit in auras.* Here, then, we arrive at the ποιότης, or differentia of popularity. It may be defined as 'a reputation that springeth out of nothing substantial, and is in itself unreal and evanescent.' Such seem to have been the sentiments of Lord Bacon. 'The best temper of minds,' he says, 'desireth good name and true honour; the lighter, popularity and applause; the more depraved, subjection and tyranny.' And when Horace uses the expression '*popularis aura*,' he gives us epigrammatically his opinion of popularity and popular characteristics.

Such is the metaphysical idea or logical definition of popularity. But metaphysicians are at a discount in these utilitarian times. The material sciences are in the ascendant, as beseemeth our gross and carnal age. What care we about Locke and Berkeley, and such-like refiners upon nothing? Your Herapaths and Taylors and Brandes are the men of the situation. They can tell you what to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid; they can compound chemical ingredients for your dyeing, your calico-printing, and the various purposes of trade; they can summon as witnesses into a court of justice poisons that have lain twelve months in a dead man's stomach, and confront the murderer with the identical arsenic that he employed, after it has undergone all manner of modifications in the human system. Talk of raising the devil!—talk of alchemy!—talk of the philosopher's stone! These ancient dreams are beaten hollow by the actual achievements of our modern chemical professors. Now, if the physical sciences be so much in vogue, it is needful for us to bring the nature of popularity to some material test. This is a kind of definition unknown to logicians and philosophers; but in these days of chemical analysis we see no reason why moral characteristics should not be made to pass through the same ordeal of flame and fluid as corporeal substances. What, then, is popularity compounded of? After experiments carefully carried out, we should lay it down that out of ten parts, there are five of coarseness, three of self-conceit, two and a-half of cunning, and the fraction of ordinary intellect. Do not expect, whoever you are, to attain any eminence in the popular line, unless you determine to crush within you all remains of refinement, modesty, and taste; you must boldly close with every extravagance, and though it may cause you a few twinges of conscience at first, those silly qualms will soon be lulled to sleep in the pursuit of your lofty objects. Such seem to be the sentiments of my Lord Carlisle, who, amidst political turmoils, has ever maintained the refined and graceful spirit of the gentleman. 'Success,' he says, 'after all, in nearly every walk of life, from the aspiring statesman to the ambitious parish beadle, unless very carefully watched, very

anxiously chastened, is apt to be made up of very coarse, obtrusive, vulgar ingredients.'* Have any of our readers a desire to run the race of popularity, and to become 'the cynosure of neighbouring eyes?' We hereby stake our credit that in six lessons, of one guinea each, we will so perfect them in the art, that they have only to go in and win.

But may we not get a fresh insight into the kaleidoscope of popularity by viewing it philologically? This was a common mode of turning an idea inside out among the Academicians. We do not mean the members of the Royal Academy, but the Aristotelians. It is the custom now-a-days to sneer at the Stagyrite. If you venture to say a word in his favour, some booby straightway throws Bacon and his inductive system of philosophizing at your head. It seems singular to us that no friend of the ancient Greek has ever attempted to expose the inaccuracy of much that is said in disparagement of his mode of reasoning. Is there so much opposition, after all, between the Aristotelic and Baconian systems, keeping in mind the nature of their subjects? We are not speaking of Aristotle as dead and galvanized by the schoolmen of the middle ages, and made to grin for their amusement. This is not the man as he lived and taught, though this is the only view that many have of him in these times. We have no wish to disparage the mighty mind of Lord Bacon; but we do not hesitate to express our belief that he who sat beneath the shadow of the Academic groves, was a greater philosopher than he who sat on the English woolsack.

But avast,—what is the meaning of popularity, philologically considered? The Greek word for it would be δημαγωγία, answering to our 'demagoguism.' The Latin *popularitas* has sometimes a similar signification. But how cajole that many-headed monster, the people? This may be done in various ways, as history, ancient and modern, testifies. Our old friend Aristophanes makes known numerous pleasant devices whereby the δημαγῶγοι were accustomed to humbug the Athenian Demus; nor are those sportive practices altogether abandoned in the more refined society of our own times. Still, the most effectual instrument of the demagogue has been, and ever will be, that little lively member, the tongue. The hill on which Popularity's proud temple shines afar, can scarcely be ascended but by the aid of winged words—ἔπεα πτερόεντα; just as the daring but unpractised swimmer is buoyed up by wind-bags, or Mr. Green by the gaseous inflation ascends in his balloon over the low things of earth. Let us endeavour to illustrate this point.

In the popularity that is to be acquired by words and professions, you have a fair chance of accumulating capital, if you adopt the political line. Your first object, of course, must be to flatter and cajole the people, and to persuade them that you would die in their behalf at a moment's notice. Some great orators have withstood the impulses of their fellow-citizens; but, as a necessary consequence, they have not found favour. It would almost involve a contradiction in terms to suppose a man combining the characteristics of popularity and candour. Then, again, popularity—that is, the genuine article—can only be acquired by a face-to-face communication with the multitude. Long speeches are delivered in the House of Commons; but the members are too far removed from their constituents to consult very nicely their tastes. It is only in the prospect of an immediate parliamentary dissolution that any of our representatives care to manufacture orations *ad captandum vulgus*. Then, occasionally, a legislator manipulates and manœuvres 'a cry.' Affairs begin to look gloomy with him; he has soon to appear before his constituents; he has not attempted anything to which he can point for applause. What is to be done? A bright idea scintillates through his brain. He determines to inflict a motion on the House, if only he can get forty members together. But what is to be the cry? If a Tory, he hoists the signal of 'The Church in Danger,' or 'Down with Maynooth;' if a Liberal, he hangs out the banner of 'Parliamentary

* Address to the members of the Manchester Athenæum, 1846.

Reform,' or the 'Big Loaf.' By talking a vast amount of fustian, Mr. Snuffleton Huggins may gain some cheers when he returns to the borough of Swallowsope. But, after all, it is only a hybrid species of popularity that a man obtains by uttering bosh to his constituents through the walls of the House of Commons: it is like speaking through wet blankets.

There are, or were, two political sections for which we always entertained a sincere respect: that of the High Tory, who disdained the name of Conservatism; and that of the old English Radical; both of which had the elements of popularity in them, and both of which are evanescing, or merging into each other like dissolving views, in these days of moderation and fusion. The High Tory hated everything like change; the old Radical hated everything as it was. Colonel Sibthorp was the last representative of the former class; and we hardly think that the latter is represented in the House of Commons at all. We know that there are some aspiring young men there who call themselves Radicals, but it seems to be in joke. Does Radicalism walk in satin waistcoats and scented gloves? Does Radicalism figure in purple and fine linen? Does Radicalism smell of Cologne-water and Macassar oil? Does Radicalism patronize Stulz, and luxuriate in the boots of Hoby? Does Radicalism enclose itself in cambrics and corsets? Why, the puppies talk Radicalism, we presume, as an excellent jest. They go away from 'the House' to their ball, and tell Lady Arabella in a lisp how they have advocated the cause of the 'great unwashed.' Out upon them! We have no patience with this finical, dandified, hypocritical Radicalism. Give me the unadulterated commodity: give me the Radicalism of the fustian jacket and hob-nailed shoes. How can a man advocate the rights of a Rochdale 'Jack o' Bill's' to become a Member of Parliament in the accents of an affected, lisping schoolgirl? We despise this 'Brummagem' imitation of the real character. For shame, ye paltry loons! Off with that womanish frippery, and mount a navvy's coat and a wide-awake.

Thou wear a satin vest! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs.

If the genuine old English Radical is to be found at all, it is in some of those towns in the northern counties that smell of oat-cake, cotton, flax, worsted, and train-oil. Probably fair specimens might yet be discovered in Manchester, Ashton-under-Lyne, Rochdale, Oldham, Bolton, Blackburn, and Bradford. If the old High Tory exists in creation, he is dreaming and vegetating among his bullocks and turnips somewhere in the south of England. Why don't our naturalists catch a specimen of each class, and stuff it, and deposit it in the Crystal Palace or British Museum for the enlightenment of posterity? These types of an extinct class, methinks, would convey a far better lesson than your ichthyosauri and megatheriums, and other bygone species of animals with long names, about which your men of science deliver lectures of proportionate prosiness and length.

Of the two characters, the Radical was certainly the more popular. The old Tory was always crying out like the sluggard, for 'a little more sleep and a little more slumber;' while the Radical was always in motion—inventing schemes for the regeneration of the human race—bustling and earnest. Your Tory was a dull, stupid blockhead, by comparison, who cared less for applause than for his dinner. Your Radical was a cunning rogue; he was up to a trick or two in the way of popularity-hunting, which his opponent had not the inventiveness to strike out. He had been brought up under some crafty Old Fagin, who had instructed him carefully in the nimble-fingered trade of legerdemain. While John Bull—suppose, in the shape of some good-natured Mr. Brownlow—is gaping and staring about him, Radicalism, in the guise of the Artful Dodger, whips his purse out of his pocket and disappears. 'Hollo!' cries Mr. Brownlow, turning round in alarm and indignation. 'There he is!' pointing to some Tory Oliver Twist. 'Stop thief!' is the cry, as Oliver takes to his heels, and a general scurry ensues. Out rushes the Radical

Dodger from the entry, and joins vociferously in the pursuit. Poor Oliver is caught, and led away to the Bow-street station, amid thumps, and kicks, and abuse; while the Artful is haranguing the crowd, and calling heaven and earth to witness that he has cleared the streets of a knave, and is the only friend in the world upon whom the people can rely.

If we had to define a true Radical, it would be as 'an animal that everlastingly grumbles.' Ever-grumbling is that which distinguishes him from the rest of creation. All other animate beings evince emotions of satisfaction, in a greater or less degree, at some time or other. The mighty leviathans of the deep waters have occasionally their surly fits; there are seasons when you would respectfully decline their acquaintance; but at other times they have their jolly romps and morris pastimes on their boundless playgrounds. Would you desire a pleasanter sight than the huge whale, as he spouts his foam, and smacks his tail, and lies lazily recumbent on his elastic couch, 'floating many a rood'? Again, the crocodile dozing in the sun? The rascal is as happy as a prince; he is dreaming of his last good dinner; he knows nothing of nightmares, though his first course consisted of an Indian damsel, bustle and bangles and all. Neither are the forest monsters always growling: they have their larks and wakes in due season; *dulce est desipere in loco* is their maxim. What alderman ever licked his lips with more unction than the boa constrictor after comfortably stowing away a fat buffalo? He is then at peace with all the world. He has freely forgiven the beast for any resistance it had offered. The hyæna has his grin of satisfaction as well as of discontent. The elephant is a noble fellow; that merry twinkle of his small eye pronounces him to be a creature formed for a social party; he is a lover of his species—a philelephantiast. It is the same throughout: go through Cuvier's *Animal Kingdom,* and you will not find a single animate being which does not sometimes feel charitably disposed towards its kind. Now, the essential characteristic of the Radical is dissatisfaction with everything, with everybody, and on every occasion. He knows no rest, and allows no rest to those around him. He walks in a declamation fit, and sits down, as it were, on the five points. He leaves a starving family, and harangues about universal plenty; he beats his wife, and talks about universal emancipation. He loves grumbling for its own sake. It suits his constitution; it relieves his secretions, mental and physical. And herein he is entitled to our respect. He is always consistent; you know where to have him. He has a universal panacea in Parliamentary Reform. If taxes press heavily, or his tooth twinges, reform is the sovereign remedy; if kingdoms fall out, or the corn on his big toe shoots, reform is the only specific. He has a vivid sense of even-handed justice: he would sponge the debts of the nation, and he mostly sponges his own.

Probably the most perfect instances of the popular man might be selected from this class of aspirants. There have been ancient Cleons, and there are modern Cleons, and there will be future Cleons to the end of time. Can we imagine a human being much higher on the ladder of popularity than Henry Hunt—the high priest of Radical reform, the Dagon of a million unsatisfied Philistines—as he harangued his multitudes on the plains of Peterloo? Perhaps, however, he ascended an additional step as he took the shine out of the morning star of the house of Derby, at Preston, some five-and-twenty years ago. And yet we fear that Orator Hunt, if we lay aside his coarseness and vanity, was but a very commonplace patriot, after all. So thinks Radical Bamford, at any rate, who, in the zenith of the orator's glory, was at once his idolator and dupe. Indeed, the popular man, as we have shown, must always have a strong admixture of coarseness and selfishness in his composition; and not the least, we fear, is this the case with the popular Radical. We must speak the truth, even of those we respect. 'My dear sir,' was the address of some well-disposed persons to an aged man who had accumulated wealth to no useful purpose; 'My dear sir, do something,

we beg of you, for posterity.' 'Posterity!' was his exclamation,—'posterity be hanged. What has posterity ever done for me, I should like to know?' Now we would lay a guinea to a shilling—a five-pound note to a China orange—that that man had spouted Radicalism in an ale-house, refused church-rates, denounced tithes, insulted the clergyman, brawled in a Board of Guardians, swaggered among Common Councilmen, catechized a candidate at the hustings, and been on the whole a popular man.

Circumscribing our range of vision, we discover how word-begotten popularity may thrive within the arena of a borough Council Chamber. Mr. Ephraim Rasherham is a provision-dealer, and his shop is celebrated for Kendal butter and Melton Mowbray pork-pies. His wife attends chiefly to the business department in life, and he to the oratorical; and both departments are well managed. His friends say that he ought to have been a Member of Parliament, and that he would have astonished the House—in which latter assertion some of his opponents agree. He has always been a chairman of a district committee at the borough election, and has gathered fresh laurels on each occasion. At public meetings he has occasionally gained a hearing, and fulmined over the assembled crowd. And now he has attained to the dignity of a town councillor, after a contest of unprecedented severity, and a profuse expenditure of oratory and porter, of magnificent promises and noggins of rum. We are not quite sure whether he is a Liberal or a Conservative in politics; he says he is independent of all party, and has but one object, the welfare of the people in general; he professes even an indifference

To popularity, or stars, or strings,
The mob's applauses or the gifts of kings.

And yet he is generally found on the most oratorical side of a question; he sees at a glance which phase of the argument best admits of rounded periods and *sesquipedalia verba*, and he regulates his course accordingly. How he overflows with eloquence on the bursting of a water-pipe! How oratorically he fumes at an escape of gas! But his greatest achievement hitherto was on a late occasion when he proposed a resolution in council, that, if baby perambulators were allowed on the parapet, it was but justice to the poor that hand coal-wagons should be also. He commenced, as popular orators usually do, with many asseverations of his own disinterestedness and love of fair dealing, and referred to many confirmations of this assertion in the records of his past life. He related with much grief of heart that a policeman had, before his eyes, permitted two well-dressed nursemaids to pass along the parapet each with a perambulator, and that immediately after he had threatened to take a poor girl to the lock-up who was dragging in a hand-cart a little sister in place of coals. Here several common councillors went out to a neighbouring tavern to take a pipe and a pint of beer, knowing that they would be in time to vote on their return. Ephraim then, following the approved fashion of orators, rushed into the ocean of statistics, and, like the leviathan, took his pastime therein for a considerable space of time. He proved that a poor man's baby and a rich man's baby are physically equal; he examined the question ethnologically, and showed that since the creation there has been a unity of structure in the human species. He then rose to the higher considerations of moral, intellectual, and legal equality; he threw in a flourish—a sort of *purpureum pannum*—about infants born under the gilded dome of the palace, and those which first saw the light under the thatched roof of the cottage; and he closed his speech with a peroration on the magnificence of even-handed justice, sitting down amidst vociferous applause, not the least from his friends who had just returned from the tavern powerfully refreshed with beer. Ephraim is largely reported in the Saturday's *Independent*; he is the subject of much commendation—*volutans vivus per ora virûm*; his shop is patronized by his admirers; his business flourishes; and altogether he is far the most popular person in the borough, not even excepting the Radical member, who has acquired a fair amount of character by promising everything and performing nothing.

But here the expression 'popular preacher' suggests itself. Sooth to

say, we do not much love the term—the idea gathers round it many ludicrous and some unpleasing images. Of popular preachers there are many species. Some choose the sentimental, cambric handkerchief line, and quote much poetry, or rather the same poetry often, about 'infants clinging to their mothers' breasts.' We are acquainted with one good-looking fellow, with his curly hair parted in front of his forehead, who made his fortune out of a single verse from the writings of Mrs. Barbauld. He made his fortune in every sense, for he laid up an abundant stock of popularity, and he married a rich wife. We have known some get on remarkably well in the high Calvinistic line, rising in estimation the more fiercely they scattered damnation around them. In the race of popularity we would almost back that ugly black-muzzled tyke, with his grisly hair stroked over his forehead, and the pupils of his eyes lost under their lids, and with a general physiognomy suggestive of the Old Bailey, against your sleek-faced, Macassar-oiled, kid-gloved sprig, who mixes up religion and love ditties. In the favours of the fair sex, the handsome youth has but a few minutes' start of his dear ugly brother. Your Puseyite preacher has a select species of popularity. He wraps himself in mysticisms and cultivates abstractions; and he is popular with those who profess to be wiser than their fellows, and to be able to understand him. The young ladies, too, have a fondness for his scenic exhibitions, and cast penetrating glances even through his double-breasted silken waistcoat. In that popularity, however, which springs out of words he never attains much eminence. He is a believer in the Horatian precept,

> Signius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
> Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*

These are several species of the popular preacher. View him, however, generically; take a glance at him in his abstractions. He must be a man of extreme opinions on some point, and he must have a dash of coarseness in his mode of making them known. Popularity and refinement of expression are neutralistic. We recollect an aged clergyman who was accustomed to give this advice to his young friends in the ministry:—'Always remember,' he used to say, 'that there are some persons of sound sense in every congregation: preach to them.' If you wish to be popular, adopt the converse of this advice. 'Forget that any members of your congregation are men of good taste: preach to the vulgar.' Take up an anti-something theory, and go at it like a Stentor. No matter whether you thunder in church, chapel, or conventicle, you must keep in view the necessity of combativeness. Your strong point may be anti-Popery, or anti-Protestantism, or anti-Puseyism, or anti-Dissent, or anti-church-corruptions, or anti-tobacco-pipes-and-cigars, or anti-alcoholic-drinks: any will do for the nonce. Speak with a loud voice, and thump with a heavy hand. 'Split the ears of the groundlings' without mercy. The big drum is always the most popular instrument in the band. Then if the pulpit begins to fail, take to the platform, as the highwayman of old took to the road, and at the point of the blunderbuss demand the applause of the crowd. The platform allows greater latitude of expression than the pulpit, without the liability to ecclesiastical censure, and more absurd assertions without the probability of their being examined, and a more determined stamping of the foot without the fear of sinking through the boards, and more violent gesticulations without the danger of grimacing delicate females into fits. It was said by the cynic Heraclitus that he valued the opinion of one man of common sense more than that of multitudes beyond number besides.

> *Εἱς ἐμὸι ἄνθρωπος τρισμυρίοι, οἱ δ᾽ ἀναρίθμοι*
> *Οὐδεὶς.*

A very childish sentiment—if, that is, you wish to be popular—as foolish as that of the Athenian orator who, when loudly cheered, asked a bystander what puerile opinion he had expressed. The conceited fellow deserved to be

* *Ars. Poet.* 180.

ostracised. As for you, enunciate clap-traps with a confident air, and elicit applause, the more the better. See that your name is plentifully placarded in large and flaming letters upon every dead wall and conspicuous gable-end. Popularity, platforms, and placards are not only alliterative, but allied. Your Irishman is generally a handy boy at this practice. He is pugnacious by nature, not with any bad intent, but simply for the fun of the thing. As was said of the winged minister of Jove's thunder, his mercurial temperament and native vigour urge him into battles.

> Nunc in reluctantes dracones
> Egit amor dapis atque pugnæ.*

His *perfervidum ingenium* impels him into conflicts, no matter whether with the shelalagh or the tongue. Like Tony Lumpkin, he 'loves a row:' neither is he hampered with silly sensibilities. He has the two requisites for popularity given by Archbishop Whately—fluency and puzzleheadedness.

> A sort of man (says the Archbishop), that is not only much talked of, but commonly admired, is a man who, along with a considerable degree of clearness and plausible fluency, is what is called puzzleheaded:—destitute of sound, clear, cautious judgment. This puzzleheadedness conduces much to a very sudden and rapid rise to a short-lived celebrity.†

It is true that there are those who have a claim to popularity on other than *vivâ voce* pretensions. We might enumerate the novelist, whose popularity lies in his grand descriptions and melodramatic situations; and the dancer, whose popularity lies in her muscular elasticity; and the singer, whose popularity lies in her windpipe; and the actress, whose popularity lies in her appropriate contortions and becoming grimaces; and a score of other classes whose popularity has its origin in certain peculiar characteristics. Let thus much, however, suffice in explanation of the nature—the τι ἔστιν—of popularity. Following the approved method of the ancient philosophers, we proceed now to investigate this problem—*How far is popularity a thing to be desired?*

That popularity is agreeable no one can deny: at least, should any one be rash enough to do so, regard him as a person unworthy of credit. It is classed by Aristotle among the 'things pleasant.' Καὶ τὸ θαυμάζεσθαι ἡδὺ δι' αὐτὸ τὸ τιμᾶσθαι.‡ Even that old rascal who lived in a tub and pretended to despise such vanities, only showed his love of them after his own fashion.

Man, and no less woman, may be defined to be a vain animal. Vanity is a universal characteristic. It has ever been a theory of ours that all men are equally vain, and that the apparent difference among them consists simply in the faculty of concealing the weakness. Here we see a giddy jackanapes strutting up and down, like a peacock as it stretches its neck and spreads its tail in the sun, and courting the flattery of every simpleton who comes across his path: here we meet with a surly mastiff of a fellow, who would snap off your nose, or pretend to do so, if you offered him a compliment. And after all, we have a suspicion that the one specimen of human nature has as much conceit in it as the other. The preacher harangues against vanity, while his jewelled fingers glitter forth the sad truth that it is his own failing. The moralist gravely lectures us against the love of popularity, while every paragraph betrays his own. Dr. Parr, as he smoked his pipe of defiance against all conventionalities in the presence of George the Third, evinced his own personal autocracy and petty self-conceit. Neither is it little men only who exhibit their vanity. Read the autobiographies of our eminent men. What are they but melancholy confessions of this weakness? Aristotle is supposed to have been a puppy; Alcibiades was a coxcomb; Cicero was an egotist; the Admirable Crichton was a swaggerer; Southey inflated himself with his own self-importance, as naturally as the crib-biting horse fills itself with wind. On the whole, therefore, it may be laid down, that all men in their secret hearts are equally vain, or nearly so, but that all men are not equally discreet.

* Hor. b. iv. 4—11.
† Annotations to Bacon's Essay *Of Honour and Reputation.*
‡ Arist. *Rhet.* i. 11. § 18.

Listen to that fellow whose tongue tinkles eternally, like the bell of a commercial room; at every fresh jingle he is proclaiming his private opinion of himself, while that quiet sarcastic-looking man opposite to him has no intention whatever that others should examine his private thoughts, as if he were a lantern, though the candle of self-importance may be burning more brightly in him than in his neighbour. Our susceptibility to flattery is a mark of our innate vanity. Is there any man living insensible to the perfumed incense? 'Flattering unction' may be a more poetical expression than 'soft sawder,' but the name matters little; if the emollient be laid on with reasonable tact, it cannot fail to give pleasure. 'Flattery pleases very generally,' said Dr. Johnson. 'In the first place the flatterer may think what he says to be true; but in the second place, whether he thinks so or not, he certainly thinks those whom he flatters of consequence enough to be flattered.'*

If we regard this intuitive love of popularity in its final cause, we shall see that it is not implanted without a wise purpose. The stoical *nil admirari*† system of morals was essentially a vile one. It was nothing less than an effort to reduce human beings, made up of flesh and blood and mind, into stocks and stones, or at best into vegetables. It strove after the extinction of every feeling that could incite men to a course of honourable ambition. We do not think much, indeed, of that love of popularity which feeds solely on 'the most sweet voices' of a mob; we are now supposing a species in which there is a mixture of some purer ingredient. Such a love of popularity may often lead us wrong; but without it we could rarely go right. It has its uses as well as its abuses. Many mighty deeds have originated in this feeling; and when an adventurous gentleman has 'plucked bright honour from the pale-faced moon,' he may employ this acquisition for the good of his fellow-creatures. The popular preacher, the popular statesman, the popular writer, the popular common councillor—each has obtained that moral leverage which the ancient mathematician desired physically—the πõυ στῶ—and may lift, if not the world, some portion of it, out of the slough of ignorance, or error, or evil.

And have we not an illustration of our subject brought to our very door at the time we write? Manchester is at this moment 'drunk with enthusiasm'—as it is sometimes said of popular toasts. Lord and Lady Palmerston are to-day leaving the metropolis of cotton, carrying away with them the good wishes of the citizens, and, we trust, pleasant memories of their own. We would wager a trifle that my Lord and Lady have had more hand-shaking to do this last week than in any twelve months of their life; but we understand they went through it with an affability and courtesy which won the hearts of our people.

It is not every man in Lord Palmerston's station, and at his age, who would come down to Manchester as a recreation. Many a younger person would think it no trifle to pass through the inevitable process of sight-seeing, speech-making, hand-shaking, banqueting, that awaits an eminent visitor. We are informed that his Lordship was at home, and spoke effectively in answer to addresses from town councils and commercial associations; and if he did not quite answer expectation in his speech to the members of the Mechanics' Institute, it must be remembered that he appeared before them on the evening of a long and to him wearisome day. Neither was his Lordship aware, probably, of the kind of men whom he would have to address. Many of them, young warehousemen and mechanics of the higher class, are very shrewd and intelligent, and have attained to a fair literary proficiency. The faculty of extemporaneous speaking, too, is rated among them at a high value—higher than it deserves; and is cultivated to some extent in their Mutual Improvement Societies and Literary Institutions. They are, on the whole, a somewhat critical class.

Why, let us ask, do great people come down to Manchester ill-dressed? Is it that they may be consistent with the place? It is

* Boswell's *Life*.

† Hor. *Epis.* i. 6—1.

true that, as a whole, we are not a well-dressed class here: nay, we have seen a man worth a million swathed in clothes which might have been the sweepings of a pawn-shop. But that is no reason why gentlemen who are ordinarily well-dressed should, on entering our city, assume an old coat and a shocking bad hat. The Queen rode through our streets in a black stuff gown; and Lord Palmerston, we were told, walked through the Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute in a hat of many indentations, and a costume of a Jewish aspect. Why should his Lordship, the beau ideal of fashion, show himself among us in a rusty coat of invisible green?

Lord Palmerston is a good instance of the better style of popular man. He is not a favourite beyond all reason, but he is nevertheless a general favourite of the nation. He does not seem to have sought the good opinion of the people by any of those mean and slavish tricks which your intensely popular man employs. He has not, certainly, been without his errors and weaknesses; but he is no ordinary man who for half a century can fill responsible offices in the Government of our country, ever moving onwards, and standing at an advanced age higher in position and popular estimation than he has ever been before. The secret of his success probably lies in his undaunted spirit. An Englishman always likes to see an exhibition of 'pluck;' and this is a quality which Lord Palmerston has ever manifested, and not the least during the last few years.

But to return. This love of popularity, too, forms a sort of connecting link between the present and the future. It is very true that the celebrity of most men dies before them; but they do not themselves think that it will. How many thousand deluded mortals have appealed to the wisdom and justice of posterity, and been forgotten! 'I protest! I appeal!' said Henry Hunt to the late Lord Ellenborough, after an adverse decision. 'Very well, Mr. Hunt,' was the reply; 'protest, appeal, and go about your business.' 'So Time, that great Lord Chief-Justice, deals with the multitude. It bids them protest and appeal, and go about their business. Third-rate poets, politicians, novelists, orators, all flatter themselves with the idea that they will be appreciated by posterity: when Old Time, after allowing such characters to delude them for awhile, sends them, with their productions, about their business. The man who plants a birch tree has a fair claim to look confidently and cheeringly forward, as likely to make a deeper impression on posterity than he who writes an epic poem. Still this vain hope binds men to the future. Cicero introduces this fondness for post-obit reputation, as an argument for the soul's immortality. "But the most powerful argument is, that nature herself gives a silent judgment in favour of the soul's immortality; inasmuch as all are especially anxious about what will take place after their death. 'Man plants trees for the good of a succeeding age,' as Statius says in his *Synephebi*. With what view, except that he has an interest in posterity? What mean the procreation of a family, the founding of a name, the adoption of children, the care about wills, the very inscriptions on monuments, and elogies, but that we have an eye to the future?"* Strangely enough, however, this love of posthumous fame has been known to exist in some who professed to disbelieve in the immortality of the soul. David Hume derived considerable satisfaction in his last days from the prescience of his increasing fame. 'What is to be said but vanity of vanities,' writes an Edinburgh reviewer on this subject, 'when a philosopher, who has no expectation of a future state, and who is contemplating annihilation with complacency, is found, notwithstanding this, busied on his death-bed about his posthumous fame, careful what men may be saying of his essays and his histories, after he himself is sleeping in the grave, where all things are forgotten?'† By the way, how do Dr. Cumming and his followers regard popularity? According to their calculations the world has only

* *Tusc. Dispy.* i. 14.
† *Edinburgh Review*, January, 1847. Article on David Hume.

some ten years longer to last. Then popularity, unpopularity, and the absence of popularity, will be all the same. People will not purchase the publications of Dr. Cumming, nor refer to him as a great divine of the past. At this moment the Doctor has accumulated a fair amount of capital in the merchandize of popularity; but in his computation the investment is terminable in ten years. Does the reverend interpreter of apocalyptic visions still persist in entering into leases, begetting sons and daughters, reserving the copyright of his writings, and coaxing a prospective fame, when, in another decade, by his chonology, 'the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself,' and Dr. Cumming's reputation with it, 'shall pass away like a vision, and leave not a rack behind?'

It was the practice of the ancient philosophers to say, a wise man, or a good man, is a king, according as they held their *summum bonum* to be wisdom or goodness. Now, a popular man, we maintain, is for the time being a king. He exercises royal functions. Was there ever a more undeniable monarch than Henry Hunt as he harangued his mobs in the hey-day of his glory? Did not Daniel O'Connell assume the symbols of royalty on some hill-side in Ireland, and feel himself to be 'every inch a king?' Did not Feargus O'Connor frighten all London from its propriety by unfurling his regal banner one fine day near the Houses of Parliament? And if we leave the hill-sides and plains, and enter our drawing-rooms, we shall observe how the sovereignty of the popular man is exercised over a more select circle. When such authors as Scott, or Moore, or Wordsworth, or Southey, came to the metropolis from their rustic retreats, we read that they were saluted with royal honours over tea and toast. Could the vanity of man have received a higher compliment than to be pointed at as the lion of the day by fat dowagers and beflounced spinsters in West-end saloons?

In popularity, as thus exhibited, there must be something peculiarly intoxicating: we have ourselves seen how frail mortals can sip down draughts of adulation with their hyson. The authority of a sovereign is nowhere more distinctly observable than when a popular preacher is the presiding deity at a tea-party of his followers. How that unctuous, greasy, sensuous Methodist parson munches his muffins and turns up his eyes, while all the members of the party munch muffins and turn up their eyes in sympathy! How he groans out of his full paunch and wheezy throat, after the tray has been removed, and how all groan in concert! Nor is there less autocracy exercised here and there by a clergyman of our church. We well remember our juvenile visits to an aunt who resided in a populous town, and was held there very deservedly in high estimation. We expected a small fortune from the old lady; but, peace to her ashes! she left three-fourths of her property for the conversion of Jews and Hottentots. Well, she used to give a large tea-party at a stated season to those friends who were members of the same congregation as herself; and the minister whom she 'sat under'—a man of great popularity in the place—conducted the proceedings of the evening. We have a perfect recollection of the favourite—of his patronizing smile, his affected humility, his self-complacent demeanour, his mincing gait, and of his long exposition of Scripture, while the ladies sat in a semicircle, wrapt in delectable admiration. Every action and expression of the company were in deferential homage to the popular idol, and he in return sniffed up, apparently as his due, the idolatrous incense. We received a long lecture from aunt after the party had broken up, because we yawned at intervals throughout the evening, and had set one or two others yawning; and we have a shrewd suspicion that a very natural question we put to her on the following day—Who that ugly, disagreeable man was?—lost us a handsome legacy.

Thus far we have seen popularity in its brightest colours: let us turn it round, and examine it on its darker side. It does not follow, observe, that because it is desired, it is therefore, *per se*, desirable. It has its abuses as well as its uses, its dangers as well as its dignities, its anxieties as well as its pleasures.

Man, we have seen, is a vain animal; but it is a problem to our mind, whether there is more enjoyment or pain in a spirit of vanity. It is no doubt agreeable to hear our own praises; but in proportion as you enjoy a compliment, with so much acuteness will you feel the sting of mortified self-conceit. We are inclined to think that this love of popular distinction ought to be kept in due bounds, if life is to be spent in rational contentment. If we could have penetrated beneath the self-complacent smile, and patronizing air, and well-fed stomach of our aunt's clerical favourite, perhaps we should have found the inscription on his heart, 'Pity the sorrows of a popular man!'

There are probably few sources of truer enjoyment for the time, than the delivery of a successful speech before an educated audience. There is perhaps no higher honour than the homage of a listening or applauding senate. But the best orators often fail, or come short of men's expectations. 'Ah! Tinkertrope did not come up to the mark to-day; his speech was stale and flat; he was at a loss for words as well as argument; he must make a better hit the next time, if he is to keep up his popularity.' These remarks soon reach the ears of the Right Hon. Augustus Tinkertrope; and what tumultuous feelings do they excite within him! He shakes hands with his friends, blandly smiling, and he goes home straightway to abuse his wife and bully his servants. Old Dunderstone, the county member, who never spoke three grammatical sentences consecutively in his life, and whose talk is of bullocks, is the happier man of the two. Then in those cases of great failure which frequently occur, who can conceive the misery that attends them? When Disraeli sat down amidst jeers and laughter, the pangs of Prometheus were within him.

We were once on an oratorical tour with two companions, and had an opportunity of observing how critical and delicate a thing is popularity, or the love of popularity, in its influence on human happiness. Our part of the daily performance was a very insignificant one: it extended no further than vociferating 'hear! hear!' when nothing was said worth hearing, and in cheering with great vehemence when the speakers were at fault or talking nonsense. Exercising our freedom, therefore, we had a sort of cruel amusement in tickling the self-complacence or stinging the vanity of each speaker after the proceedings of the evening; and it was curious to observe how a presumed success or failure in their oratory soothed or soured their tempers for the night. One evening, for instance, an old woman, who had evidently been drinking, fell asleep among the audience, toppled backwards over her seat, and awoke with a loud shriek: afterwards, we had no difficulty in persuading the speaker that he had apostrophized the lady into convulsions. It is unquestionably a matter of great doubt how far the aggregate of individual happiness is increased by personal popularity; indeed, we have a private opinion that a very interesting novel might be written under the title, *The Miseries of a Popular Man,* in which our hero might be exhibited in all the trying positions and unhappy conjunctures which must ever fall to the lot of a celebrated character. We commend the hint to the consideration of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

A popular character resembles very much the man or woman who dances on a tight-rope. The more the spectators applaud, the more energetic must be the dancer; and often when everything is going on briskly, and portending a shower of coppers, down plumps the unfortunate acrobat, and is greeted with more jeers than halfpence. All history illustrates the slippery footing on which the popular man moves. Look no further back than the last fifty years, and no further round than our own country, and you will find that every idol of the people has fallen from its pedestal and been smashed to pieces like the Dagon of the Philistines. Henry Hunt and William Cobbett died neglected, after a myriad throats had become hoarse with cheering their tomfooleries. Feargus O'Connor, poor fellow, sunk into a nonentity, and his schemes perished at Snig's-end.

And if you are anxious to point a moral, contemplate the career of Daniel O'Connell to its close. Probably Dan was a more popular character, and retained his popularity longer, than any recorded in history, ancient or modern. But the day of gloom and misfortune came at last. The Nemesis he had long driven off seized him at length with a firm gripe. After spending a long life in exciting and guiding the passions of a nation that idolized him, he was outstripped by younger and more ardent spirits, and he sank into the grave a heart-broken and neglected old man. And now how little is remembered of that full, deep-toned, diapason voice, which awoke tears or laughter at the speaker's will! Is not his monument yet unfinished, on the very scene where his triumphal car once rolled royally along? Poor Dan! his career illustrates the fickleness of popular favour more strikingly than all the biographies put together of our early friend, Cornelius Nepos. Brummell, the most popular of exquisites, died in an almshouse. Barnum, the most popular of showmen, has collapsed. The Rev. George Gilfillan, the celebrated writer, has been pierced with the arrows of detraction. How long will it be before the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is superseded as premier preacher of England? Well, it is of no avail to moralize: men pick pockets in sight of the gallows, and men will hazard their lives for celebrity, while the smashed, battered, shipwrecked hulls of many a tall vessel that once was borne onward by the popular breeze, are rolling water-logged before them down the stream of life.

Neither must we quite ignore the reflection, that the man driven onward by the popular hurricane, sometimes impinges on the breakwater of our laws. An occasional Cuffey is landed on Norfolk Island at her Majesty's expense, hurried forward by the gales of a people's applause; a patriot who loves his country, not wisely, but too well, is here and there found domesticating with kangaroos in Australia; a spirited gentleman who has led on a vociferous crowd with musket and banner, is now and then put to work in those unpleasant restrictions on free labour called fetters, and seen perambulating in close vincular association with cracksman Bob; a casual youth, too aspiring to live, has to pay his respects to that mysterious personage who haunts assize towns with a suspicious-looking cord in his pocket. By all means shun that species of popularity which is likely to bring you into conflict with the growling monster called Law; rather join Don Quixote in a tilt at the windmill. In the height of your aspirations after renown, never forget that there is an everlasting ladder called a treadwheel; remember Botany Bay and the crank.

We have our fears, too, that popularity is sometimes misused by its possessor. Patriots are but men, and 'young men must live.' Even orators who applaud the self-sacrifice of Quintus Curtius, love money and power. And this trade in popularity may bring for a time a fair return of creature comforts. Modern history would supply us with a few examples of men who have grown fat and jolly on their windy, jaw-rattling profession. Did not Wilkes—who, by the way, was never in his palmiest days soft enough to be a Wilkite—wisely retire from business as agitator, and step into a corporation office? A friend of ours once stopped in a crowded London thoroughfare, and began to look earnestly up to the third story window of a house close by: a crowd gathered round him, every one looking up with the same intentness as himself; when he slipped away, and left about a hundred people staring at nothing. So dexterously does your artful popularity-hunter now and then carry out his schemes.

Unfortunately, however, as a rule, a love of popularity is insatiable. It grows by what it feeds on. The thirst of notoriety is more difficult to allay than the thirst of avarice. It cries out unceasingly, with the horse-leech, 'Give! give!' Then, if mankind begins to refuse to give, what follows? Pangs worse than the gnawings of starvation. It would have been far better if the poor fellow had never nibbled at the popular loaf at all. He is

spoiled for ordinary food. Can we imagine a popular or ex-popular person a domestic being?

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? Looking at popularity in every light, it has some points certainly that seem to render it a desirable property; but this view will scarcely be borne out by a closer examination of it. The possessor of it struts indeed a royal personage — *incedit rex* — but he walks amidst steel traps and spring guns. Would you bargain to incur the hazard of Damocles for his dignities? Rebecca's theory of chivalrous fame is pretty applicable to nineteenth-century popularity. What says Sir John Falstaff? It has been usual to regard him as a sort of fat, witty, swaggering fool: he was a philosopher. Is not his soliloquy on honour a masterpiece of wisdom? Could either the Stagyrite, or Lord Bacon, or Archbishop Whately, have argued more syllogistically, or shown a clearer appreciation of moral truth?—

> What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

As a moral essayist, it is our duty to conclude with a few words of practical advice. The love of popularity is what the Greek philosophers termed a φυσικὴ ἀρετὴ—that is, a natural feeling which is desirable in itself, but which is capable of being converted either to a good use or to a mischievous abuse. Cherish it, therefore, after a becoming manner; strive after your object legitimately, and if you attain it in any degree, use it for the good of your fellow-creatures. Are you a young gentleman entering upon public life? Do not allow a trifling compliment from some old lady, or friend who is drinking your wine, to impress you with the notion that you are very popular in your position. Ten to one the compliment meant nothing at all. Do you fancy that you are an Adonis—'as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina,'—and that the ladies are all in love with you? Be assured they are laughing at you, and calling you a noodle behind your back. Are you an Irishman, astonishing the natives with your eloquence on either side of the Maynooth question? Do not attach too great an importance to your thunder: your celebrity will soon become vapid as the beer which the thunder has soured. Are you an aspiring orator engaged in some popular agitation? Do not suppose that every cheer which is raised for the cause, is intended for yourself. Man! vain man! In the case of many an one we should illustrate those well-known principles of political economy about buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, if we could take him at his neighbour's valuation and sell him at his own. Remember, too, that popularity-hunting is a dangerous amusement: it has broken more necks than steeple-chasing. And, considered as a business, it is a 'dreadful trade'—more perilous than his 'that gathers samphire.' Dover cliff is steep, and your footing is insecure. It is an old maxim, but no less wise because of its antiquity,—seek to travel that safe middle path which will keep you free from the dirt of meanness on the one hand, and of pretentious vulgarity on the other. This duty was often inculcated by those sage moralists of the Greek drama; and the epicurean Horace, out of all his 'wise saws,' laid down no more judicious precept than that which linked contentment with the golden mean in life.

> The tallest pines most feel the power
> Of wintry blast, the loftiest tower
> Comes heaviest to the ground;
> The bolts that spare the mountain's side
> His cloud-capt eminence divide,
> And spread the ruin round.*

R. L.

* B. II. Ode 10.—(Cowper.)

PROFESSORIAL ELECTIONS.*

NO one who has the cause of education at heart can fail to watch, with deep interest, the proceedings of the Oxford University Commission. Its birth was not easy. A previous Commission, and the almost exclusive toil of a parliamentary session, were required for its constitution. The result of so much travail may surely be expected to do something great. Before it lies the whole question of University Reform; and its labours, be they futile or sufficient, will mark the limits of beneficial change for years to come. Should the present endeavour after improvement fail, our generation cannot hope to see it renewed. To speak of all which it is the duty of the Commissioners to accomplish, is no part of our present purpose. That were matter not for a single article, but for several. We can only now refer to one among the many important topics which must engage their attention.

It is generally understood that, in obedience to the recommendations of their predecessors, they will take measures for the endowment of various new Professorships. The necessity of this step cannot be doubted. Much might be written upon the present state of Professors' chairs at Oxford — their limited number, and their paltry emoluments. Happily for the English church, and happily too, we suppose, for the English nation, a noble exception exists in the theological faculty. There the instructors are multiplied to an extent which a profane judgment might think disproportioned to the numbers of the instructed; and there, too, canonries and rich livings form ample provision for the hire of labourers always to be presumed worthy. The public, we fancy, will for the most part be disposed to consider that reformation with regard to the clerical teaching of Oxford should hardly take the form of extension. But one Professor of Moral Philosophy is insufficient for the work to be done; the great field of Modern History can receive at least two labourers; if professoriate instruction is ever to become a reality, the languages of Greece and Rome must no longer be intrusted to two men, however able;† and in the Natural Sciences there is absolute necessity for assistance. Of the three colleges whose statutes have been approved by the Commission, Exeter and Lincoln plead poverty as a reason why they should be excused from contributing to an increase of the professorial staff. But the third, Corpus, awoke two years ago to its long neglect of its founder's commands, and, in a fit of tardy repentance, allotted a double Fellowship to the support of the Latin chair;‡ Balliol, it is understood, will, out of very small means, contribute the endowment of one Professor; Merton has expressed its readiness to do the same; and much more may be hoped for when rich foundations like Magdalen, and a useless club like All Souls, come under the hands of the Commission. New Professors, then, are to be appointed, and the question which we would now discuss is, who is to appoint them?

At present Professors are elected in three ways; by the Crown; by Convocation; or by some select body of academic dignitaries, generally the Vice-Chancellor, the proctors, and the heads of one or two favoured colleges. A wish has been expressed in some quarters that a fourth method should be introduced. The funds for the new chairs are to be obtained by appropriating Fellowships; and it has been proposed that the colleges in which this takes place should be allowed a voice in the appointment of the Professors whose incomes they are to provide. Nothing could in appearance be fairer than this scheme; nothing, we are convinced, could be more perni-

* *Scottish Philosophy, the Old and the New.* A Statement by Professor Ferrier. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1856.

† It is hardly necessary to observe that they could not be intrusted to abler men than the present distinguished occupants of the Greek and Latin chairs.

‡ By its statutes this college is bound to support *three* professors.

cious than it would prove in practice. The colleges have long possessed the privilege of electing their own Fellows. The manner in which they have discharged that duty has not been such as to entitle them to demand that higher duties should be intrusted to them. We would judge of their future by their past. The scandalous abuses which have long prevailed in elections to Fellowships, have been the main cause of the present agitation for University Reform. We see no reason to hope that the colleges will display more conscience in the exercise of a patronage in which their interests are less directly concerned. The Warden of All Souls, in his letter to the late Commissioners, mentions, as an objection to their scheme, the denial to his college of any choice with regard to the Professors whom it is to pay. The history of All Souls Fellowship elections does not encourage us to hope that All Souls Professorial elections would be productive of much good to the University. Moreover, a Professor is essentially a University officer; and it seems absurd that he should be appointed by any small corporation within the University. The college to which he belongs can derive no benefit from his able discharge of his duties, and can sustain no hurt by his neglect of them. That college cannot, therefore, be trusted to appoint him. For nothing is more certain than the unpalatable truth, that if any men have work to perform with regard to which their interests are in no way affected, they will perform that work merely according to their inclination. Furthermore, it is hoped that by the revival of the Professoriate, the University may be in some degree restored to that position of influence which the colleges have usurped. Such hopes would be at once defeated by leaving the appointment of the Professors in the hands of the colleges. Our decision must not be influenced by the fact that the incomes of the Professors are to be derived from Fellowships. If this scheme can be shown to be inconsistent with equity; if any good reason can be given why some colleges should be allowed to neglect the letter, why all should be allowed to neglect the spirit of their statutes, in order that they may bestow upon two or three clergymen the privilege of doing nothing, then by all means let it be relinquished. But unless this can be done, let the reform be complete. Better have no new Professors at all, than Professors appointed as Fellows have hitherto been. An ordinary clerical Fellow eating and drinking in repose and silence, is at least harmless. The same man invested with the privilege of lecturing might lose that negative excellence. We trust that no such suicidal measure is contemplated by the Commission. In fact, on this question of Professorships—as, indeed, on every other — a prudent reserve would better become most colleges than indignant remonstrances. They are fond of appealing to their statutes and declaring that they are being compelled to violate them. Most of them have already violated their statutes far more effectually than they will ever be compelled to do by the Commission. If the history of every college in Oxford was rigorously investigated, and its conduct compared with the injunctions of its founders, some curious things would be brought to light. Where, until within the last few years, when rumoured Commissions began to arouse activity, can we find any traces of the three Professorships of Corpus, of the three Readerships at Magdalen? It is a truth which cannot be too much impressed upon the public, that the letter of these beloved statutes, so often appealed to, would, if strictly enforced, be productive of far more inconvenience to the colleges than is likely to arise from the equity of the Commissioners. This fourth plan may, we think, be dismissed from consideration. The Commissioners would never sanction an arrangement so destructive to the objects which they have in view.

Of the three methods at present in vogue, it is earnestly to be hoped that appointment by the Crown may be that adopted for the future. It is, of course, liable to objections; but to objections far less weighty than those which may be levelled against the other two. From Oxford itself the Commis-

sioners may learn something; but they may learn still more from our Northern Universities. Upon that 'vile body' some experiments, fertile in instruction, have lately been made. We hardly expect that the Commissioners will add to their arduous duties by reading the pamphlet which we have put at the head of this article; but were they to do so, they would see what consequences result from popular elections of Professors. In Scotland, this patronage is exercised sometimes by the Crown, sometimes by the Professors themselves, and in the peculiar case of the University of Edinburgh, by the Town Council. Some years ago there appeared in the pages of this magazine* an account of the process which candidates for a chair in the metropolitan University of Scotland are compelled to go through. We cannot hope that the said account has escaped that early forgetfulness which awaits periodical literature. We must therefore request our readers to imagine the whole scene of the canvass, with all its vexatious accompaniments—the unbecoming solicitation required, the unworthy influences brought to bear. We are fortunately enabled to assist them in this task by showing them the feelings which such a contest engenders and leaves behind.

The chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, vacated by the lamented death of Sir W. Hamilton, has been recently filled up. Professor Ferrier of St. Andrew's was a candidate, was unsuccessful, and has since published a pamphlet setting forth his merits as a metaphysical writer, and vindicating his claims to the Professorship. The prudence of this step was more than questionable. A beaten man has no friends; his most sensible course is to digest defeat as best he may, and wait for another opportunity. Mr. Ferrier has thought differently. He has rushed into print with all the bitterness of disappointment hot upon him. He has consequently been led into a vehemence of expression both in praise of himself, and in disparagement of others, of which we shall quote a few specimens, calculated, we hope, to point a moral, but scarcely to adorn our pages.

Any attempt to estimate Mr. Ferrier's metaphysical writings were foreign to our present design; we refer to his pamphlet merely as illustrating the unhappy tendencies of a system of election which requires the degradation of a canvass, which lies open to the charge of being affected by petty or sectarian influences, and which, to the vexation of defeat, adds the sting of remembered humiliation. Goaded into self-assertion, Mr. Ferrier speaks of his contributions to a science 'in which I take a pride, and which has no reason to be ashamed of me,' with a dogmatism which is perfectly amazing. His self-confidence is stupendous. The *Institutes of Metaphysic*, by Mr. Ferrier, are a revelation of new philosophy—the author a greater Bacon:—

> The *Institutes of Metaphysic* seem very plain-sailing, and so does railway travelling; but if some of my critics had 'seen these roads before they were made,' they would have had a better idea of the difficulties of intellectual tunnelling, and of bridging chasms in the land of thought, over which they may now be wafted in their sleep.

He tells us that he has been enabled to 'approach the pinnacles of truth,'—and that if an opponent 'were to venture into close quarters with the system, it would grind him up in a twinkling.' He talks, seemingly without the slightest idea of the grotesque effect, about '*my* argument *in favour of the* Deity;' and assures us that the Institutes 'define knowledge in a manner eminently Platonic.' The electors are told that they 'should have attended principally to evidence in favour of performance, and not in favour of promise; and above all, that they should have given weight to attestations in support of originality, and invention, and decision, and independence in speculative thinking.' Mr. Ferrier seems a reader, though from many passages in the *Institutes* we should think not an understanding reader, of Plato. We recommend to his study and imitation the Socratic εἰρωνεία. It is curious to contrast the style of the

* A Chair Vacant in Edinburgh. *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1852.

author of the *Institutes of Metaphysic* with that of the author of the *Principia;*—this 'approach to the pinnacles of truth'—with the two or three shells, brighter than common, picked up upon the shores of the boundless sea.

'The system' certainly 'grinds up' opponents in this wise—that nobody is allowed to stand before it. In its defence disingenuous criticism is insinuated even against Sir W. Hamilton:—

I am quite aware of what Sir William Hamilton thought of my contributions to metaphysical science. To tell the truth, he thought very little of them—*at least, he said so.* . . . He thought, or *at least he pronounced,* them little better than failures.

The confidence of private conversation is violated for the sake of a favourable contrast with Hegel:—

Concerning the other doctrine attributed to Hegel, on the authority of Mr. Morell, in regard to the union of two contradictories in knowledge, I have just to state that I have conversed on this point with Mr. Morell himself, when he owned that he did not understand one word of all that Hegel had written about knowledge being a union of contradictories, but that he perfectly understood this doctrine as expounded in my work.

We do not know how far Mr. Morell will enjoy the proclamation to the world that he confesses himself ignorant of a philosophy which he has at considerable length endeavoured to explain. At all events, we think the acknowledgment should have come from the same source as the attempted exposition. Mr. Ferrier greatly piques himself on his nationality. 'My philosophy is Scottish to the very core; it is national in every fibre and articulation of its frame.' The extraordinary language which he delights to employ, may therefore be forgiven on the ground that he does not understand the precise meaning of English words. We certainly hope so; for such a vocabulary of abuse we have never seen in print, since Priestley's savage attack on Reid, at a time when courtesy was little observed in controversial writing. 'Obtuseness and malignity;' 'croakers and canters;' 'vile expedients, employed to accomplish the ends of fanaticism;' 'tallow-brained materialists;' 'fabrications;' 'well-lubricated fictions;' are some among the gentle expressions with which these pages abound. Of his ablest critic all that Mr. Ferrier says is, that he 'cannot be charged with either malignity or dishonesty;' while he thus writes of an unsuccessful rival:—

On an occasion lately, when some people were inquiring what particular claims my excellent friend and fellow in defeat, Principal Scott of Manchester, had to the Logic chair, some one said, 'Oh, don't you know; Mr. Scott exercises the most prodigious personal influence over serious-minded females!' on which, thought I, what an effect must he not produce upon the light-headed ones! It is quite alarming to think of.

Mr. Scott, as well as Mr. Morell, has some reason, we think, to pray for deliverance from such friendship as this. Lastly, we present our readers with an example of the lofty feelings which influence Professorial elections in Edinburgh. A certain Mr. Cairns appears to have criticised the *Institutes* in a hostile spirit, and with damaging effect. His reasons for so doing, as insinuated by Mr. Ferrier, were as follows:—

At an evening party at Sir William Hamilton's, some twelve or thirteen years ago, the conversation having happened to turn on the subject of animal magnetism, Mr. Cairns professed his readiness to be experimented upon. After a very few passes made by Sir William, he was laid over in what appeared to be a trance, during which he poured forth a rhapsody of nonsense about everything and nothing. I, never doubting that the whole thing was a joke, and that Mr. Cairns was a bit of a wag, laughed at the performance. When I was informed that it was quite a serious affair, and that Mr. Cairns was no joker of jokes, I confess that I laughed still more,—being satisfied in my own mind that he was either an impostor, or one of those specimens of our species whose condition truly is no laughing matter. I may, possibly, have shown my appreciation of the exhibition too obviously—I hope, however, that I did not—for that would have been bad manners. But I never had any quarrel with Mr. Cairns: he is quite right there.

An unfortunate ebullition of merriment, bearing, after the lapse of many years, disastrous fruit in the loss of the desired chair. Mr.

Ferrier's insinuation may be well-founded; Mr. Cairns may be afflicted with a vindictive memory. But, in our judgment, to have been influenced by such motives is hardly more discreditable than to have imputed them.

We had marked various other passages of pretentious egotism and unmeasured abuse, but enough has been quoted for our purpose. We are willing to make every allowance for the irritation of defeat. A man oppressed with a high estimate of himself must wince to think that he has condescended to solicitation of grocers and tailors, and condescended in vain. Still Mr. Ferrier tries our indulgence hard. Rude speech and angry feelings may be forgiven to those who enter upon the rough struggles of politics; but literature should be kept free from such a taint. On the other hand, while Mr. Ferrier's temper must be gravely condemned, it is the system which is the head and front of the offending. No one distinguished in science or philosophy should be compelled to undergo the ordeal of a canvass. Such an unbecoming humiliation, hardly borne for a short time, leads infallibly to a reaction at the end. Seldom, we may hope, will it lead to an explosion like that which lies before us; but the system is bad, and its tendencies are surely for evil, even though that evil rarely assumes such an aggravated form as in the present instance.

We are not fearful that a similar exhibition will readily take place at Oxford. We should feel, however, more secure of this were no Professors elected by Convocation. That body is just as bad a repository of Professorial patronage as the Edinburgh Town Council. It must be approached by the same undignified solicitation. In its members, as in honourable councillors, no man of eminence will respect competent judges of his merit. It is equally exposed to local jealousies—to the intrigues of unscrupulous rivalry. Being composed mainly of ecclesiastics, it is controlled even in a greater degree by the worst of all influences—that of religious partizanship. The elected of such a body can command no respect—the rejected will—at Oxford as elsewhere—console themselves, and discredit the University, by imputations, if not published to the world at large, at least freely expressed in the world of the University, of ignorance, of narrow-minded prejudice, or of sectarian preference. All who are acquainted with the secrets of convocation know how easily these allegations might be illustrated. But a very short time has elapsed since an election to the Professorship of Poetry sank into a mere squabble between church parties. Many have been the critical occasions on which reformers have been induced to observe a silence more prudent than conscientious from a desire to be considered 'safe men' by convocation.

The one merit possessed by such methods of election is, that the constituencies are large, and the proceedings public. It is the rare felicity of Oxford to have invented a system in which the evils we have pointed out are not relieved by even this solitary excellence. Several of the most important chairs at that University are filled up by a small knot of dignitaries, presumed from their position to be above all petty influences—in reality, ruled by such influences to an extent hardly credible. Here, too, we have the same canvassing, though on a smaller scale. We have the same susceptibility to local gossip. We have the same sectarianism, the same bigotry, and far greater ignorance. For in appointments by convocation the majority only of the electors are notoriously incompetent to estimate the merits of the candidates: the system we are now considering ingeniously contrives that, excepting the providential chance of an able Proctor, all the electors shall labour under this incapacity. Every one is well aware that the head of a house, elected by the Fellows to discharge very peculiar duties, will rarely prove a man of great intellectual power, and still more rarely of liberality and sense. The principal qualifications for this office are social accomplishments sufficient to constitute the 'Don;' mediocre talents sufficient to constitute the 'safe man'—a character, in whom unwillingness to do mischief is necessarily accompanied by

impotence to do good. Moreover, these 'heads' are always resident in Oxford, and are therefore swayed by all the miserable common-room gossip, which constantly floats about, regarding peculiarities of conduct or opinion. It may be right that men of this stamp should be selected for duties of this description. But they should be content with their dignified and well-paid functions. There is no reason why they should be the dispensers of the most important patronage possessed by the University.

At this very moment, the Chair of Moral Philosophy has been kept vacant for nearly a year, owing to the incompetence or prejudice of the electors. It is somewhat too absurd that such men as the late Vice-Chancellor and the Presidents of St. John's and Magdalen should be considered capable of determining who is the ablest metaphysician in Oxford. The first of these dignitaries is understood to believe that this merit is to be found in an individual who has lately distinguished himself by publishing, under the form of *Notes to Aristotle's Ethics*, a combination of philosophy, such as even the jovial Aldrich would have despised, with the worst scholarship which has disgraced Oxford since the days of Boyle.* The other officials who have a voice in this appointment are the Proctors and the Dean of Christchurch. The Dean of Christchurch is nominated by the Crown, and will generally be equal to his duties. But what manner of men the Proctors may be is a matter decided only by the chances of routine. It may be difficult to change even such a system as this where it already exists; but, at all events, it is in our power to guard against its extension.

Government should, beyond doubt, be intrusted with all such patronage. The Crown has no petty interests to serve—can seldom have any wish to elect other than the best men; is generally above sectarianism; is absolutely removed from the influence of local scandal or local jealousies. It requires no personal canvass; and a defeat, therefore, brings with it no bitterness arising from having unduly solicited, no egotistical self-assertion arising from having submitted to the judgment of a tribunal the competency of which is disputed. It will be objected that this power, being vested in the Crown, would prove destructive to the independence of the University. We have heard something too much lately about this independence. The importance of preserving it may be measured by the good which it has produced. Since the days of Laud, Oxford has been less controlled by the Crown than any other University in any country in Europe. The result of this for many years was a gloom and a torpor like that of the Arctic winter night; and even now there prevails at Oxford, especially amongst the seniors, a spirit of indifferentism—an absence of high aspiration, and of sustained endeavour, singularly unbecoming at a time when literary interests are every day growing into greater favour throughout society. The University has been left to itself so long that the atmosphere which she breathes has stagnated around her. As a place for giving a tone to the mind and the character, Oxford is invaluable; for there the best-trained and best-bred young men in England meet, and, by constant intercourse, unconsciously discipline each other. But as 'independent'—as a place allowed entirely to regulate itself—and to afford such education as may seem to it good, its influences can only be for evil both upon its own members, and upon that limited portion of the external world which is affected by them. If we look closely at the use which has been made of 'independence,' we shall find that with the single exception of instituting examinations some years ago, Oxford has at no time

* The new Vice-Chancellor is understood not to share in this singular predilection. A new election has therefore been attempted since the above was in type. An equal division of the electors was, as before, the result. For this contingency there is no provision; and thus Oxford continues, and seems likely long to continue, without a Professor of Moral Philosophy, and this, too, at a time when the study of that subject is daily advancing in the University. So much for the patronage of these oligarchies.

taken any steps to foster a healthier and more active spirit. What, till the eye of Parliament fell upon the University two years ago, were the characteristics of Fellowship elections?—what was the scope of Oxford teaching?—what the stamp of Oxford teachers? In the long roll of her instructors, almost every name of which she can justly boast has come to her from the discerning patronage of the Crown. Strike the Regius Professors from the list, and there will remain but a dreary catalogue of names undignified by reputation. The case, if fairly stated, would, we fear, stand thus: Oxford wishes to be independent, in order that she may continue to be corrupt.

It can hardly be necessary to meet the objection that the Crown would in these appointments be influenced by unworthy motives. Public opinion has increased in power since the days when Lord Bute could refuse a Professorship to the author of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, in order to bestow it upon the tutor of his son-in-law. The exercise of all such patronage is carefully watched. Nothing strengthens a Ministry more than conscientious conduct with regard to it; nothing can be so damaging as suspicions of the contrary. This fear is now seldom expressed as an argument against Crown nominations; we believe that it is never really entertained.

The danger of corrupt appointments is altogether chimerical; the risk of careless appointments we may hope soon to see removed by the creation of a Minister of Education. This measure would of course be received with exclamations against 'centralization,' and with abuses of a mysterious something called 'bureaucracy,' which nobody can explain or pronounce. We are no friends to State interference. Nothing can be more odious than a meddling Government, which instructs its subjects what to eat, drink, and avoid. England has never been able to endure such, and we hope she may at no future time be compelled to learn the lesson. But we are acquainted with no rational exposition of the functions of Government from which education is excluded. Even if the repression of crime be esteemed the sole duty of an executive, education must find a place among the means chosen to this end, and a chief place too, if prevention be thought better than cure. We have lately been given a Minister who is to care for our bodies; why should we be compelled to bear unaided the weight of caring for our minds? Of course nothing will be done to-morrow, nor, perhaps, the next day. For some time to come, the Committee of the Privy Council will go on helping those who help themselves, and are not too proud to endure control. The Civil Service Commissioners will add the terrors of an examination to the difficulty of obtaining a Government appointment; the Indian Directors and the Board of Control will continue to exhibit the competitive system worked in the best manner we have yet seen; and, to crown all, Lord John Russell will yearly renew barren resolutions in Parliament which everybody agrees to, compliments, and disregards. All these various fragments of what should be a general system of education will persevere in their own way, regardless of, and possibly inconsistent with, each other; just as, till the war broke out, our military affairs were managed by some half-dozen various departments;—but when the whole affair has reached the requisite magnitude of confusion and contradiction, we shall have a Minister of Education at last. Meanwhile, the Commissioners have it in their power to achieve a not unimportant good. They may find it advisable to make no change with regard to existing chairs. But let them vest in the Crown the patronage of all those which they are about to establish. The direct benefits of such a step will be, that the best men will be appointed without canvassing or intriguing—that we shall see no longer such disproportion in calibre between electors and candidates as we now see at Oxford—that such bursts of temper as are manifest in Mr. Ferrier's pamphlet will not occur; while, indirectly, the consequences of the measure will advance the cause of education to an extent which the casual observer can hardly at present anticipate.

THE FRIENDS.

AN EPISODE OF ITALIAN LIFE.

Chapter I.—1847.

It was Midsummer night in the year 1847. The moon shone brightly on the Piazza del Duomo at Florence. It lit with a pale glory the Campanile, while it left in deep shadow the vast cathedral beside it; and seen under this aspect a fanciful mind might have compared the graceful Bell Tower and massive Duomo to some fair erect Una, with her tawny couchant lion crouched near her.

Two young men were walking up and down the Piazza, engaged in earnest conversation. Their feet trod at intervals beside the stone placed to commemorate the spot where Dante sate in the cool of evening meditating on his ungrateful Florence; and they seldom passed without a glance those two grave and colossal figures* which sit side by side throned on their marble chairs, and look the guardian spirits of the place.

Andrea Peruzzi and Ernesto Morosini were Tuscans. Both well born and well educated, a great similarity in tastes and pursuits, spite of a broad difference in opinion, bound them in the closest intimacy. Andrea's calm and serious disposition, added to his five years' seniority, gave him a feeling of parental tenderness for the high-spirited and ardent Ernesto, and Ernesto felt the most enthusiastic esteem for Andrea. They had lately undertaken a pedestrian tour through Italy, and during this expedition Andrea had saved the life of Ernesto at the peril of his own; and the tie between them was strengthened by all the force of this circumstance.

'There is no spot in Florence which contains more glorious recollections than this,' said Ernesto; 'and I cannot forget that the magnificent monuments which are concentrated here are the stone archives of the Republic. Have we not a proof too, here, of the eternity of art? Arnolfo, Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, reign supreme as when they first wrought out their marvellous conceptions. What else has endured? Past the glory! past the wealth! past the freedom!'

'And past the Art also,' said another young man who joined them at this moment, and who had heard their last words.

'Nay, not while Florence still possesses such an artist as you, Gaetano.'

'Thanks, Ernesto; but what say you, Andrea?'

'I think,' said the elder of the two men he had joined, 'that not one star of that bright galaxy—freedom, glory, art—can shine alone. You are a great artist, Gaetano; so are Bartolini and Tenerani; but it is not the less true that art in Italy is no more. Be assured that growth both in the individual and the State is manifold; progress is various. If you train and strengthen one muscle alone, at the expense of the others, you may create a prodigy for a time, but the vitality of the whole system is weakened. Health and well-balanced strength depend on the judicious development and exercise of the entire body.'

'I agree with you, Dottore Andrea,' said Gaetano.

'Perfect health in man,' continued Andrea, 'is shown by activity and cheerfulness; so progress in art, wealth, institutions, shows a healthy people. Look at England.'

'I do not agree with your Anglomania; *I* say, look at France,' said Ernesto, impatiently.

'France appears to me in a factitious state,' returned Andrea; 'the appearance of health and strength produced by the use of stimulants. In her polity there is a tendency to fever, plethora, apoplexy. Spain alternates between paralysis and spasm; Russia is at present asphyxiated by the fumes of despotism, but she will shortly pass into the next stage of the disease,—mischievous delirium tremens.'

'And Austria?'

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* Statues of Arnolfo and Brunelleschi.

'Is dyspeptic. The Italy she has gorged so greedily gives her a perpetual indigestion.'

'And Italy?'

'In an atrophy.'

'True, but not a hopeless one; there are methods to give her the blood, the pulse, the life she needs: to despair would be a crime.'

Andrea looked grave, but did not reply. There was a pause, broken by the artist:

'And you go to-morrow?'

'I shall be to-morrow evening at Santa Chiara.'

'Is it not foolish,' said Ernesto, impetuously, 'to bury himself in that ruined estate—in that barbarous Maremma, when the good time is coming? What can he do there?'

'Make money, I hope,' answered the other, laconically.

'Nonsense! But one might as well attempt to move the Duomo as you when you have resolved to do anything; yet promise me one thing, Andrea—I feel full of presentiments to-night, as if it were the turning-point of my life—let us promise to meet yearly on this spot.'

'Nay; such a promise, dependent on so many circumstances over which we have no control, would be childish. Let us promise to think of each other wherever we may be, and at all events as kindly as we can.'

'So be it, *caro mio.* Lovers are used to make such vows; friendship such as ours is as capable of romantic tenderness. Can I ever forget that night at Venice? We were swimming, Gaetano, when, from some cause I have never been able to discover, I fainted, and should have been swept away by the force of the current. Andrea saw my danger, and upheld me till we reached the shore. The danger to himself was extreme, and it was a miracle we did not both sink. For weeks afterwards the arm which he held round me was powerless from the strain and pressure. Bravo, Andrea!'

'I sometimes think,' continued Ernesto, with the sudden change from gaiety to sadness common to men of his warm temperament, 'that it is a pity my life was saved. It would have been a pleasant death, to have floated away from life beneath those purple skies, and with the soft bride of Venice holding me to her breast. I may be reserved for a darker fate.'

'Hush, Ernesto,' said Andrea; 'talk not of being content to die; of all men we Italians should least count our lives our own. Do we not owe them to Italy?'

A noble enthusiasm lighted up his usually calm features as he spoke.

'To Italy and to God,' said a young priest who just then joined them.

Greetings were interchanged, and then Ernesto asked eagerly, 'Do you come from your sister's?'

'Yes, I was there for a moment; but remembering this is your last evening, I came in search of you, Andrea.'

'Who was with the Marchesa?'

'Beatrice was, as usual, surrounded. She inquired for you, Peruzzi, and seemed hurt at your leaving Florence without a farewell visit to her.'

'Ah! Peruzzi, you happy fellow!' said the artist, gaily. 'To be missed, regretted, by the Queen of Beauty—she whom all adore, but who hitherto has favoured none.'

This was said in jest, but Andrea blushed to the temples, and Ernesto turned pale to the very lips.

Andrea recovered himself first. 'No one admires the Marchesa Beatrice more than I do, but * *'

'We all know,' interrupted Ernesto, with some bitterness, 'that your affections are given only to the blonde beauties of England.'

'Yet neither blue eyes nor black have power to keep him from his beloved Maremma,' said Gaetano.

'Now, too,' continued Ernesto, 'when I know infallibly that there are storms brooding in the political atmosphere which will be felt from one end of Europe to the other. But he is so mistaken in his notions,' and Ernesto looked reproachfully at his friend.

'I think those mistaken who would build on a ruined foundation,' said Andrea, gravely, and almost sternly. 'I would renew the foundation ere I reconstructed the edifice.'

'Pshaw! Overturn all, foundation, superstructure, everything.'

'Let us speak of something else. This is a subject we cannot discuss dispassionately.'

'I thank God it is so.'

'In action, Ernesto, ardour is necessary; in discussion, coolness.'

'The time for action is close at hand.'

'That I deny. An *Iliad* of the most brilliant achievements would not, could not, now permanently benefit Italy.'

'And *that* I deny. Do you mean if the freedom of Italy were wrought out by an heroic struggle, that the valour and spirit which won it would not give strength to maintain it?'

'I do: fireworks are not an illumination. You and your party think that to revolutionize a government is to create a people. The topmost wave advances, but the great body of the waters ebbs with the tide, and what becomes of the wave? It is left spent on the sand. You think exclusively of governments, I of the governed.'

'The government makes the people'——

'No; whatever is best is safest. Governments are for a time—a people for ever. A healthy, aspiring, progressing people modify perforce the government under which they live. In *this* people are essential defects, and therefore it is they have been so long ill governed. This is not an infant country, with a rude, undisciplined, but primitive population. Here are all the vices of the most emasculated civilization. They are too sceptical and corrupt for great ideas to take vital hold of them, while they are as childish and frivolous as in the old barbaric times when '*bread and games*' was the all-powerful secret of government.'

'The root of the evil,' said the priest, 'is the decay of faith. All great changes have been brought about by using the religious idea as a lever.'

'The Apostles did not set about overturning governments; they began by converting the people, and the people at last changed the government.'

'And, tyrant for tyrant, a Roman Emperor is as good as a Pope. Tiberius or Borgia, the same type under different names. No, I think I know what would cure Italy of the atrophy Andrea spoke of.'

'But your remedies are so violent, Ernesto; she has but too little generous blood, and you would spill it all like water. In every armed revolution the heroic, the devoted, the disinterested fall; the selfish and intriguing escape.'

'But we shall succeed. Do you dare to doubt it?'

'Succeed for a time, yes; but where is the element of endurance after success has been obtained? To maintain liberal and progressing institutions at home, and resist the pressure of enemies without, an expenditure would be requisite which would at once disgust the people, and produce a reaction. Indolence, a *total disregard of law*, an intense love of money, and, generally speaking, an entire ignorance of its use and value in a commercial or political-economy sense, are the hydra against which we must contend. To give a respect for law, industrial habits, the practice of acquiring money separate from the love of hoarding it; to cultivate commercial enterprise, and to promote above all agricultural progress; to fuse the populations, so as to do away with provincial prejudices;—this is what must be done to benefit Italy permanently.'

'In *theory*, yes; in *fact*, 'the sword with myrtles wreathed' has my preference.'

'What did that sword really win? To murder a tyrant does not uproot a tyranny.'

'But does it depend upon our own will? With an enslaved press are we not powerless? Pressed upon as the best of Italy is by a foreign yoke, how can we prepare for the millennium you speak of?'

'The foreign yoke is not our worst foe. I deeply deplore it, but it is my conviction that no foreign yoke would press for a moment on a people radically opposed to it. There is a fitness and harmony in all things, or none would endure. Fœtid vapours and phosphoric exhalations hover over marshes; drain the marshes, they vanish. Despotism is the inevitable consequence of lawlessness and turbulence. A few heroic spirits like yours might set on fire the different populations; but how soon would the fire be quenched, and you consumed in its ashes!'

'I tell you,' reiterated Ernesto,

'the good time is coming—there will soon be a fire lighted in France which will prove the beacon of hope to Italy.'

'I distrust it. Thetis herself could not make Achilles invulnerable. Where she held him he received his death-wound. So with nations; they must wait till they have reached man's estate, and can plunge themselves wholly in the bright waters of liberty. If upheld by another nation, the very aid becomes an exposure, and a calamity in the future. The purposes of God are evolved slowly in all creation, the progress of nations is no exception to this law. Italy will become free, not by volcanic convulsions, nor by foreign bayonets, but by the growth of her people.'

'I think you are right,' said Gaetano. 'At all events, here we are, four of us; you, Francisco, a priest; you, Andrea, a civilian; Ernesto, a soldier; I, an artist: let us all here promise to each other to continue our friendship.'

'Yes,' they all answered instantly.

'And to serve Italy, each in his own way, as far as we can. I will devote my pen and pencil to this cause, I swear.'

'And I,' said Francisco, humbly, 'will give to Italy all my prayers.'

'And I,' said Ernesto, 'my sword,' and in a lower voice, 'perchance my dagger also.'

'And I,' said Andrea, solemnly, 'will serve Italy with my whole life.'

And so they parted.

Chapter II.—1848—1849.

A year had passed, but the friends had not met on their trysting day. It was the year 1848. The hopes of the liberal party were raised in proportion to the apparent fears and discouragement of their opponents. I say apparent, for the secrets of that mysterious drama are known to few. History will speak of that time in 'many a fair and fatal page' —of the romantic ardour, the heroic self-devotion exhibited by some, the ignorance, the love of intrigue, the treachery of others.

The young men met occasionally, with the exception of Andrea, but he seldom came to Florence. He was there however the day the colours were given to the Guardia Civica in the Piazza Pitti; when a breath of Paradise seemed to blow over the favoured land, and the unclouded skies shone over a population drunk as it were with the wine of liberty. Andrea saw Ernesto the most animated of that excited crowd: he also recognised Gaetano contemplating with the eye of an artist that beautiful and picturesque scene, and close beside him the pale severe countenance of Francisco. But Andrea joined not in the rapture around him; he either could not or would not believe this to be a permanent and positive advance in the cause he had so much at heart. His visits to Florence were brief, but brief as they were he sought to aid and to encourage the judicious, to restrain and guide the more impetuous. He saw less of Ernesto at this period than at any previous time during their long friendship.

Ernesto was either absorbed in public triumphs or engrossed by an ardent but unrequited love for the beautiful Beatrice, Francisco's widowed sister.

The Marchesa exercised all the influence of her charms to inflame the patriotic ardour of the young men who assembled at her house. She was so beautiful and so enthusiastic, that her attractions daily added to the number of those enlisted in the cause. Ernesto was miserably jealous, but could not fix upon any one as the favoured rival, though disposed to be suspicious of Andrea. He had sometimes observed that Beatrice would suddenly pause in the midst of her most impassioned declamations if her eye fell on the grave countenance of Peruzzi. Her brother Francisco was too much occupied by his clerical duties to be an efficient protector to the young widow. Once, when Ernesto, unable any longer to endure this state of suspense, told Andrea that he would propose to her immediately, the latter earnestly besought him to defer the proposal for a time. This of course strengthened his suspicions; for it never crossed the mind of Ernesto to imagine for a moment that this superb Beatrice, with all her gifts and graces, her noble mind and

person," could love unsought, and love in vain. That there was some embarrassment between Andrea and Beatrice was evident; this was irritating and painful to him, and gave an acerbity to his words and a certain estrangement to his manner when he and Peruzzi met, but he never divined the truth.

Andrea felt the change in his friend bitterly, perhaps he suspected its cause, but what was to be done? One word might have explained all, but to utter that word would have been to betray the secret of one who had generously loved him, and in an unguarded moment confessed it. Could he utter to another that he, Andrea Peruzzi, had rejected, tenderly, respectfully, sorrowfully, but still *rejected,* the offered hand and heart of Beatrice Capponi?

September came, and the young men stood side by side in the Piazza Gran Duca, as the Provisional Government was proclaimed from the Palazzo Vecchio, amid the shouts of the populace.

The vociferations, the uplifted hands, the streaming eyes, the electric excitement which pervaded all, and which manifested itself, with the enthusiasm peculiar to Southern organization, in the raptured utterance of a whole people, inspired Ernesto with a delirious joy. There was sublime confidence in his mien, and as he turned to Andrea, the glory of perfected hope shone in his face. He looked as if the happiness which is usually dealt out to us weak mortals at long intervals and in scanty measure, had all been poured for him in one exquisite draught, which he drained to the last drop.

'Can you doubt of Florence, now, Andrea?'

Andrea looked upward. Stern and black against the glowing sky the frowning tower of the Palazzo Vecchio seemed to rise in contradiction of the hope. It seemed a type of that mediæval spirit of turbulence which had always been the fated curse in the solemn drama of Florentine history. He remained silent.

'Ungenerous Andrea!' exclaimed Ernesto; 'you will not own yourself wrong.'

'Not here; not now: this is the worst move of all. This day year, and the Austrians will be in Florence.'

Ernesto's highly-wrought feelings were not in a state to bear this ominous contradiction.

'Pshaw! such a notion could only enter the head of a foe to Florence. Confess it at once—a foe to Florence and liberty.'

'A foe!'

'Ay, a foe—or a traitor.'

'Ernesto, beware!' and Andrea's eyes flashed.

'I repeat it, such opinions are treasonable. You say yourself we are disunited; we must therefore at once cast from us our secret as well as our declared enemies. Who but an enemy could utter such a prophecy? You must be with us or against us.'

'Or?'——

'Take the consequences.'

'Fraternity or death?' and Andrea smiled in scorn.

'Ay, I can now understand,' said Ernesto, who was losing all control over himself—'I can now understand the stern alternative to which the French patriots were forced for the sake of their country's freedom.'

As their voices became louder, the bystanders, who had imperfectly heard the words, and who were in that state of excitement when the slightest circumstance is sufficient to drive them into frenzy, pressed round with menacing words and insulting gestures. '*Traditore!*' '*Spia!*' '*Tedesco!*' were uttered. Andrea's fair hair made him, in truth, look something like a German. They pressed round him, and seemed but to wait a signal to commit any excess.

Peruzzi stood with folded arms, impassible and calm. His eyes were fixed somewhat mournfully on Ernesto, but for the furious faces around him he had not a glance. His height, above the common, and his commanding attitude, seemed to awe the multitude for a moment.

'Would you, then, like those to whom you allude, baptize your revolution in the blood of your friends?' said he at last to Ernesto.

'Is he your friend, signor?' said the boldest of the crowd, addressing Ernesto.

Before he could reply, from one of the crowded balconies above a flower was thrown, which fell on the breast of Andrea. Both friends looked up, and caught a glimpse of a lovely face with braided hair and large dark eyes.

Ernesto turned livid. 'Traitor!' he muttered, 'in all things: they love each other!'

'Is he your friend, signor?' reiterated the mob. '*Sì o nò.* If not, we will treat him as he deserves. Leave him to us.' And they pressed still closer, with evidently dangerous intentions.

There was a pause.

'*Sì*,' answered Ernesto, in a hollow voice, choked by his emotions; 'he is my friend; leave us.'

Easily diverted, the crowd, after the hesitation of a minute, left them, and dispersed to another part of the square. They were alone.

'Thus have I paid my old debt, Andrea Peruzzi, to my friend. I have saved your life from a more stormy ocean than that from which you saved mine.'

'Hear me, Ernesto, you——'

'And thus,' interrupted Ernesto, 'thus I pay my other debt to the false, perjured lover of Beatrice Capponi!' as with a sudden blow he struck Andrea to the ground.

A year had passed away. The day after the scene in the Piazza Gran Duca, Andrea received a challenge from Ernesto, which he resolutely declined.

'He will do me justice one day,' he said. 'The country he thinks I wish to betray needs my life; he shall not take it, nor will I take his. I have a surer revenge in prospect; one day he will know all.'

He was not to be moved, and the duel did not take place. What Andrea suffered during the brief period of his stay in Florence after the above events, it would be difficult to describe. He saw that glittering hoar-frost, those premature and short-lived efforts at freedom, dissolve gradually beneath the trials of the noon. He was looked upon with suspicion by many of his former associates; and, such is the strength of a popular prejudice when once imbibed, he was never recognised by the common people without insult and abuse. Yet not one of that insulting crowd would so willingly have sacrificed his life, if by so doing a single permanent benefit could have been secured to Florence—Florence, always ungrateful to her best and greatest.

Ernesto had left the city, and gone northwards with a few volunteers, brave and devoted as himself. They had not met again. Andrea at last yielded to the tacit ostracism to which he was condemned, and left Florence for his estate in the country.

He had ideas of progress which struck deeper and wider than those around him in their childish notions could imagine. Before he left, he saw Gaetano and Francisco, both of whom were still faithful to him; and he besought them, should difficulties occur or assistance be required by themselves or——, and he hesitated a moment, then added, 'or by Ernesto,' to rely on him. They wrung his hands, touched to the heart by such unswerving and faithful affection. So they parted.

Andrea devoted himself with redoubled ardour to the care of his estate, but his sufferings were acute. His pride and his tenderness had both been wounded to the quick, and the wound seemed incurable. As the tryst-day approached, he became more and more restless and unhappy. The last embers of revolution had died away in Italy. The French were in Rome, the Austrians in Tuscany. Sorrow, exile, and proscription swept the peninsula from north to south. How many hearts broke, besides the kingly one which ceased to beat at Lisbon, when the fierce tension of their certain seeming hope had snapt, will be known only when the secrets of all hearts are revealed.

Andrea went to Leghorn on private business, but when there, merged it at once in his incessant endeavours to aid and befriend those around him. The hospitals were filled with the wounded who had taken refuge there; some for immediate flight to England or France; some because their sufferings prevented farther escape. The well-known medical skill of Peruzzi, his purse, his time, were at the command of all.

One morning, the head surgeon

asked him to accompany him in his visit to the hospital. He consented, and stood by the bed of the sufferers. Here lay the hope and joy of some family cut off in his gay prime; there, some gallant youth mutilated for life. And all this sorrow and suffering was like water poured upon the sand, useless and in vain! Suddenly his attention was attracted by a groan of pain. In a bed at some distance up the room, he saw a young man apparently delirious from great physical and mental torture. His eyes were closed, his cheek white, his face distorted by suffering. But marred as was the beauty of that noble face, enough remained for Andrea to recognise Ernesto. And thus, on the second anniversary of their promised day of meeting (after a brief but momentous interval) the friends met again.

The surgeons approached the bed; Andrea, sick at heart, leant for support against the wall.

'The arm is considerably worse,' they said. 'There is no remedy; amputation must take place.'

Through all the wandering of a fevered brain the patient heard and understood his doom. He started up. 'No, no! not my right arm—my sword arm; let me die rather.' He opened his eyes, and their wild dilated glance fell on and seemed to recognise Andrea. 'Andrea, is this your revenge?' and he sank back as if shot.

'Allow me to examine the arm,' said Andrea, in a low voice; and he approached the bed. He was pale as death; the big drops of agitation stood on his brow, but he examined the arm with professional coolness. After a minute and careful examination, he differed in opinion from the surgeons, and rapidly but forcibly expressed his reasons. There was some demur; it was a question of life and death; if the inflammation extended to the shoulder, it would be too late to take off the arm, and death must ensue. Every means used hitherto to subdue the inflammation had failed. Andrea was aware of this, but considered that by means of a very delicate operation which he suggested, the stress on the muscles might be relieved, and the pain decreased so as to permit rest and sleep. They shook their heads, but consented that it should be tried.

With one of those supreme efforts of which great natures alone are capable, Andrea mastered his emotion. All was ready. He performed the operation with marvellous skill.

'Your arm is saved, signor,' said the surgeon.

'Thank God!' exclaimed Ernesto; and as he sunk back upon his pillow, Andrea heard him murmur '*Viva Italia!*' When Andrea returned to the hospital ten days afterwards—he was too fearful of the consequences of agitation to make himself known to the patient earlier—he found that Ernesto had left it, and there was no trace by which he could be sought. Some thought that, ill and weak as he still was, he had returned to Florence; some, that he had gone to England or the United States.

CHAPTER III.—1856.

Seven years more had passed away. The reaction which had followed the transient gleam of liberty was slowly dying away. All things find their level at last. In the great ebb and tide of the sea of human affairs certain landmarks are slowly won, and the most furious storm can but cover them for a time.

Piedmont, by slow and temperate progress, by harmonious union between rulers and ruled, had advanced. She had won a place and a stake in European counsels. Cavour had raised his voice in the Congress of Nations for Italy. The material effect of such an appeal may be null; the moral influence must be immense.

It was the anniversary of the day of meeting. Andrea Peruzzi sate with his English wife on the terrace of his villa at Santa Chiara. He had been married five years. Two rosy, healthy-looking children played near them with their nurse, dressed in the picturesque costume of the place. The baby slept in its mother's arms.

These five years had added a deeper gravity to Andrea's brow. It was not sad, but a serious earnestness was his prevailing expression.

His smile was more rare, but as sweet and genial as of old. His wife worshipped him, and he loved her with that holy tenderness with which a good man loves the best blessing God has bestowed on him. She was a Catholic, and this sympathy of creed was a strong bond between her and her husband's tenantry. They could not look upon her as a *forestiera* when they saw her kneeling before their shrines. Highly educated and intelligent, she assisted her husband in all his schemes for ameliorating the condition of the people, and for the improvement of the estate. In compliance with his wishes, many changes for the better were made in the houses of the peasants, and in the management of their children. Andrea, at his own expense, had sent several of the most intelligent youths in the neighbourhood to England and to France to learn the latest improvements in their respective trades. Two had returned with English wives, and repeated on a smaller scale the social and household experiments essayed by Andrea and his wife.

Peruzzi had a strong faith in the good which might arise from intermarriage between different races, and hence he derived some degree of consolation under the bitter sorrow of witnessing the foreign occupation which weighed upon the land.

'Twenty years hence,' he would say, 'from the alliances between Tuscans and Austrians, French and Romans, a race will spring up modified in some hereditary attributes, and consequently improved. And what are twenty years in the future of a people?'

Andrea was not Utopian in his views. He knew that some of his schemes must fail or be thwarted, but he persevered. Baffled, not defeated, he would, disappointed on one side, turn to some fresh enterprise in which he saw an opening for native industry, or an outlet for native produce. He limited his personal expenditure to the barest necessaries, but was lavish of his resources where he could aid the material improvement of his country.

Railroads, electric telegraphs, all public works which extended the commercial relations of Italy, received his support. Above all he devoted himself to agriculture. Rarely, in the rudest climes, is the earth ungrateful for the care and labour bestowed upon it; but perhaps no one who has not witnessed it, can appreciate, or even imagine, its bounteous and beneficent fertility in Tuscany. That part especially which hems the Mediterranean, called the Maremma, is wonderful in its produce. An association of British farmers and labourers, in the district called Massa Maritima, to distinguish it from Massa di Carrara, would convert the land into a paradise.

Such was Andrea's life; a laborious one, it is true; but singleness of purpose and strength of will command success. These he possessed in no ordinary degree, and he might be termed successful and prosperous beyond the generality of men.

Yet was there mourning in his soul. In a profound and retentive nature such as his it takes long to sear over a wound. Andrea could not forget Ernesto. Where was that wayward yet beloved friend?

Gaetano and Francisco, who often came to see him, united their inquiries with his, but since he had left the hospital at Leghorn all trace had been lost. Gaetano was more and more absorbed in his art, and more and more estranged from the living world around. Francisco banished himself entirely from it, and led the life of an ascetic; but both held unchanged one feeling—their friendship for Andrea; both cherished one regret—their grief for the lost Ernesto. The Marchesa was still unmarried, still admired, but lived entirely in the country.

As Andrea thus sate on the terrace that Midsummer evening, the associations of the day carried back his thoughts to the past. The English newspaper in his hand was unheeded. His eyes wandered carelessly over the landscape spread before him. And yet how lovely it was! On the right a broad belt of verdure spread to the foot of the bare and lofty mountains, on the left the fertile plains sloped to the sea. Long stretches of golden light made manifest the rich crops of

corn; the vines looped their graceful festoons from tree to tree; and the olives, in blue and misty-looking clusters, softened the glowing hues of the distance. It was one of those scenes of smiling plenty which fill the heart with thankfulness to God.

'Thou openest Thy hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.'

There are times when we all look back upon our lives with a tender melancholy—to the life which has been a success without pride—to the life which has been a failure without humiliation. When we feel, beside the eternal progress which is the law of nature, our done or undone is at the best or worst but trivial. While what we are—whether life has been a discipline to us in its triumphs or trials — seems the only question of magnitude. It is well such moods should not be frequent, for they might tend with some to paralyze effort; but it is good that they should occur at times. They soften and purify the hearts of the prosperous, they soothe and comfort those who, looking back upon baffled efforts, defeated purposes, and blighted hopes, have felt that, as regards their soul's probation, disappointment has been more precious than victory, for it has achieved submission—patience—faith.

And ever, as Andrea's thoughts took a tenderer shade, they turned to Ernesto. He sometimes thought he must have died in his self-sought exile. It seemed impossible for that generous though wayward heart to maintain this stern silence if it still throbbed among the living.

Absorbed in these reflections, Andrea did not notice or even hear the quick advance of a carriage which drove up the avenue to the front of the house. It stopped, two men jumped out, and then assisted a third to alight.

'Is the Signor Peruzzi within?'

'*Si*, signor.'

They passed on to the terrace. Andrea sat with his head buried in his hands. The sound of approaching footsteps made him look up.

'Gaetano—Francisco—welcome, —oh, heavens!'

He had caught sight of another. Was that pale emaciated being who slowly approached, supported by Gaetano, a vision evoked by his thoughts?

'Ernesto!'

'Andrea! One more anniversary, the last; I yearned to die here, with you.'

The last! Andrea could not speak. That strong calm spirit was thoroughly mastered and overcome. He wept as a child over the long-lost friend recovered, but recovered only for a moment. It did not need his skill to see that the shadow of death was on that wasted but still beautiful face.

At length, when all had a little controlled their agitation, explanations were interchanged. Ernesto was placed on a sofa, and with Andrea's hand in his, told all that had passed since he left the hospital at Leghorn. The glimpse of Andrea on the day of the operation he attributed, naturally enough, to a delusion of his fevered brain. He had asked no questions, and no one spoke to him. The moment he felt able to move he embarked for England. It was perilous for him to remain in Italy, and Italy to him was a charnel-house. Every thought connected with it was a torture and a shame. The fear of farther compromising his friends, Gaetano and Francisco, deterred him from bidding them farewell.

'As to you, Andrea, I would rather have died than have met you face to face. How I afterwards became aware of my groundless and cruel jealousy, of the unexampled ingratitude of my conduct towards you, I need not relate. *She* wrote to me, and told me all!' He sighed deeply, and tears filled his eyes. 'Poor Beatrice! I went to England,' continued Ernesto, 'and for a time all the Italians I met or associated with confirmed my own views. Distrust of Piedmont, faith in secret societies, in revolt, or rather in proclamations of revolt, formed their creed: exhortation to use the dagger if the sword failed, was their watchword. In their quiet libraries they mystified and dazzled themselves with classic reminiscences, till they lost all the actual proportions of things.

'Murder, to obtain any end whatever, is—setting aside its criminality

—as foolish and blind a proceeding for the public welfare as for any private object. Yet, what noble men there are among these refugees; simple austere lives, heroic characters worthy to be chronicled by a Plutarch; giants among the effete and pampered men of the day; but they were essentially dreamers and theorists.

'Each had a different system, which was to be realized in Italy, and be the universal remedy for every evil.

'During the first winter I was in England, partly to occupy myself, partly to satisfy the home thirst which was preying on my very life, I resolved to write a history of the events in which I had taken part. Collecting and combining information for my task led me to a close observation and comparison of the men with whom I had mixed, and the circumstances around them. I slowly awoke to my mistake. . . I had misdirected my efforts for Italy, and I had no other life to give her. The climate, the sedentary life, exhaustion from my wounds, did their work, all told on me; but I would not die till I had seen you, Andrea, and completed my history. It is finished. You will find it with my papers—a faithful record. I have related all the unparalleled heroism displayed, also the imprudence which marred it. It may be of use to guide and restrain others as self-willed and as erring as I was. For me, and those who have sacrificed their lives as vainly, what hope remains but to make our Italy 'greener with our graves?''

'Speak not so, Ernesto,' said Andrea, in a voice broken by sobs.

'Put your arm around me, Andrea,' said Ernesto; 'believe me, except for that brief time of passion, no one have I loved as I love you. Italy and Andrea are written on my heart. Raise me, and let me once more see the sky I have so often thought of during my exile.'

They drew the curtains, and he looked out. The pomp and splendour of the breathless midsummer night were in the sky. Opposite the piled clouds, behind which the sun had sunk in solemn majesty, the moon shone radiant and serene. Fire-flies, like winged stars, were hovering and glittering among the flowers and trees; a nightingale was pouring forth her passionate and melodious grief, and filling the silence with song. It seemed a night elected and set apart for some great consecration.

Ernesto's large eyes, still bright through the film of approaching death, gazed with a mournful intensity upon the scene, as if he would have sought to blend with the elements of beauty around, or to carry away the record for ever in his soul.

'How beautiful!' he murmured, 'but it is night—and night, too, with thee, my country.—Alas, my Italy!'

'There is hope for Italy, Ernesto,' said Andrea, while his tears rained over the hand he held; 'believe it, the dawn will come for our Italy also—the day will arise, and Italy be great.'

'God alone is great,' said the solemn voice of Francisco, as he sank on his knees beside his friend, and commenced the offices of the church.

Vainly for Ernesto.

Ernesto Morosini had breathed his last sigh with the name of Italy on his lips.

'Alas! my Italy!'



SKETCHES ON THE NORTH COAST.

By a Naturalist.

No. VI. and last.—The Fauna of the Frost.

WINTER! Such a winter as the oldest inhabitant remembers not, and recalling those terrible winters of 1709 and 1740, when, as we are told, the cold was so intense that 'in France the sentinels died at their posts, the birds dropt down dead out of the air, and the whole East Sea was frozen over, so that people journeyed from Copenhagen to Dantzick upon the ice.' The treasures of the hail and the snow have been poured out. The drift is several feet deep, and lies in great mounds along the sides of the black hawthorn hedges. The meers and ponds are hard and rugged, like granite; the freshwater wild-fowl pass the day upon the open sea, and come up at night to the springs that still force their way through the coarse sedge of the inland marshes. Yesterday morning the shallow pools of salt water upon the sands were coated over with a thin film of ice; as if the sea itself could not stand the rigorous cold any longer. The cottages of the fisher people on the other side of the bay are wrapped in white mantillas; the square doors and windows looking intensely black and angular; and, stayed by the frost, the blue smoke wanders fitfully along the brae side, like a spirit in prison vainly attempting to escape. It has ceased snowing now for some days, but nothing could be more imposing than the advance of the storm clouds in the early part of the week, as they followed each other from the grim north in ordered march, like white pillars of sand moving across the desert. The snow has been arrested in all manner of fantastic patterns, and on the grey bents that run parallel with the beach, it is covered with sharp and delicate imprints; each muscle as keen and articulate as though it had been cunningly cut in alabaster. What various idiosyncrasies these vagrant imprints reveal! There is the capricious limp of the rabbit, and the fastidious tramp of the roe-deer, who picks her way like a dainty aristocrat as she is; intricate figures which whole thickets of partridges have traced upon the leeside of a snow-wreath; the webbed foot of the wild goose, like the picture of a bat with expanded wings; the long toes and the lounging gait of the woodcock; and the fairy-like prints of the sparrow, the robin, and the wren. One might compose an account of the natural history of the hare, for instance, from the trail she has left in this one field, following her step by step from the time when she limped leisurely through the break in the hedge—she would not leap the wall for the world—to the spot where, having nibbled with her keen sharp teeth a little way further into the sweet turnip which she has scraped clear of the frozen mud, she washes her face and curls her whiskers with her smooth downy paws, and then cosily nestles into her warm nest beneath the snow. These simple histories are written in most legible characters by every hedgerow and brook-side; and the indications of a wise instinct and a provident sagacity detailed more plainly upon the snow and silence of winter, than among the busy thoroughfares of summer, or on the purple battle-field of autumn. A sombre and frigid season it is, no doubt, but yet most precious to the naturalist and the sportsman, aye, and to all healthy and active mortals.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
  Saint Hugh be our good speede;
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
  Nor helps good hearts in neede.*

And indeed no weather can compare with that of a thoroughly fine winter morning. Liquid and trans-

* The above lines, which, in their unambitious literalness, convey the *sensation* of rainy weather better than any of our new poets have been able to do in their elaborate artificial way, are from *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, by Thomas Decker. (*Shakspeare Society's Papers*, vol. ii.)

parent as Claude's or Turner's is the air, the sky lightly coated with flakes of mottled foam, through which we gain illimitable glimpses into the blue ether beyond. The branches of the trees are traced out line by line against the cold horizon, and the great hectic, consumptive-looking sun. The grass is stiff and brittle, and covered with minute diamonds of white frost, which sparkle keenly in the winter light; the sea still and transparent, and stretching away ever so far till it joins the Norwegian tide. How distinctly one hears the refrain of the burn as it sings merrily to itself in the grave stillness of January! The sheep, as if possessed by the peripatetic devils who destroyed the swine in the New Testament, are rushing boisterously across the lawn in great force; the sparrows cluster about the leafless hedges, and chirp defiantly in the cold; and a cock whose youth has been passed in the Celestial Empire, treats his family circle to a series of rapid and somewhat hysterical congratulations. Cold it is, no doubt, as every creature testifies; but it is the cold that strengthens and exhilarates when braved manfully by the courageous naturalist or the honest sportsman.

Our little craft, the *Daisy*, is lying at anchor near the pier; and John and Peter (a good old Apostolic nomenclature we keep here) have made everything snug for a breeze, should it freshen before our return from the Seamander, to which this winter morning we are bound for ducks. Guns, cartridges, cigars, sandwiches, usquebaugh,—all are snugly deposited in the *Daisy's* lockers; and the moment we go on board she is pushed off from the wooden pier. There is a capful of wind from the west, just enough to fill our morsel of a sail; for the *Daisy* is too light and dainty a craft to stand above a square yard or so of canvas. John, with an antique musket under his arm that saw service in the '45, I dare say, steers the boat; Peter takes charge of the sail; and seated in the bow, armed with a plain, hard-hitting, double-barrelled duck gun, and wrapped in a huge brown bearskin coat, through which neither wind nor frost can penetrate, we wait, like Mr. Macawber, for 'something to turn up.' Bowling along to the north, a common gull comes sometimes screaming towards us, pursued by the Tammy Alan, as they call him here,—the audacious and formidable falcon of the sea. The *skua* is perhaps the boldest bird alive; it often comes within a few yards of the fisherman: I saw one once snatch a morsel of cod-liver from the blade of an oar held in the hand, and resting on the boat. Though unwilling to check our way, the temptation at length becomes too strong; and a Tammy who has been staring at us overhead for the last five minutes, falls right against the inside of the sheet, his wing broken, but his dangerous claws unharmed, and his spirit still eager for battle. Among the breakers, as we round the point, a flock of scoters are diving incessantly: but no boat could live within shot; so casting a wistful look upon them in passing, we run rapidly for a mile or two close to the coast, towards the bight in the shore, where, in its noble bay, the Seamander meets the sea. A noble bay, indeed,—hemmed in on all sides by huge sandhills, and paved with sand to the centre, as even a landsman may tell from the delicious green of its shallow water, so different from the sullen blue of the ocean over rocks or tangle. This is the favourite feeding-ground of all the ducks and divers on the coast; and it is, when we arrive, dotted over with little parties of these birds, whose shrill clamour is distinctly audible through the frosty air long before we enter. Reefing the sail, to make it as undistinguishable as possible—and in a fresh breeze, like that now rippling the water, the *Daisy* scarcely needs sail at all,—we steal quietly on the nearest group. Before they observe the boat it is within forty yards, and as they rise against the wind—and ducks always do rise into the wind, not being able to fly, apparently, until their wings meet with some resistance—we get a first-rate shot, and bring down four of the flock. The others beat quickly out to sea, but they will not go far, for they are daring little fellows, and the most restless and volatile of birds. Picking up the dead, they prove to be northern

harelds—one dingy duck, a young male, and two splendid old drakes, with their long, drooping tails in great perfection, and across the knightly buff the Maltese cross woven in virgin white! Fill their wounds with cotton to keep the feathers uninjured, and then lay them aside as quick as may be, for there, paddling in towards the Cove, with its limpet-covered pier and sharp shingly bottom, are a pair of bordiwings. Keep them between the boat and the land, and we are sure of a shot. You must rise, you precious beauties, there is no help for it; and hardly are they out of the water before the foremost falls. The other hesitates a moment; but the love of life and the fear of man are too strong for it; and striking rapidly out to sea, it leaves its red-throated mate struggling madly with the water, to sob out its heart-blood alone. 'Eheu, Evelina!' But the good sportsman never moralizes; he believes instinctively in man's divine right to destroy; and somehow he is not the less brave, or generous, or tender-hearted for that matter, than the most rigid and pitiless vegetarian.

Luncheon is a great institution, especially at sea. The sandwich, with its delicate aroma of Chatney—the thimbleful of pure usquebagh—the friendly chat over the white fragrant ashes of the cheroot!

'John, did you ever see the great auk in these parts?' and I show the tough old veteran, who is making a desperate onslaught on a Buchan *sargent*, the account of the bird in 'Yarrell.'

'No, sir, not exactly hereaway; but I mind when I gaed to the scalgh's, thirty years bygane, we aye met a pair aff the Sheetland shore. A muckle bird, wi' a great neb like a marrot's—a neb, ye may tak' my word, that *could* bite. Its wings were sae sma', it flew nae mair than I did, but it gaed through the water like a shot. Never a leam could come near the auld rotche, as the Sheetland bodies ca'ed him. But now for lang nane ha'e been seen onywhere I ken o', and the folk say they are a' dead and gane.'

True enough, John. He has withdrawn himself from public life at least,—an example that might be profitably followed by certain public functionaries we wist of. Helpless on the land, unable to fly, his only element being the water, he formed a kind of link between the nineteenth century and the obsolete monsters of the past. Considering his nondescript position, he no doubt felt somewhat uncomfortable in the current economy, and prudently withdrew. Science tells us of decayed races who served the purposes for which they were created, and shows us their bones among the strata of the antique world. But it is even more curious to light upon a race that has died out, as we may say, among our feet, and before our eyes.

Having secured a golden-eyed garrot (which we marked out of a flock of harelds), a brace of widgeon, an eider, and another long-tailed duck, we make sail for home. Beating quietly up we are startled by a strange mocking, unearthly laugh, rising from the limpid water by the boat, as if 'a spirit of the vasty deep' were chuckling confidentially over some impending catastrophe. What, in the name of bad luck, can it mean? By the shade of Odin! no other than the great northern diver himself—a three-year-old loon, as John understands at a glance. Hardly a moment to aim;—off, almost at random, go all the barrels in the boat, and after an ineffectual attempt to plunge below, and one convulsive effort to shake off the sickness that blinds him, the noble monarch of the Arctic main lies motionless on the water. This is great luck, indeed; you may chase these divers for hours without getting even the chance of a shot, and what you do shoot are commonly young birds who have not obtained their perfect plumage. But we must not linger longer; the sun is already far down among the hills; an ugly cloud gathers along the eastern horizon, and a heavy ground-swell begins to shake the little *Daisy* in a way that she does not altogether like. There is a beautiful breeze, however, right across the weather quarter, just enough to dip the gunwale now and then below the ripple; and in half-an-hour, after a swift, rushing run, and as the first star of the winter night brightens

beside the winter moon, we are on *terra firma* with our spoil: one northern and one red-throated diver, one eider, one golden-eye, a skua, a brace of widgeon, and five long-tailed ducks,—not a bad day's work, upon the whole.

It is all very well for a cockney to boast of his sixty brace of grouse or partridges *per diem;* the sixth commandment was not probably meant to apply to the moors; at least, in such a case the law could hardly be expected to interpose its authority. But though the blood of his victims may not lie heavy upon his seared and obdurate conscience, the begrimed murderer should consider that it is quite possible to combine sport with recreation; and when he issues from that reeking atmosphere of blood and smoke which has stained all day the blue heaven and the fresh breezes of the mountain, will he pretend to say that he has obtained the least compensation? It is out of the question; the incessant discharges have blinded his eyes and deafened his ears, and deprived him of any slight claim to intelligence which he might have made in the morning. He is now more fit for a lunatic asylum than for any other Christian institution. *Nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit;* and the grey hill-side, with its purple heather, and mystery of clouds and rain, has been debased and degraded into a mechanical slaughter-house. Such a bag as we have made to-day is, on the contrary, the delight of the genuine and abstemious sportsman,—using but not abusing, and valuing the rarity and variety more than the mere market quantity of his game. And indeed its contents are worth looking at.

John has laid them out carefully on the shingle,—not without a certain picturesqueness in the arrangement, for John is a man of taste, and knows something of practical æsthetics. The loon occupies the centre, like the large red-cheeked peach in a confectioner's basket of wall-fruit. The speckled diver, fit mate for an emperor, lies by his side; and the others form a circle round about, their tails turned upon the outside world. There is not much colour among them, indeed—*that* has been nipped in the bud by the frost; but, in contrast with the grey beach, they look bright enough. There are blood-red feathers round the neck of the *Colymbus septentrionalis*, just as if a patch of crimson plaster had been stuck on her throat to keep out the cold. The *Harelda glacialis* has a pair of chocolate-brown ruffles, shaded with orange, tied over his ears. In the rich luminous black on the breast of the *Somateria molassima* there are visible, when the sun shines on it, half the colours in the rainbow at least; you cannot then tell whether the bird is purple or crimson, or green or gold. A few of them, moreover, have brilliant legs and ankles,—light green and tawny orange being the prevailing colours. A pretty mixture of blue and crimson in narrow stripes is also popular, and has probably supplied the pattern for that bewitching and perplexing petticoat which, by a perfectly constitutional fiction, Kate professes to wear *under* her winter silk.

I take, I own, immense interest in these Arctic sea-fowl. We are told by physiologists, indeed, that they all belong to the lowest order of birds, and it is quite true that they are not distinguished by the brilliant fancy of the Tropics, where life, these gentlemen say, attains its highest development. The psychologist, however, may be excused if he hold a different opinion. The animals who have to contend with the iceberg and the snow-drift display undoubtedly much more individual character and energetic resource than those whose necessities are supplied by the lavish abundance of Tropical life. The plumage of the northern fauna is certainly sombre and uniform enough; still, it is chastened by perfect taste, and exhibits the most simple and graceful combinations; and the difference, after all—for the law is alike throughout the whole animal and intellectual kingdom—is exactly that which separates the gaudy and meretricious imagination of the South from the abstemious intellect of the North.

In another way these migratory birds possess a peculiar interest and attraction. They are, as it were, the only living link between our

own and that desolate empire where even English enterprise cannot follow them. They come to us from the bleak and sombre North, and bleakly behind them rises the northern winter! What more striking vision could we obtain of the solitude of that Arctic darkness which drives these hardy wanderers from their native wilderness into the hated and perilous vicinity of man? And then the wild strangeness of the scenes into which they penetrate—mountains of ice that reel together in drunken madness—silent seas whose statuesque serenity the tempest cannot ruffle—the angry flush of the Aurora upon the night! You will no doubt consider it very fanciful and extravagant, but somehow every hooper or loon I shoot awakens in my mind a curious reminiscence of the Scandinavian Walhalla.

Ay, and if we follow out their history through its detail, what a picturesque romance. During the winter months, a pair of northern voyagers have sojourned in the bay. As sure as the breakfast-bell, there were the active little fellows fishing as if for dear life right under the terrace. A cold berth of it they must have had on the water all night, one would think; but in the morning they are as lively and vivacious as though they had slept on down pillows. They made their appearance about the end of the year, fresh from their northern fastnesses, quite guileless in the ways of men; and it is really a marvel to me how they have contrived to escape the cunning toils that were laid for them. Since then, by getting into all manner of scrapes, they have gained ever-so-much practical experience of English life. But at length from the sweet South are breathed the maiden whispers of the spring, and the divers break up their camp, and follow the beaten winter to the North.

Past the Orkanies, where they pick up certain of their connexions who have wintered in the Voes, and cultivate a cursory acquaintance with a colony of Mother Cary's chickens who breed on the mainland there; past the rocks of the Norwegian fiords, and the camps of stately eiders, who look out, in their lazy, dignified, aristocratic way, at the swift voyagers as they go by; past, perhaps, that unvisited rock in the middle of the wide Atlantic to which it is said the great auk has gloomily retreated,—past all these to a bleak kingdom where the Czar's sceptre does not reach. The wide, desolate plain when they arrive is already teeming with life. After a little dexterous manœuvring, our winter friends appropriate an unoccupied station on the rushy margin of one of the sea-belts that cut up the land there into a perfect labyrinth of fantastic islands. Close to them, on one side, is the nest of a pair of the *Clangula histrionica*—the most ornately and elaborately 'got up' of the Arctic ducks; on the other, they are flanked by a colony of hoopers, whose society, however, they do not much relish, as the swan is inclined to be quarrelsome with his neighbours,—his shrill trumpeting, moreover, being rather disturbing at night. Forthwith they commence building operations, and construct a habitation with great expedition: for it does not take long to gather a few dried reeds into a heap by the water-side, and there is none of the delicate architecture or loving preparation which makes the soft cradle of southern birds a marvel among men. But when, after long waiting, from out of the coarse sedge a little downy morsel drops into the water, do not suppose that the loon feels less genuine tenderness for her offspring, though she may not make such a fuss about it as your domestic poultry. For some weeks the bays and lochs absolutely swarm with young birds—mottled divers, round yellow goslings, pale delicate cygnets, dingy ducklings and guillemots and marrots innumerable. With each small mouth clamorous for food, the parents, we may be sure, have little spare time on their hands. But the youngsters are quickly able to shift for themselves, and then, warned by an unfailing instinct of the approach of winter, the whole colony moves off, family by family, for the South. By the beginning of September the breeding-place is silent and deserted, and

the half-dozen unhappy Esquimaux who live permanently in the district are left alone to get through the winter in their seal-skin coats as they best may.

Two of the divers, the red-throated and the great northern (*Colymbus septentrionalis* and *Colymbus glacialis*), are, or at least were within the last few years, very numerous on our sea coasts; and Mr. St. John mentions that a few pairs of the black-throated (*Colymbus arcticus*) breed among the high-lying lochs in Sutherland. The loon and the bordiwing, as the former are called here, generally arrive during October, and remain till the following April. Two years ago I noticed a loon in the bay about the beginning of June—a wounded bird probably, as it does not breed anywhere on the coast. Bordiwings are sometimes met with until the end of May; they are then, in flocks of twenty or thirty, and invariably on the wing, flying towards the North. It is nearly impossible to induce the loon to quit the water —unlike the bordiwing, who, if pursued, rises immediately—though, notwithstanding its small wings, it flies easily and with great rapidity. I have never seen it ashore. From the peculiar position of its legs it no doubt moves awkwardly enough on *terra firma*. The legs, however, are admirably adapted for the water, joined as they are to the very end of the body, and constructed so as to enable it, as seamen say, 'to feather the oar'—the *side* which cuts the water on the return stroke being thin and sharp as a knife. The bordiwing occasionally alights on a rock at a short distance from the beach, where it sits perpendicularly erect, like a guillemot or a razor-bill. There used to be an odd notion current—derived no doubt from the peculiarity of their structure—that these birds could not quit the water. Pontoppidan, for instance, asserts that the imber-diver, as he calls the loon, never lands except during the week before Christmas, 'whence the fourth Sunday in Advent is called by the people Imber Sunday;' and the process of incubation which he is forced to provide for a bird so exclusively attached to the water is extremely characteristic.

Under their wings in their body there are two pretty deep holes, big enough to put one's fist in; in each of these they hide an egg, and hatch the young ones as perfect, and with less trouble, than others do on shore.

There has been a great controversy among naturalists as to the way in which the loon dives. Dunn, in his account of Shetland, says, 'Sinking gradually under the surface, without throwing itself forward, the head is the last part that disappears.' Other writers have asserted that it dives like water-birds in general. From my own observations I believe that there is some truth in both views—the whole truth, as in most other cases, lying between the extremes. When searching for food, the head of the diver is certainly the first to disappear. At other times—and you may easily satisfy yourself of this by watching one any winter day, when it has finished its afternoon meal—it dives in the fashion that Dunn describes. The cormorant and the ducks before they can gain the impetus necessary to effect a descent, require to raise their bodies partly out of the water. The loon, on the contrary, makes no exertion, but disappears silently and noiselessly—as if it were grasped by some invisible hand, and pulled below. No other water-fowl can dive with the same ease; and it affords a striking example of the great strength of these birds. The flesh of this diver is, as might be supposed, extremely tough and ill-flavoured; and even the fishers, who are not very fastidious, do not attempt to use it. Audubon, however, mentions that he had seen the mountain Indians in Labrador eat it with relish.

Of all these sea-fowl—not even excepting the great wild swan—the loon is the most beautiful and powerful. The Arctic diver is the eagle of the ocean. A most intrepid mariner, it is yet the most wary and vigilant of birds. Even on the open sea, and though there should not be a boat in sight, it is perpetually on the alert. The moment it rises after a dive, and before it commences to discuss the prey it has secured, it looks suspiciously round and round in every direction. When it desires to remain unseen, it can swim wonderfully low—its back entirely sub-

merged, its neck stretched forward horizontally, and resting as it were on the waves. The best time, however, to estimate its skill and hardihood is during the course of an easterly gale. Not a boat or living being is visible far or near on the sea—even the gulls have been blown away by the blast, and scattered among the inland marshes. One intrepid sailor, however, has not been scared. Take your glass, and watch the wary mariner as he beats out bravely in the teeth of the wind. How superbly he breasts the billows! How buoyantly he scatters the foam that gathers thick about his neck! How he exults in the fierce pressure of the waves! Through the white surf of the breakers the undaunted diver—the only creature there into whom God has breathed the breath of life—holds on his perilous path, and makes his way across the forlorn and tumultuous waste in spite of wind and wave.

I have told you of our winter shooting by day, but to the lover of wild fowl the night is the best time. For night-shooting, the best spot I know is a low sand-bank near the mouth of the bay, running for some distance into the sea, and separating it from a large fresh-water lake which seldom freezes; such a place as that where the wounded Arthur was borne in his rent armour:—

> a dark strait of barren land.
> On one side lay the ocean, and on one
> Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

It is not merely the excitement of sport that makes night work so fascinating to those who engage in it; but all the accessories are striking and impressive. The round winter moon keeps along the eastern sky the even tenor of her way, and in her light the white night-gear of the earth looks dim and spectral, especially when contrasted with the troubled blackness of the water. The dash of the waves against the sand is stayed into a low murmur by the gripe of the frost; the measured beat of the wild duck's wings is heard with wonderful distinctness as they fly to and fro in the flood of moonlight overhead: from the bay there arises a confused Babel of cries, among which the sportsman hears at times—hears with a beating heart,—as he retreats from or approaches the shore, the shrill trumpet-like call of the wild swan. Such winter nights are never forgotten, though as years pass in this world one contrives somehow to forget much. And then after midnight, when the moon is on the wane, and 'a breeze of morning moves,' he returns, with a golden eye and a brace of mallard in the pockets of his shooting-coat, to the red fire that smoulders on the kitchen hearth,—before which Jack, his shaggy retriever, shakes himself out for the night,—and the profound and fragrant bowl of Anatolian Latakia.

Pleasant, very pleasant, too, are those winter evenings, when the wind whistles keenly high up in the chimney, and the fire sparkles bravely on the red drapery that shuts out the night. You sit before the wide antique grate, and fashion all manner of fantastic imaginations and quaint romance between the glowing bars. A noble gentleman, indeed, the sole survivor of the Homeric dynasty of the gods, with eagle eye, and Jove-like curls, and

> lips intense,
> With garrulous god-innocence;

and the rich voice of 'the old man eloquent' rings once again pleasantly in your ears. Very fair, in sooth, was the lady—the fair Ivy of *your* 'kingdom by the sea,'—all too fair in her delicate maidenhood for any land save that to which the angels took her. Do you start as though it were in very truth the sweet sweep of those Cashmere folds you heard again? Tush! 'tis but the wind outside among the drenched leaves of the ivy. And from the reverie of a youth that has escaped, you scarce know how, you are wakened by the monotonous sound of voices in the hall below, where the ancient forester is narrating to a faithful audience some legend

> Of old unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

'Tis the kind of night, Juniper, for a ghostly and mysterious story, and if you will listen patiently, I will tell you one which took place well nigh thirty years ago, away up

yonder on the bleak moors of Assynt, across the Sutherland hills. You have seen the country thereabouts, I think; we shot across it one season, you remember. Barren moorlands, and grey sterile beaches with flinty sands; troops of forlorn pines along the hill sides where the red deer keeps his ward; rents of blue sea sprinkled with green desolate islands—a 'God-forgotten land,' as Sydney Smith might say. Thirty years ago, however, the monotonous lives of the simple islanders were rudely disturbed by one of those startling crimes which seem to belong more peculiarly to an advanced and complicated civilization. The case still figures in our criminal records as the Assynt murder, and presents many features of curious and picturesque interest.

John MacDonald,—I forget the name, but they are all MacPhersons or MacDonalds in those parts,—a well-known itinerant pedlar, had, on a dreary winter evening about this time of the year, attended a rustic wedding and merry-making at the 'farm-town' of Assynt, where, among the fair damsels assembled, he had contrived considerably to lighten his pack. No one had observed him leave, and for a month afterwards nothing was heard of his movements. His absence excited no surprise among the country people, as it was supposed that he had gone to visit his relations who lived in Ross-shire. *They*, however, ignorant of his movements, and seeing him only at distant intervals, were of course not troubled at his customary absence, and the pedlar might have been away much longer before any suspicion could have been excited. But exactly four weeks after the festivities at Assynt, a farm servant, passing a deep and precipitous tarn on the mountain road which lies between the farm-town and the Clachan of Assynt, observed by the imperfect dawn-light, a bundle floating upon the water, then unusually low and clear. A rude raft was constructed, and with its aid the neighbours dragged the corrupted body of a human being to the shore. Though much decomposed, all who were present immediately recognised the features of the missing pedlar. The clothes were the same which he had worn when last seen, but the pockets had been carefully turned out and rifled, and nothing of any value was found on the corpse.

Notwithstanding these suspicious appearances, the simple people, among whom a murder had never been committed, concluded that the unfortunate man had fallen accidentally into the tarn. So confirmed were they in this opinion, that they at once buried the body, and John MacDonald and the tragedy connected with him were in a fair way of being forgotten. The parish minister, however, had accidentally learned of the discovery, and he forthwith forwarded information to the proper authorities. The sheriff of the county, and the Procurator-Fiscal, who is in Scotland the representative of the Lord Advocate or public prosecutor (an office which might very advantageously be introduced south of the Tweed), immediately came down to the district, and commenced a searching investigation.

Under the guidance of John Cameron, the schoolmaster—who was recommended to them by the minister as a skilful and trusty person, on whom perfect reliance might be placed, and accompanied by the medical man of the island, the sheriff visited the spot where MacDonald's body had been buried. It was disinterred in his presence, and on examination several deep wounds were discovered on the back of the head, any one of which, the doctor reported, would have been sufficient to cause death. Coupled with the fact that the clothes had been plundered, no reasonable doubt could remain that a murder had been committed. It was well known in the island that MacDonald, who had made money, carried his fortune on his back—banks and stock being unknown institutions to those primitive people. But for many days all the ingenuity of the law was baffled to obtain any trace of the murderer. No one had been seen with MacDonald after he left Assynt; no article of any kind could be identified as his property. The search appeared fruitless. Several murders, however, had been recently committed in the northern counties:

they had remained unpunished: it was therefore a matter of much public importance that in this case an example should be made. The sheriff established himself *en permanence* at a roadside hostel in the vicinity, and announced his determination to examine every resident in the island.

During these investigations the sheriff was invariably accompanied by Cameron, who through his acquaintance with the Gaelic tongue, and his knowledge of the inhabitants, proved of great assistance as an interpreter. One morning, however, the sheriff went down to the district post-office alone, Cameron being for the first time absent. During a desultory conversation, the postmaster incidentally stated that soon after the date of the murder he had given change for a £10 Bank of England note to a person who he did not think *should* have had so much in his possession. Who was this? John Cameron, the schoolmaster. Cameron was sent for, was asked how he had come to have the money in question, and peremptorily denied any knowledge of the transaction. His statement, though made without apparent embarrassment, excited suspicion, and he was arrested, charged with the murder.

For some time, however, no facts appeared to confirm the suspicion. Cameron's house, which stood on a hillside by itself, was minutely searched, but none of the pedlar's property was found in it. His sister, who lived with him, was evidently perfectly ignorant and innocent. She was a young and pretty girl, and for her station in life intelligent and cultivated. When told of the charge she indignantly refused to believe that her brother was guilty, and in deep distress followed him to prison. One or two casual incidents, however, to which she spoke, proved of unhappy importance on the trial. Even then, however, though well aware of the fatal effect of her answers, she spoke fearlessly and truthfully,—with Spartan-like honesty meting out her brother's doom. A fearful dilemma, indeed; one where even falsehood cannot be rigorously judged, but where stern and rigid truth cannot be too highly esteemed. A noble Highland heroine, with her bloodless lips and white, tearless face—all honour, Juniper, to the gentle womanhood that is yet too noble in its maiden honesty for a lie!

Cameron, though unable to account satisfactorily for the money, was on the point of being liberated, when a singular incident occurred. A workman, MacLeod by name, had on three successive occasions dreamed that he had seen Cameron follow MacDonald to the water-side, strike him a number of heavy blows with a hammer, rifle his pack, cast the body into the tarn, and conceal the articles he had taken in a cairn near his own house. The story was soon bruited about, and the dreamer was brought before the sheriff. So strong and vivid, he said, was his recollection of the incidents of the dream, that he could undertake to point out to the criminal officer the exact stones under which the property was concealed. They went together, and ultimately discovered the articles in question concealed under several large stones which MacLeod declared exactly resembled those impressed on his memory. Here was an important fact to begin with,—the property of the murdered man found in immediate proximity to Cameron's house. Next day another link was obtained. A week or two previous to his apprehension, Cameron walked one rainy morning to the other side of the island, got wet, and at a country inn obtained from the landlady a pair of stockings, leaving his own behind to be dried. These were now produced, and after some hesitation a cottar's wife declared that from a peculiarity in the work she could depone that they were of her own making; and added, that the day before his disappearance the pedlar had bought two pairs from her for his own use. That now produced was one of them; the other was discovered in Cameron's house. A variety of similar circumstances gradually came out; and after considerable delay, occasioned by the difficulty of the case, Cameron was brought to trial.

The trial took place at Inverness, where the North Circuit usually commences, before Lord Moncrieff, one of the old Whig judges—all honour to their memory,—stanch

believers in port wine and liberty as they were. It lasted from ten o'clock on the first morning of the assize till the same hour next day; twenty-four consecutive hours, during which time judge, jury, and spectators sat uninterruptedly. The prime interest to the superstitious Highlander lay in the mysterious fact of the vision, and the seer was an object of special interest when he appeared in the witness-box. He suffered a severe cross-examination from the prisoner's counsel, without the substantial value of his evidence being affected. No one who heard his examination could doubt that he was stating what was actually true; no one could believe (and this, of course, was the object of the cross-examination) that he himself was the criminal, or in any way implicated. It was a protracted and difficult case of circumstantial evidence; the candles (gas was not in those days) which had lighted them in their vigil through the long autumn night were extinguished, and the sun was high in heaven when the jury returned into court, finding the prisoner Guilty, as libelled. The verdict had been recorded, and sentence of death pronounced, when Cameron (who preserved throughout the trial the most profound composure) rose, and with the utmost solemnity and calmness called God to witness that he was a murdered man.

The sheriff—to whose exertions the success of the prosecution was mainly to be attributed — was making his way to his hotel through the excited crowd, when a message came to him from Cameron, requesting to see him. When he reached the cell, Cameron, who still manifested the same complete composure, at once said, 'I am now going to tell you what I have never breathed to mortal man: the verdict was quite right — I did the deed.' He then made a full and detailed confession, relating the whole story with perfect frankness —a demeanour he preserved till his execution. The murder, he said, was committed on the night of the Assynt wedding. He had seen MacDonald leave; had followed him unobserved; had made up to him, and walked along with him to the tarn; then, with a heavy hammer which he was carrying home, he had struck him several blows from behind, and, after rifling the corpse, had thrown it into the water. For some weeks it had remained at the bottom — at least, he could see nothing of it, and he had gone once or twice every week to look for it. The evidence of MacLeod surprised and startled him. The property had been hidden the same night— a dark, wet, misty night—immediately on his return home; and it was impossible, he thought, that MacLeod, with whom he was merely acquainted, could have come by his information in any natural way. The fact is curious, and may furnish a problem for those who, like yourself, are curious in psychological mysteries. The murder had, of course, been the main topic of interest in the island for many weeks; it had no doubt become strongly impressed on MacLeod's imagination; some slight link of fact, a word or gesture, probably existed; and out of these inchoate materials the story *might* gradually shape itself into a form not unlike the actual, because a natural and logical arrangement of the whole facts known or surmised at the time. And, going on with the story to its close, the dream would accompany the murderer after the commission of the crime, depict his horror and contrition, his frantic desire to put away from him any evidence of the accursed deed which lay heavy on his soul. The place where he concealed the property was that he would naturally select —out of his own house, indeed, but not so distant from it but that the articles might be easily recovered after the first dread had been subdued. People who have disenchanted the unseen, and who consider a man's muscles the best part of him, will probably explain the mystery in some such way: *that* current here, at least, will hardly satisfy you, I am afraid. 'The light of common day' has become too strong for the supernatural.

Here, my dear Juniper, I must bring these rambling sketches of our wild North Coast to a close. I

like the place, as I have told you, passing well; but still the old reproach holds good—

Nihil est ab omne
Parte beatum.

I cannot help seeing the *Times* at intervals; a cockney was visible during the autumn; there are poor-rates and direct taxation. Even here one is often forced to exclaim, in the words of the irate Sir Sampson, 'These things are unaccountable and unreasonable. Body o' me, why was not I a bear, that my cubs might have lived upon sucking their paws?' And I own to you, that since I read Audubon's description of Labrador, the Temperate zone, the *auream mediocritatem* of geography, has appeared to me somewhat trite. In *that* fortunate colony —it has not even come in the way of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence— they have none of our greatest-happiness-for-the-greatest-number panaceas—no police, no politics, no palaver in Parliament, no twaddle by telegraph — the country is genuinely uncivilized. Earl Grey, I believe, sent it a representative constitution when he was in office in 1848; but luckily there was nobody to represent. The parliamentary elections consequently have been postponed, greatly to the chagrin of Lord John Russell, who holds, like an honest Whig as he is, that the British Constitution was not made for men, but men for the British Constitution —the one being the cause, the other the effect. As regards the sport to be had, just read what Audubon says of it. For the naturalist, moreover, it is a terrestrial paradise. There is little or no society, of course—a few French squatters forming the bulk of the population. But they are good fellows in the main, I take it—so I gather, at least, from the report of the American. One incident which he relates seems to indicate this, and is, at least, peculiarly picturesque. He was naturalizing in a wild, remote, and, as he believed, perfectly uninhabited district. Rising up from the bare ground after a cold night's rest, he beheld, on one of the granite rocks which strew that desolate plain, the form of a man accurately outlined against the dawn, kneeling, the head raised to heaven, the hands clasped and beseeching. Before this rapt and imploring figure stood a small monument of unhewn stones, supporting a wooden cross! The only dweller on that inhospitable shore had come out from his hut to the open air, that without let or hindrance his solitary supplication might go up directly unto Him who does not dwell in the temples that are made with hands.

And so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

A fine study for a statuary, is it not? The solitary man coming out to the open air in his loneliness.

Such is Labrador. The packet from Leith *viâ* Newfoundland sails in May. Will you go? You are a political economist and social philosopher, and may attribute the Exodus to whatever moral, religious, or statistical reasons you like best. What finer protest, for instance, could you make against Mr. Coningsby's 'selfish civilization'? For myself, I know nothing of politics; but I am quite convinced, however we may try to deceive ourselves, that, in a sporting point of view, this country is on its last legs. Shall we follow the *Anatidæ* to their summer home in the North?

SHIRLEY.



PAULI'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

THAT a good history of England should be written by a foreigner is no absolute novelty. The work of Rapin de Thoyras remains to this day an admirable example of industry and judgment. *The History of the Anglo-Saxons and of the first Norman Kings*, by Dr. Lappenberg, is a production reflecting great honour upon that distinguished and amiable scholar. Thierry and Guizot have both treated of portions of our fortunes with skill and success; and it is now our duty to call attention to another work, which, taking the widest range, proposes to itself to continue Lappenberg's researches down to the latest period of our annals.

An intelligent foreigner has in truth some advantages over an Englishman, in detailing the events of our earliest times. For a very long period England was not the isolated land which she became after the loss of her continental dependencies forced her, as it were, to enter upon her career of self-development. For many generations, Normandy and Brittany, Anjou and Maine, Gascony and Poitou, stood nearer to her than Scotland or Ireland. An Irish sept might extirpate another, a Welsh robber-prince—*incertum an latro aut imperator*—might dethrone or murder half-a-dozen competitors, with less notice at the court of the first Plantagenets, than was given to the feuds of the smallest baron in Picardy. The great and representative families whose names alone furnished subjects for the pen of the chronicler, were not English, but French; the history of England was in a great measure the history of France, and might be treated accordingly. Nor were its relations to Germany of less importance, during several generations: it sought alliances with the princely houses of Saxony and Suabia, as the shifting ground of policy towards France rendered these expedient; so that the current of events in England runs often parallel or intermingled with their course in the Empire. Only after long struggles and many losses, which flung back our energies upon their own proper sphere of activity, could that spirit find for itself a way into light, which gave to our institutions their peculiar character and development. Till we arrive at that moment, there is nothing to prevent either a Frenchman or a German from being our chronicler. In some respects, indeed, their very national peculiarities are advantageous conditions for the task, inasmuch as they enable them to take a more impartial view of many facts than we ourselves can do. For it cannot be denied that the Englishman of to-day, educated in every detail under the altered state of things, and fully alive to all that is essentially English in the institutions under which he lives, and which are his pride and glory, is rather too apt to forget how different are the principles by which those remoter events are to be judged, and to apply an unfair canon of criticism to them. On the other hand, no doubt any one but an Englishman runs some danger of not clearly discovering the working of those very national instincts which revealed themselves, though but partially and fitfully, long before they succeeded in stamping their own peculiar character upon our whole polity; and thus caused elements which in their original form were common to nearly all European lands, to coalesce into so distinct a combination in our own.

From this fault however Dr. Pauli, the continuator of Dr. Lappenberg's *History of England*, is remarkably free. He is fortunate enough to bring to a task of by no means easy character, most of the qualifications necessary to success. Formed in the accurate and laborious school of Leopold Ranke, among fellow labourers like Waitz and Abel and Dönniges, he commenced his work already in the possession of all that mental training which is the first and most indispensable

* *Geschichte von England*. Von Reinholt Pauli, mit einem vorworte von J. M. Lappenberg. Two volumes. Hamburg: F. Perthes. London: Williams and Norgate. 1853—55.

requisite for the historian. The mode of sifting and weighing evidence, of co-ordinating and comparing materials, the tests of chronology; in short, the whole *apparatus criticus*, without which the historian cannot take one secure step, were familiar to him before he entered upon his labours, instead of having to be learnt empirically during their progress; an advantage which will be readily appreciated by all who may have attempted the arduous walks of history without these preliminary accomplishments. Moreover, Dr. Pauli is profoundly versed in the history of his own fatherland, and familiar with its authors: no one knows better than himself in what works to look for the explanation of, it may be, isolated groups of events, whose importance or interest has obtained for them the advantage of distinct and separate treatment by very competent scholars. He is thus able to avail himself of the stores of knowledge heaped up by his continental fellow-labourers, which, we need hardly say, have never yet been fairly brought to bear upon the history of England, and are indeed known to very few Englishmen even by name. How many of our countrymen, we might ask, for example, are acquainted with the late Dr. Abel's careful Biography of Philip of Hohenstauffen, or with Lappenberg's admirable Account of the Hanseatic Steelyard in London, or Champollion's Collection of Letters, or Dr. Sudendorf's Records, or Dr. Havemann's History of the Downfall of the Templars? Yet there is not one of these books but what contains matter of the most valuable description, and not one, we believe, which our author has not duly consulted when the occasion required it.

Dr. Pauli has however an inestimable advantage still, without which, it may safely be said, he would have fallen far short of the success which he has achieved,—he is intimately acquainted with England and English institutions. He has lived for several years among us, moving in various grades of life, and brought in contact with various classes of society. He has enjoyed rare opportunities of becoming perfectly familiar with our ways both of thinking and acting, with our measures and our men, with our books and records, and our language in all its stages, from the Anglo-Saxon down to our own time. He knows England better than most foreigners whom we have met with, and it is no discredit to him or to ourselves that he likes and respects it. It is not for him the bugbear that it is at Berlin; nor does he believe that a free press and a free trade will drive us into the chaos of revolution, or plunge us in the abysses of national bankruptcy. Though a good North German, he has found it possible to be by no means a bad Englishman. To his native sound judgment and untiring industry he joins a generous and enlightened admiration of the country in which he has for so long a period been at home; and the result is that he has given us a *History of England* such as we would have it written—clear, readable, exhaustive; above all, sound and just, free from exaggeration, and as free also from the one-sidedness of sect and party. It may readily be imagined that he takes a different view from that generally entertained with respect to many leading events in our early history; but it is due to him to say that he has carefully studied and calmly weighed what his predecessors have delivered as the true doctrine, and that where he differs from them, he has reason to give for the faith that is in him. He has no nationality to seduce him, no prejudice to flatter, no false idea of patriotism to lead him either to accuse or excuse, otherwise than truth may warrant. He writes neither as an Englishman nor a Scotchman, nor a Whig nor a Tory, but like a calm and genial judge, ready to proclaim and honour good, to denounce and expose evil, from whatever quarter they may come. He is a man of progress, too, though not of party: full of honest admiration for constitutional freedom, full of warm and generous sympathy for the men by whose efforts and sufferings it was slowly but securely obtained. Nevertheless, he has a heart large enough to take in all that is noble and brave on every side: if he respects Robert of Winchelsea, he does not fail to ad-

mire Edward Longshanks: if he reprobates the mean and cowardly fatuity of John, he has no excuses for the treacherous astuteness of Philip Augustus. He can celebrate triumphantly the military virtues of Edward the Third and the Black Prince, without forgetting that the first would, if he could, have been as despotic a sovereign as any of his predecessors, or that the second was a bad administrator and mischievous governor in the continental principalities with which he was invested.

Dr. Pauli's history commences with the reign of Henry the Second in 1154, and is continued to the end of Richard the Second's in 1399, embracing a period of two hundred and forty-five years, than which none are more full of important results for the history of constitutional development in England. It was pre-eminently during that period that the old principles and methods of rule which are the normal characteristics of the Norman kingdom gave way, and were modified by a continued succession of extraneous influences, until they assumed a form incomparably more favourable to popular liberty—not however without stern resistance and severe struggles, nor without at times producing convulsions which seemed as though they would rend the whole nation in sunder. But there was all along one deep and firm foundation, which though long lost sight of and buried under a new political stratum, was ever there to give firmness and consistency to what had been superinduced upon it by the wave of foreign conquest. It may be affirmed that during the whole of those two hundred and fifty years, the Anglo-Saxon element which had been struck down at Hastings, was slowly but surely recovering its vitality, and taking the place which it could fill harmoniously in the renewed nationality of England. The student of our law who reads its history in a large and enlightened spirit, will confess that to this sturdy Saxondom we are indebted for the general introduction of trial by jury, instead of the ordeal by fire or battle; of responsible ministers, instead of tyrannical officers of the king's exchequer; of sheriffs, yearly elected in counties, instead of being nominated for indefinite periods by the Crown; above all, of parliaments containing the representatives of the wealth and intelligence of the whole nation, and no longer only the great barons of the royal court, or the most dignified members of the clerical body. But with it all, it was a great and manly contest, with vigorous athletes on either side. The prizes at stake were worth a life to win; and nobly, bravely were they contended for, till that magnificent compromise, which we call the English constitution, was firmly established by the efforts and the sufferings of struggling giants.

'Great men have been among us!' Braver and wiser princes than Henry the Second, Edward the First, and Edward the Third, have rarely reigned in any land; and to their firmness and instincts of rule, the Crown owes much of that power and influence in our polity which gives so much dignity, strength, and security to our institutions. Weaker or worse kings than John, Henry the Third, Edward the Second, and Richard the Second, have seldom mounted a throne; and it is to their weakness or their vices that the popular element in our constitution owed its triumph and its gradual extension, and owes now its actual power. Had we not in good time forfeited Guienne and Gascony and Normandy, we might have ended in being a province of France, though ruled by a descendant of the Plantagenets. We have lived to become the lords of India, the founders of America and Australia and New Zealand; and to know that the English tongue is spoken, and the English law administered, over a wider expanse of land and sea than ever were subjected to one ruling people since the beginning of the world. Through good and ill, now by means of wise, now of foolish rulers, Providence has led and trained this nation to do great deeds, and to support and bear witness to great truths. We have been encouraged by manifold successes, we have been chastened in due season by adversity, and strengthened by suffering. All along we have been wonderfully preserved and up-

held, till we have become one of the most powerful and wealthiest empires that the world has ever seen. May we never forget the steps by which we have attained this great and perilous eminence, or Him whose hand has mercifully guided us, while we struggled up to the height on which we stand.

Our readers will see that it is impossible for us to enter into any very detailed account of the contents of these volumes. The nature of a continuous history, as well as the great extent of the work itself, —filling nearly eighteen hundred closely printed German pages—preclude any attempt to follow the author step by step, unless indeed the review of the book were to become as voluminous as the book itself. We therefore think we shall best do our author justice by pointing out the manner in which he deals with certain prominent events which are capable of, and have indeed received, very different interpretations.

Such a case is that of Thomas à Becket, which even from his own time to this in which we live, has unavoidably been treated with sectarian bitterness or political partiality. No doubt it is a great romance, a tragedy full of moving incidents, of sudden and unexpected turns of fortune; kings, nobles, heroes of the faith, canonized saints and martyrs, move before us upon the scene. A good man, manfully suffering for right against might, goes before our wondering eyes, till having crowned his great contest with death, he triumphs in the strength of the truth for which he yielded up his life. Gorgeous, no doubt, and grand, but the hard-hearted historian—who has an ingrained dislike to acting and scene-painting—asks, Is all this true? And Dr. Pauli gives *him* an answer which will not be very pleasing to those who seek for sentiment instead of truth in history. With a firm and skilful hand, ever with the scalpel of documentary evidence in his grasp, he not only reduces to their true value the exaggerated accounts bequeathed to us by Becket's contemporaries, and those later writers for whose cause St. Thomas died; but by pointing out the real significance of Becket's career, and its place in the universal history of Europe, he destroys for ever the erroneous theories which more than one modern author has put forward, on grounds even less tenable than those of the 'universal' Church. Dr. Pauli knows well enough what the cause of quarrel with Henry the Second was; he does not suffer himself to be misled by the pious special pleading of Catholics, any more than by the wild dualistic doctrines of modern French historians, deeply imbued with Sir Walter Scott's theory of England in the thirteenth century—to which we heartily wish Mr. Macaulay had not given fresh currency, if it was only to prevent our respectable cousins on the other side of the Atlantic from talking nonsense about the 'Anglo-Saxon' race. Had our author done nothing more in this matter, he would have done good service by breaking the neck of the absurd fancy that Becket, in his opposition to Henry the Second, was the representative of Saxon nationality, as opposed to Norman oppression. The claims which the Church of Rome has naturally always put forwards for one of the most distinguished of its πρόμαχοι, are intelligible, and not by any means to be blamed; but we really must enter our protest against the *Ivanhoe* theory, although M. Thierry tells us that it produced his *Conquest of the Normans*, a work which we remember to have been received with great glee by all 'philosophical radicals,' but which, nevertheless, has the disadvantage of being founded on the novel of a Tory Scotch gentleman, not particularly well versed in history, or particular in his use of it.

Having given ourselves some pains to learn what the Anglo-Saxons were before and at the time of the Conquest, and what they became after it, we are glad to find that Dr. Pauli coincides in all essential points with us, not only as to the condition of England at the period, and the character of Becket, but also as to the real importance of the Constitutions of Clarendon—in a wide European sense—and the opposition made to them in England by the archbishop, and that fraction of

the Church which adopted him as their head.

Apart from the mere church question, which in truth Becket pressed much more earnestly than it was on many occasions agreeable for the Pope to support, he had no standing in England whatever. Of the two men, considered in their nationality (and after all Becket was in all probability a Norman), Henry was by far the more popular. He was, in fact, the 'Saxon' king: he was looked upon by the Saxon race—if any such existed apart to any great extent—as one of themselves in blood. Many changes took place in his reign which must have conciliated the great mass of the people, who no doubt had been much oppressed, at first by the introduction of Norman laws, and afterwards by the lawless tyranny consequent upon the internal struggles of a disputed succession. It was not then forgotten, and it never should be forgotten, that to Henry's firmness and conduct the country owed its relief from the terrible sufferings which the poorer classes (mixed as they were) had undergone during the weak reign of Stephen. There was, in truth, no *people*, in our sense of the word, comprising as it does a vast variety of classes, 'upper ten thousands' as well as 'lower ten thousands,' and ten-pound householders besides. There were great nobles and landowners, dependents and serfs, and a few—probably very few—of the sort called *bauer* in Germany, and *statesmen* in Cumberland. The Civil War, or War of Succession—call it what you will—had filled the land with those majestic, massive castles of which the types are yet found at Rochester and Newcastle; and in them, as a contemporary Saxon author says, there housed, not men, but demons. Here, if you please, you may realize the scenes so skilfully introduced in M. Thierry's authority, *Ivanhoe;* only with this condition, that you infinitely increase the horrors of these dens, and that you place them *before* and not *after* the reign of Henry the Second. At that time, there being no *people*, the king had to do with a fractious and powerful nobility, and with adventurers from all lands, who sought out of our troubles to cut a road to fortune. It was a good thing *then* that the king was strong, and a real blessing for England that he used his strength as he did—in short, as he must, for his own sake.

History, even when written by clergymen, has hardly words enough to praise Rudolph of Hapsburg for extirpating the nests of castled thieves in Germany: the layman, who does not care whether Rudolph did or did not deserve a place in the calendar, claims for a much earlier and wiser prince a praise at least as great. Henry set about doing the same thing, but he did it much more completely. He broke down and destroyed the strongholds of the robber-nobility, of which so horrible an account remains in one of the latest entries in the Saxon Chronicle. Of these abominable abodes of every wickedness, we are told that he razed nearly fourteen hundred, which number, if we consider the counties of England alone, will give a pretty clear idea of what his services were to the country and the land, and the poor folk that dwelt on it. He was believed to be favourable to a system of law founded upon that which popular tradition attributed to Edward the Confessor; that is, to an assize, with open plaint and compurgators on oath, with witnesses, and what is, in fact, a kind of jury, rather than the barbarous Frankish and Norman trial by battle, or suits eternally crossed by dilatory pleas; and by putting an end to the castellans, he put an end also to the issue of false and unjust money, which every one of those people had claimed a *regal* right to coin, and beyond a doubt had claimed a regal right to make current in their neighbourhood, *sub pœna* of their horrible dungeons, their *catastas*, and more tortures than are even mentioned in *Ivanhoe*.

Now what was Becket? The principle for which he contended was not an English one—was one that Englishmen had never known, till the Conquest, aided by the Pope, had given it some sort of currency among the conquerors—till Lanfranc, and others of his kind, had tried to force it upon the reluctant

and thoroughly national Anglo-Saxon clergy themselves. It was the principle of the independence of the clergy upon the State; in other words, the exemption of the clergy from responsibility to the secular law, whatever their crimes might be. The Saxon law had been that the guilty priest should suffer as the guilty layman; and as he had, as priest, a high station, it was not thought wrong that he should have the additional ecclesiastical punishment to bear. Having sinned as a member of the State, he was punished by the State. Having sinned doubly as a member of the Church, he was to be punished by the Church. Becket, in the true papal spirit, which always sought and still seeks to separate the clergy from the State, claimed the sole jurisdiction over offending clerics for the Church—*i. e.* for the bishops or abbots, and the metropolitans. There is no doubt that he was perfectly right in his claim, upon Roman and papal principles: the terms upon which the Church of Christ, when once admitted into the Roman system of imperial law, stood towards the State, were those of entire freedom of jurisdiction. A system of ecclesiastical law had been recognised from the very earliest times as autonomous; the Emperors had allowed the Christian communities to settle their affairs among themselves according to the bye-laws of their confederation—as far, at least, as civil process was concerned. There are a multitude of rescripts and decrees by which this autonomy is given in civil cases to all such private sodalities for religious ends; and when once the Christian was included among the *religiones licitæ*, it had the benefit of the law. But it was only in the fearful close of the Roman empire, when the sceptre fell from the hands of emperors and senates, when paganism felt its own emptiness, and in the absence of a central power, new municipalities, with new strength, though under old forms, established themselves, because no one could help them but themselves, that the bishop really became a criminal officer of the State. The so-called '*honor clericalis*'—call it, if you will, benefit of clergy—well known as a bad remnant of a bad system in this country, was a part of the same business. The clergyman could only be judged by his own judge—his bishop. But again, clergymen might commit crimes which in laymen would be punished by death or mutilation. Unhappily, the canons of the Church (which so thoroughly object to any clergyman shedding blood, as to make it very doubtful whether some of the most respectable gentlemen we ever knew ought to have hunted, or raised the trout as they did; and make us also doubt whether Laud ought to have thanked God when Leighton was condemned to have his nostrils slit and to lose his ears) were very much against the apportioning of certain punishments which the State has considered at all times necessary to repress certain crimes.

Practically, a criminal cleric was withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the State; and practically also, in later times, the great mass of the people found that this exemption was not much in favour of general morality. We may admit that the profane vulgar disliked the way in which the clergy interfered with their most peculiar domestic arrangements, and that here and there breaches of the peace, or still graver offences, called for the attention of the civil magistrate, and that the bishop at once took upon himself the chastisement of the offender. But the public, however wrong it may be in theory, expects that if it is hanged itself for committing crimes, others, who may have been guilty of the same crimes shall not be more leniently dealt with; and it is hard to say that this is an unreasonable expectation. So that a collision between the privileges of the clergy and the feeling of the laity was unavoidable, and did take place, not only in England, but in every other part of Europe. The question, far from being peculiarly involved in any mere English squabble, was at that time distracting every part of the Continent, and embittering the intercourse between the Pope and every contemporary Government. What Henry contended for here was precisely the same thing as Frederick of Hohenstauffen contended for in Germany. What

Becket advocated was neither more nor less than a long series of Popes had claimed, and did for centuries later continue to claim. The early English tradition of the great and deplorable quarrel brings this clearly before us, when it makes Becket say, 'If my priest steal, thou shalt not hang him;' and Henry answer, 'If he do steal, I will hang both him and thee!' That in a dispute where such tremendous issues were at stake, much unjustifiable violence was displayed by all parties, cannot be denied. We may easily conceive what must have been the exasperation then, when we see that even at this distance of time the question has rarely been discussed without partisanship of an impatient character. And yet, if we reflect upon the position of the protagonists, the habits of their time, and the fierce urgency of the very principles themselves at stake, we must agree that great excuse is to be found both for the king and the archbishop, who, from their own several points of view, were justified in pursuing their own objects with the utmost energy and consistency. We cannot justly blame Henry for attempting to put an end to a system which was daily felt to be sapping the very foundations of justice and of imperial rule, and which gave every profligate cleric a practical immunity from the consequences of his crimes. But we can as little marvel that Becket, when once he had become a prelate of the Church, should do his utmost also to support the rights and privileges which had long been claimed for the body to which he belonged. A profound statesman like the king might well feel that the immunities which the Church had usefully enjoyed in the closing years of the Roman empire, were anomalies under the firm establishment of the Norman kingdom; and that having been long in abeyance during the Saxon rule, it was by no means desirable to revive or reintroduce them in England. But on this point Becket could not make any concession: he was a Roman-Catholic prelate, the dignified minister of a Church which never yields any one of its pretensions, however mischievous they may become by alteration of circumstances and lapse of ages. They had been in abeyance, it is true, and always will be, under the rule of powerful and energetic sovereigns; but whenever the occasion seems favourable they start again to light; and at the period we are investigating, a series of Popes had determined upon carrying them into effect, as a means of defence against the aggressions of the German Emperors upon their own secular power in Italy. Becket was therefore placed in a position from which, as it seems to us, there was no retreating with honour.

To talk of his ingratitude to the king appears perfectly idle. It would be perhaps more just to accuse Henry of shortsightedness in placing a man with whose talents and energetic character he was well acquainted, in a position which would inevitably involve him in opposition to the regal power. We have no doubt that Henry hoped to find a more pliable tool in the man who had been his friend and somewhat unscrupulous adviser, and whom he had largely benefited; but for once the sagacious ruler made a false estimate of human nature, and from this root sprang all the subsequent evil. Nor is it less unfair to charge Becket with hypocrisy, because, after leaving his secular mode of life, he adopted some of the austerities and submitted to some of the privations of the monastic rule. It is probably true, that while a layman, soldier, chancellor, and ambassador, Becket may have borne a part in pomps and vanities which did not become the character of a churchman; possibly, as some of his adversaries did not scruple to assert, he may have condescended to even less pardonable compliances with his sovereign's humour. But even apart from a change of disposition, which charity may suggest to have come over him while solemnly contemplating the responsibilities of a new walk of life, we think that the very nature of the struggle in which he found himself engaged, might well give rise to serious thoughts, and even lead him to a dim presentiment of the fate which did at length overtake him.

Of course we entirely acquit

Henry of any share in Becket's death. That he could ever have desired the removal of his antagonist by violent means, is so impossible, that we wonder how such an accusation could find credence even in such an age and such a state of society as his own. It probably did not, save with the unreflecting multitude, whom it was convenient to deceive for party purposes. Crossed and thwarted as he had been, and galled by the obstinate antagonism of the archbishop into the hasty utterance of fatal words which were construed into a warrant for the crime, the king was far too clearsighted a man to attempt to free himself by an assassination from such an adversary. In truth, the murder was not only a crime, but a grave blunder. The headlong, brutal zeal of Brito and Tracy led them to adopt that very mode of serving their master's interests which was certain effectually to ruin them. From the moment when Becket fell, Henry was lost in the eyes of all Europe. Instead of the petulant opposition of a turbulent subject, whom half of his own episcopal brethren repudiated, he had now to confront the death and the miracles of a martyr; and before his death, to learn that the structure of ecclesiastical polity which he had striven to overthrow, had been indissolubly cemented by the blood of its great champion.

Those who take merely the confined view of Henry's right, are apt to do Becket wrong in an essential particular. They are fond of dilating upon his obstinacy, upon his determined rejection of all advances towards a reconciliation, upon his spiritual pride and arrogance, and stiff-necked opposition to all friendly mediation. But even the firmest supporter of the law against the claims of clerical immunity, of the national against the Papal interest, may be permitted to doubt whether this is entirely just. Is it not fair to believe that Becket saw what we see,—that a reconciliation of the persons was impossible while the questions at issue remained unreconciled? Was he not justified in refusing any terms of compromise, which would, after all, leave the main quarrel exactly where it had been? He knew well enough that it was not the absolution of one or two excommunicated bishops, or the recovery of his own temporalities, that would restore peace to the Church, while the original, essential cause of dispute continued unsettled. And may it not also fairly be asked, what guarantee had he for his own personal safety, had he once put himself in the hands and power of the king? No man knew the stern, vindictive, cruel character of this race and of this king, better than himself. Even if without fear for himself, could he justly imperil the interests which had so long been upheld in his own person? What security could he have that he might not become a hostage in Henry's hands, and thus an instrument for the undoing of the very cause for which he was content to suffer? He had had signs enough of Henry's feeling: in all their meetings, and at every attempt to mediate between them, the king had steadfastly refused him the *osculum pacis;* he would not be personally reconciled to him; indeed he could not, for he looked upon Becket not as a single enemy, but as the incarnation of the aggressive Papal spirit of the time. We have a right to ask, to what law could Becket have appealed, what justice could he expect, had Henry once got him fairly at home in his own power? Certainly not to the ecclesiastical law, for that was the very point at issue. But if to any other,—to the law of the land, for example, as it then stood,—we suppose none of our readers can doubt for a moment what the result would have been. Becket knew well enough that in such a case as this the fate of Odo of Bayeux would have been a very convenient precedent, and that quite enough of his own episcopal brethren would have recommended or justified the application of it.

Meanwhile the position of the Pope was difficult enough. His own interests led him to cultivate as much as possible the Guelphic alliance against the Emperor Frederick of Hohenstauffen. Henry the Lion, the head of the House of Guelph, was the son-in-law of King Henry the Second; the policy of the English kings was steadily directed

to North Germany, with its great trading towns, Cologne, the newly rising Lübeck, and the Elbe and Baltic. Yet against so mighty a member of this alliance, a boisterous son of the Church was invoking the Papal aid, and in support of the very principle which lay at the foundation of the quarrel between the Pope and the Emperor. If it was difficult to break with Henry, it was impossible to desert Becket. Nothing can be more amusing, more interesting, or more instructive, than to watch how, amidst all these complications, the astuteness of the Roman curia paved itself a way; or how, while carefully refraining from every step which could compromise itself, it never let slip a single occasion of using the errors and blunders which all parties except itself inevitably fell into. The murder of Becket must indeed have been a godsend for the Pope. That foul event solved all his difficulties; strengthened the clerical and well nigh annihilated the imperial party, put everybody except the Pope in the wrong, and as far as this island was concerned, served to establish the basis of those claims upon England as a fief of the Roman See, which were renewed and confirmed under John, were put forward and repudiated under Edward the First, and were at last discreetly suffered to fall into abeyance, when there appeared no chance of their ever being enforced again.

We have by no means servilely followed Dr. Pauli in this comment upon the celebrated struggle; our limits absolutely forbade any such mode of treating the subject. We have accordingly confined ourselves to merely stating general results in the same way as our author states them, and refer to this really admirable part of his work for the careful details upon which his views —and indeed our own—are founded. Here, as well as throughout his history, it will be seen that he has made thorough use of the foreign as well as the English materials; and hence that he has been able to consider this great question not only as an English one, not as the record of a struggle between two nationalities in a distant corner of Europe, not as a mere rivalry between classes, but as a part of the eventful revolution which was taking place throughout Christendom, which shook the Empire, and ultimately the Papacy itself, to their foundations; and which more than anything else, moulded and formed the strictly mediæval phase of Christianity itself.

The fate of another great hero of romance and tradition receives in a similar manner a new elucidation from Dr. Pauli's habit of referring the particular events of national history to their general European causes. We allude to Richard Cœur de Lion, than whom probably no historical character has been presented under more one-sided and false aspects. No one now but inveterate romance readers, and Mr. Tennyson's Margaret, cares

What songs beneath the waning stars,
The lion-souled Plantagenet
Sang, looking through his prison bars.

In spite of *Ivanhoe*, it is beginning to be pretty well known, that the mirror of chivalry of his day was a bad son, bad brother, and bad king; a bad husband, too: and most probably not a bad father, only because his wife did not present him with that name at all. The *Virelai* has been discovered to be less true than the *Sirvente*, and the traditional Blondel not quite such honest flesh and blood as the stern, vindictive, violent, but real Bertrand de Born. But still, most of our histories are much in the dark as to the true grounds of Richard's arrest and incarceration by the Emperor; and few Englishmen among those who are loud enough in their condemnation of that disloyal act, are at all aware of the amount of provocation which Richard had given to the House of Hohenstauffen. In truth, the German part of the foreign policy pursued by the first Plantagenets, and their intimate connexion with the House of Guelph and Duke Henry the Lion, have not been sufficiently considered. We have been too much in the habit of fancying that the foreign policy of these kings was confined to their own continental possessions, and the complications which these gave rise to with their French suzerans; and

we forget how deeply they were mixed up in all the great struggles between the Houses of Suabia and Saxony which convulsed the Empire for more than half a century. Without leading his readers too far from the legitimate subject of his work—viz., the history of England,—Dr. Pauli has succeeded in making these relations both clear and interesting, and in pointing out how much the events of that history were in fact modified and moulded by the foreign entanglements of the reigning family. In his pages, the hero of Acre remains what he no doubt always was—a daring, lawless, violent, bold, but unscrupulous *gens-d'arme*, a reckless trooper, but bad soldier; a fire-eater, ready enough to rush into danger himself, and lead others into it. But there is another side to the picture, wanting the features which, such as they are, are not altogether devoid of interest for the majority of men. We see Richard here, a tyrannical ruler, a fickle ally, a crooked politician, a perfidious schemer, and, worst of all, a short-sighted and blundering intriguer. We read, and perhaps resent this interference with cherished prejudices, but we are convinced, and we close the account of his life with a feeling of thankfulness that it was cut short before he had the opportunity of doing all the evil which a prolonged reign would have inflicted upon this country.

With the reign of Richard's brother and successor, John, the documentary sources of English history first come fully into play. Hitherto the historian has been compelled to trust to chronicles, and a few collections of letters; the first rarely free from partisanship, the second necessarily representing only the views and interests of the individual writers. But from this time forth we are in possession of *records*, properly so called, by which we are enabled to test every assertion of those less trustworthy authorities we have mentioned. But the task of using these materials is not an easy one. It requires not only considerable judgment and much practice, but a very firm determination not to be disgusted with their dryness, or confused by their multiplicity. In these respects our author is undoubtedly deserving of much praise. His predecessor, Dr. Lappenberg, had himself led the way, as far as the materials allowed, in the earlier volumes of this History, and had prepared a good deal of what has since been used by Dr. Pauli; but to this gentleman belongs the credit of having zealously followed a good example. Our readers will be prepared to learn that the personal character of John comes out in no more favourable colours in this History, than has heretofore been the case. Dr. Pauli, as we have shown, is no respecter of persons; and indeed it would be difficult in any degree to shake the verdict which contemporary tradition has passed upon that weak and vicious prince. His reign is nevertheless one of profound interest, inasmuch as it witnessed the first active development of those great principles which Englishmen are fond of pointing to as the real foundations of their political freedom, and consequently their national greatness. Dr. Pauli shows extremely well how, from step to step, the opposition of the nobles against the *idea* of the Norman kingdom (as attempted to be realized by the Plantagenets), and the power of the king's court, advanced, and by what happy accidents of foreign policy it was furthered and assisted. Neither he, nor indeed any sane man, believes Magna Charta to have borne any resemblance to the charter extorted by a Parisian mob from behind its reeking barricades, or even the more solemn promulgation of a theoretical 'Rights of Man;' but he sees well enough that without the shock given by the 'Barons' to the hitherto supreme power of the Crown, the occasion for popular liberty might either never have occurred, or have been at least long delayed. The day of Runnymede was only the commencement of that great revolution which, in the succeeding reign, Simon de Montfort nearly lived to accomplish, and which, a very few years later, Robert of Winchelsea did succeed in establishing, in spite of all the efforts of one of the most astute and energetic of the Plantagenets.

But there were many circum-

stances which made the reign of John one of the turning-points of English history. A succession which was partly doubtful, and was at all events disputed, placed the king in a relation towards his Barons and people which differed very widely from that of his predecessors. He might indeed claim by hereditary right, and under the will of his brother, to the prejudice of his nephew; but there can now be no doubt that when Hubert de Burgh, at the coronation, declared that *Non ratione successionis, sed per electionem eum in regem coronabat,* he alluded to a very positive public act of that nature: most probably with the intention of meeting the pretensions of the Duke of Bretagne, who did claim *ratione successionis.* During the whole period of his reign, John was never strong enough to crush the opposition which the great Barons organized against him; and thus a check was early placed upon the dangerous growth of the royal power, which would otherwise in all probability have succeeded in becoming entirely unlimited, had a succession of able princes, like Henry the Second or Edward the First wielded it. The extravagances of Richard, the *laches* of John, the fatuity of Henry the Third, saved the liberties of England; and when Edward the First attempted to regain prerogatives which belonged to the crown of his ancestors, it was already too late—the people had grown out of leading strings. And he too was fortunately succeeded by a weak and capricious son. But the most pregnant events of the period were the ruin of the Guelphic House under the Emperor Otto, and the loss of the family possessions of the royal house in Normandy: this duchy had been overrun and annexed to the crown of France, upon the pretext of a forfeiture incurred by John through the imputed, but not proven, murder of Arthur of Bretagne. The consequences of these at the time humiliating losses, were incalculable. The English, driven from the foreign duchies and counties, learnt to develop their national resources on their own soil; and England, in place of becoming, as it probably would, the outlying province of a continental empire,—strong alike in its insular position and its political and moral isolation,—went a way of its own, which was to lead it to the summit of power and influence and wealth. These are the cheering points which the historian seeks out for his consolation, amidst the shameful details of a reign infamous beyond most of those recorded in the annals of his land; and from which he learns to receive with reverent submission the chastisement which it sometimes pleases Providence, in mercy and wisdom, to inflict upon nations as well as individual men.

Passing from the reign of John to that of Henry the Third, Dr. Pauli pursues the thread of his narrative, leading us from constitutional change to constitutional change, and marking the variations of progress, as at one time the now organized opposition, at another the Crown, was triumphant: but showing that throughout, the course of popular development was an onward one. The new complications which arose out of the election of an English prince to be King of the Romans, are well and carefully delineated. But the favourite character of this part of the story is Simon de Montfort, the son of him who had been in his time to the Tolosans what Alva was in his to the Netherlands. It must be confessed that there are few historical personages more fitted to play the part of a hero. A gallant soldier, a wise administrator, and a far-seeing politician, he was moulded by nature to be the chief of a great constitutional revolution: and we have reason to be grateful that England possessed such a man to guide the popular interests at a moment when the decisive battle between freedom and prerogative was to be fought. As regent or guardian of the realm, we see him protecting an imbecile king against the consequences of his own weakness, and vindicating the rights of a nobility *and a people,* continually endangered by the avarice or ambition of foreign minions. We find him taking wide and comprehensive views of foreign policy, and of a commerce which even then, in its infancy, gave signs of the gigantic powers which it possessed.

None but he could in all probability have held in check the ardent and violent personality of Edward the First, or compelled him to abate from the inordinate pretensions of his despotic character. He fell, indeed, ultimately, in the struggle, but not until his work had been done: his life was sufficiently prolonged to allow of the consolidation of a power of whose future importance he himself could have formed no conception, but which we at the present day know how to appreciate and to use. He left a legacy to all future times, which in its gradual development has become the main cause of our social and political greatness. In 1265, representatives of the cities and the smaller Barons sat for the first time in the great Council of the realm—a real *Parliament.* It is idle to say that De Montfort laboured for his own class, and that he did not foresee the ultimate results of his labours. It is enough that they have borne their fruit, that they enabled others who followed him to build more grandly upon his foundations, and that from his time the course of freedom, and with it of national power, has ever been forward. It is in truth the great and distinguishing virtue of English politicians that they have never been generalizers and theorists; that they have applied a remedy to a mischief, whenever the necessity arose, and only in such measure as the necessity demanded; and that they have at all times sturdily turned away from pedantic deductions upon general principles, to hold fast the practical good which could be done at the time, and in the required direction. And so laboured De Montfort in his generation. Yet so beneficial was his influence that his contemporaries idolized him: the common people looked upon him as a saint, and honoured him as a martyr. His remains were collected and preserved as relics, miracles were reported to be performed at his tomb, and the popular poetry of the period selected him as its hero. A nobler monument was never reared to a benefactor of his kind. The words in which our author sums up the character of De Montfort may serve as a specimen of his style:—

The news of his death flew speedily over the whole land, and spread mourning and sorrow throughout all ranks. The pure moral character of the Earl of Leicester, his tenderness towards the oppressed, the courage and skill with which he had conducted the reform of the State, had won for him the love of the greater part of the population. Himself a man of real and by no means make-believe piety, but educated in the intercourse with the noblest and most pious spirits of his time, he was a friend to the English clergy, and especially to those of the lower order, whose burthens he had given himself pains to alleviate. It was they, therefore, who first rewarded him for all his acts, and for the martyr's death which he had bravely suffered in reliance upon the justice of his cause, with the 'glory' of a saint—never recognised indeed by pope or king, but which the people persuaded themselves was confirmed at his tomb by many miracles and cures. They scrupled not to place him on a level with their national Saint of Canterbury, and to unite the names of the two martyrs in ballads of lamentation. . . . . History, it must be confessed, assigns a somewhat different place to the Earl of Leicester. It is not possible that all the accusations of his enemies should have been mere inventions; a violent ambition probably left him only at the moment of his death; although he never strove to set the crown upon his own head, yet he struggled to the utmost to raise his own power above that of the Crown. Prudent and far-seeing as he was, he had to this end allied himself with all the elements which throughout the land were struggling for freedom, and thus awakened and nourished the germs of the most magnificent constitution, whose far-reaching growth he cannot possibly himself have suspected. Like Becket, he too had human errors to atone for by death; but his blood was fated to put the seal for his country upon the prize for which he had so perseveringly struggled with perfidious adversaries.

The long reign of Henry the Third—with one exception, the longest in our history—was not one of humiliation at home and abroad, only because a great man was there, to unite all the national energies in one strong opposition to foreign interference and to domestic despotism. Simon de Montfort was probably the first man who fairly created a national party in this country; and this no doubt is the real explanation of his unbounded popularity. It was an inestimable

service, and was more and more felt to be so, under Edward the First, a prince of astonishing energy and many very noble qualities, but, like all the Norman and Plantagenet kings, cruel, reckless in the choice of means to his ends, and from his very cradle trained in Continental maxims of absolutism. The character of Edward cannot be appreciated until we take into account the influence exercised upon him by the relatives of his mother, a Provençal princess. To break through their intrigues, and rescue Henry the Third from the shackles in which these grasping and avaricious strangers held him, had been one cause of Simon de Montfort's wars against king and prince; and when every allowance is made for a natural exaggeration, there can be no doubt that the minions of the court were felt to be an intolerable burthen to the country. But they were denizens of the Land of Song, children of the Sunny South, with its odours and its pure skies, and the lays of its sensuous troubadours; and Edward, educated under their auspices, seems to have caught from them something of that inspiration of the softer side of chivalry which eminently fitted him for a hero of poetry and romance. That he was a stern, severe, and vindictive man, inexorable in his enmities, and cruel after the fashion of his time, is evident from his mode of dealing with the Welsh and Scotch; but with all this there was mingled an unusual strain of Southern or even Oriental gentleness. He would have been, had he come earlier, a sovereign capable of destroying, and for ever, every germ of popular freedom. But a greater man than himself had confronted him, and he lived to see the liberties he hated so firmly established that no force or fraud or cunning has since been able entirely to destroy them. We have said already that it is impossible for us within our limits to enter upon almost any detail of Dr. Pauli's work; least of all can we do this where events are concerned which have been differently construed according to the tendency of political or national feelings; but we can strongly recommend our author's account of the affairs of Scotland, and of the intrigues which Edward fostered in that kingdom. This is particularly one of those points in which the character of a foreigner has been of service to the historian. Having neither Scotch nor English predilections to mislead him, he has steered a middle course, and has, we believe, arrived at a just and probable conclusion, approaching in all probability the truth as nearly as we shall ever be able to attain. The great constitutional struggle which was incessantly carried on during Edward's reign naturally occupies a great portion of Dr. Pauli's attention, and here he shows himself a bold and original thinker, not less than a man who has used with skill and discrimination the works of the masters of our constitutional history.

That Edward should be a favourite with his historian seems to us extremely natural, especially as we have already observed that the historian is impartial, and has just as great an admiration for those who counteracted Edward's plans on every possible occasion. But it is in truth impossible to resist a feeling of respect for a man who battled so gallantly for what he believed his right; and who, in other respects, so steadily pursued the course which was most calculated to advance the interests and promote the welfare of his people. The legislation of this reign was of momentous importance; the confirmation of the charters (carried, it is true, against the king's will), the statutes of Westminster, of Gloucester, of Mortmain, are all monuments of political wisdom: nor must it be forgotten that in this reign the right of granting taxes was conceded to the parliament, openly and clearly, for the first time. It was now also that some of our most valuable legal customs were finally settled, among which may be mentioned the trial by jury in nearly its actual form. Even the exceptional institution of the judges of *Trailbastons* was probably a boon to the land, and called for by the unsettled condition of society in several of the northern counties. But Edward, while he strove to extend the limits of his country by force of arms, was not less mindful of more peaceful triumphs. His people owed to him the commencement of a royal navy,

one of whose principal objects was the protection of commerce from piracy in the narrow seas. He entertained communications with nearly all the contemporary sovereigns of Europe, and in many cases the object of these alliances was the benefit of his English merchants. In spite of his political measures, Edward was a popular king: he was handsome, active, inured to manly exercises,—all qualities which win the admiration of the multitude: if he was hasty and passionate, he was generous and liberal, and when his deeper plans of policy were not concerned, showed himself placable and forgiving. His people heard with delight that the king could play at blindman's-buff like a child, with his children, and that at Christmas time no one in the hall was fuller of merry gamesomeness than the victor of Evesham and Falkirk. Above all, they honoured in him a virtue which had been but too rare among his predecessors—conjugal fidelity. Not a breath of slander taints the fair fame of Edward the First, or casts a doubt upon the genuineness of the love which he bore to his heroic queen, Eleanor of Castile, and which, after her death, he manifested in so beautiful a manner; nor had her successor, Margaret of France, any more reason to complain of her husband's conduct.

The short and wretched reign of Edward the Second is treated by Dr. Pauli with great detail, and obvious predilection. It deserved to be so, inasmuch as its events have been enveloped in a cloud of mystery which it is the delight of the genuine historian to dispel. But our author's view is most intently fixed upon the political and social movement of the nation, and the gradual establishment of our public law, and exclusive national character. Not that he neglects the stirring events which crowd upon us into a startling phantasmagoria at the commencement of the fourteenth century. Bruce and Bannockburn, Thomas of Lancaster and Andrew de Harclay, Gaveston and Despenser, Mortimer and the 'She-wolf of France,' all pass duly in review before us: nor do we miss the tyrannies of Philip le Bel, the aggressions and the punishment of Boniface the Eighth, and the judicial murder of the Knights of the Temple. By the way, we may mention here that Dr. Pauli is fully satisfied that the charges brought against the Order were monstrous inventions, that the pretended confessions were the mere result of tortures too dreadful to be endured, and that the whole proceeding on the part of Pope Clement the Fifth and Philip of France, was one of the most abominable crimes recorded in history. We can only rejoice that the trial of these injured men was, for the most part, conducted with more regard to justice in England than elsewhere, and that it had not a bloody termination. At the same time we add the damning fact—one would think sufficient in itself to characterize the whole transaction—that in this case, *for the first time*, torture was applied in England to judicial proceedings. The personal character of Edward the Second comes out, upon the whole, more favourably in this narrative than we have been accustomed to consider it. His faults appear mostly to have been the result of weakness—no doubt a terrible vice in a king—rather than a bad disposition. He possessed many of the virtues of his race, was liberal, magnificent, and, when occasion required it, by no means devoid of personal courage. But instead of ruling, he suffered himself to be ruled by his favourites, and after many alternations of success and defeat, paid at last the frightful penalty of being deficient in moral strength and steadiness of purpose. It is remarkable enough that he should have more than once been completely victorious over the opposition of the greatest of his barons, and that he should have been able to send even such a prince as Thomas of Lancaster and Derby to the scaffold. But, fortunately for England, he was incapable of improving the vantage he had gained, and in spite of his successes, the power of the Crown was not re-established, as it might have been by a bolder and wiser prince, upon a broader basis than that which even his great ancestor, Henry the Second, had laid.

We refer the reader to the

author's work for the reigns of Edward the Third and Richard the Second, with which his history for the present closes. They abound in interesting details, and are amongst the most attractive portions of his labours. One personage indeed comes here before us in a less favourable light than many readers might anticipate. We are wont to look upon the Black Prince as a model of courtesy and bravery, as a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, and to lament that an early death deprived his country of a ruler who would have been its glory. Dr. Pauli does full justice to his courage, his military skill, and all his other great qualities; but the account of his government in the countries which formed his appanage goes far to dissipate these pleasing illusions, and to make us rather grateful that he never had the opportunity of putting into practice in England, the principles which he followed in his Continental possessions.

We should do Dr. Pauli wrong if we led our readers to imagine that he does not enter with particular zest upon the description of all characteristic features of the different periods he describes. On the contrary, he delights in setting off to advantage the personages of his narrative; he neglects no anecdote that may give an insight into their manner of life or disposition; he depicts them in their corporeal peculiarities, and places, as far as he can, their portraits before us. But the higher philosophical tendency of his work is that which gives it its great value. Picturesque it is, for a description of those times, if executed with any moderate degree of success, could hardly be otherwise; and we have rarely read a history which, in spite of its great extent, was so full of interest and amusement. It is not however on these qualities, praiseworthy as they are, that we are inclined to rest our favourable judgment of the work. In our eyes the most important portions of it are those which are devoted to the development of the national life, as shown in the progressive phases of political and social institutions. It is here that the author's profound and conscientious study of his authorities becomes fully revealed to us, and that we admire the calm and impartial judgment which he forms upon a mass of the most heterogeneous details. Constitution, law, foreign and domestic politics, art, religion, commerce, language, manners and customs, all pass in review before him; and from all combined he draws his complete picture of the period with which he has to deal. As his work draws on, and we approach times of greater cultivation, the task becomes more varied, but more difficult also, yet our author attacks it with undiminished vigour, nay, with increased delight; there is no chapter in the whole work so excellent as the last, entitled 'The Progress in the Fourteenth Century.'

And indeed it was right and fitting that such a summary should be made at that period, for, unless we greatly err, it was the commencement of a new era, the close of an older one; the deposition of Richard the Second, (A.D. 1399,) marks not only the turning-point of English history, but a change which was growing up throughout Europe, and characterized by a new development of spiritual and material powers, that were, before the close of another century, to shatter all the foundations of the social state which had been heretofore. The English language, wielded by Wickliffe and a host of ardent reformers, was forming itself into a state in which it was to become the speech of the whole land, and Chaucer could already sing in imperishable verse to classes heretofore wedded to the productions of a foreign tongue. The great commercial and political alliances of Edward the Third had given an enormous impulse to English industry, and drawn close the bonds between this country and the laborious and wealthy Flemings. The Houses of Parliament had conquered a position in the State which they were never again entirely to lose. The forms of judicial process were becoming settled, the law of treason regulated. Fearful struggles no doubt were still to be passed through; the transitory conquest of France was to put an end for ever to the attempt to carry England out of herself. The Wars of the Roses, whose seed was sown

in the deposition of Richard of Bordeaux, were still to come, fated to annihilate an aristocracy which would have prevented the development of the monarchical power, and the progress of the popular liberties. Finally, the struggles of Huss and the triumph of Luther all lay in wait in the great European movement which now began, until the fulness of time should come.

Dr. Pauli, we observe, reserves to himself the right of translation. He is himself an excellent English scholar; let us hope, therefore, that he will hasten to put his work into a dress in which it will be widely accessible to our countrymen, and thus enrich our literature with the best History of England of this period yet extant.

J. M. K.

THE NIGHT MAIL TRAIN IN INDIA.

It was seven o'clock on the night of the 10th December, 1855, that we found ourselves, fresh from England, in one of the large barrack-like rooms of a Calcutta hotel, thinking partly of the coming Christmas-tide and the home which we had left behind; partly of our Indian prospects and the journey which lay before us to the far north-west. Although it was December, we sat with all the windows open, oppressed by heat and mosquitoes; and we contrasted, as so many had done before, India with England. This room, we thought, looking at four staring white walls, one brown square table, and three wooden arm-chairs—*voilà tout,*—this room is not so comfortable as the coffee-room at the club; we had rather be hearing the occasional rumble of a cab outside that window, or even those mendacious rascals who hawk the evening papers, than the dismal buzzing of mosquitoes and other insects, varied only by the occasional discordant grunting of some palki-bearers jogging on under the burden of a shilling fare. Well, never mind—so we philosophically concluded—even India improves. It is a bore having to travel twelve hundred miles; but to-night, at least, we shall not be boxed up in a palki. It is, after all, something like civilization to be leaving Calcutta by the mail-train. These reflections naturally induced us to look at the watch; it was eight o'clock; the train started at nine; and Indian habits still prevail to such an extent, notwithstanding railways, that we required not less than an hour to go from the hotel to the station, though not two miles distant. So we paid our bill, sent for the best substitute procurable for a cab—viz., a palki gharee; that is to say, a palanquin on four wheels, drawn by a horse—and started at a sober trot for the Howrah terminus. Now then, coachman, why do you stop? Ah! he has cause; we have reached the river side, and we must bid adieu to the poor substitute for a cab, and take a boat. Ah, how quickly are we transported back to Asia! England dies away in the far, far West, and Western civilization with it. It cannot be that rails are laid, and engines are steaming, and booking-clerks are stamping tickets, within a mile of us; we say, it cannot be. Look at this Eastern scene. Through the clear, cool, but not chilly atmosphere, we look into the brilliant, cloudless, starlit sky; the growing moon, already sloping to the west, strikes right up the silvered waters of the Hooghly, splinters the wake of our boat, and casts deep shadows under the lee of the black ships which lie everywhere quiet, graceful, motionless, and, like all anchored ships at night, phantom-like; the natives going on their ordinary course wind noiselessly hither and thither, while the natives plying for hire at the strand fill the air with their discordant cries; Eastern are the sounds—Eastern is the sky—Eastern is the slowly moving sacred river; it cannot be that on yonder bank, where nothing is seen as yet but a few Eastern palm-trees, we shall find a night mail-train!

But the boat approaches the northern shore of the Hooghly. The cries which we had left on the other bank revive again; amidst screams, entreaties, and most admired disorder, which two or three half-caste policemen are powerless

to repress, we land, and have no more need to ask, Where is the railway? There, right before us, is the unmistakeable shed. Unmistakeable, indeed! Let architects dispute about their Grecian and their Gothic, their old English and Byzantine, their Tudoresque and their anythingesque, we will undertake to pronounce at once upon that style which may be characterized as the 'early Iron.' That pent, long, narrow roof—those girders, those pillars—there can be nothing but a railway there. Quietly and slowly, with none of the dash of a Hansom galloping up just in time to save the train, but on foot, with four hired porters—that is to say, poor half-naked Coolies—carrying our baggage, we approach the booking-office. This office is a strange combination of England and India. Indian is the large, high, spacious, verandahed room; Indian are the open doors and the green venetians; Indian is that native clerk in a white cotton jacket;—but English is the wooden screen perforated by ticket windows, that bars the office from the outer world; English is the application we now make, 'One first-class to Raneegunge;' English the art with which the oblong card-ticket is thrust into the stamping machine; English the like heavy fare, equivalent to twenty-three shillings, which is demanded for our one hundred and twenty miles' journey.

We passed on to the deserted platform, feebly illuminated by some weak oil lamps—for Calcutta has its railway, but not its gas-lights. There stood the unpainted wooden carriages; one first-class quite empty, two second-class scantily occupied by a mixed population of Europeans, half-castes, and natives, and six or seven third-class, in which the great multitude, on whom the fortune of the Calcutta Railway depends—the great multitude for whose accommodation, as distinguished from the great few, all the secrets of nature are gradually brought to light—were herded together in a manner more profitable to the Company than pleasant to the passenger. The train was being made up into two parts, as our readers may recollect that the trains at Euston-square are made up. 'Where is the engine?' we asked of the guard, a young Englishman, who, with his neat uniform and despatch-box, looked fresh transplanted from one of the home lines. 'It's with the fore part of the train, sir,' he answered; 'we shall shove down to it.' We observed, as we have just remarked above, that this was like Euston-square. The poor man's eyes lighted up directly. That remark opened a fellow-feeling between us. We had both looked into railway minutiæ with curious, interested eyes; so, we were soon in conversation. He had been on the York, Newcastle, and Berwick line in the days of its independence. Ah! we agreed; the express trains *did* go on that line! He enjoyed the conversation, we trust; certainly we did. For a few minutes the iron roads, the rich plains of Yorkshire, the coal-seamed, furnace-lighted tracts of Durham were vividly before us; when he was called off to his duty, to see native porters put up some luggage, or rather to scold and push and intimidate them (we will not use any stronger expression, lest he should lose his place), till five men consented, with much groaning, shouting, and quarrelling, to place on the roof of a carriage one box such as an English porter would have tossed up with one hand. Five minutes to nine! Trains are punctual in India, if nothing else is. We talk of education. What education like that of the glorious, much abused, and as yet little understood invention of the railway? We preach all science and all virtue, but Blackey will not believe. We introduce clocks, and insist on the importance of time, but Blackey lingers for his quarter or half hour of dearly loved dawdling, nevertheless. But the railway comes; and with an awful mechanical punctuality—more stern, more silent, more exacting, more unscrupulous than any punctuality which a man can pretend to,—the clock strikes, the bell rings, the dead-alive engine whistles—moves—departs; the inexorable metal trio succeed in teaching the lesson which flesh and blood could not impress, and Blackey is never late at a railway station.

Meanwhile the Honourable Company's mail has been placed in a parcel van, under the charge of a native guard, and the night mail-

train departs. It is characteristic of the railway, and its tendency to reduce all men and countries to a uniform civilization, that it admits of so little variety, either from climate, country, or any other cause. Every nation has its own peculiar vehicle; every sea, every river, has its own peculiar boat; but a train is a train all the world over. That brief whistle, that strong, silent pull, that gradual glide, that monotonous rattle, have nothing in them, here in the plains of Bengal, to distinguish them from the same sounds and sensations so often experienced amid the factories of Lancashire, the red cliffs and blue, sounding waves of South Devon, the vine-bearing plains of France, the rugged passes of Styria, the tropical hills of Havannah, or the wild jungle of Western America. The train travels at a rate varying from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. About every eight miles occurs a station with some uncouth name. We look out as we pass one of these; the long, straight line of iron rail still retains its familiar look of civilization, but all its circumstances have become entirely Oriental. The station is a little white bungalow, with green open doors; its name, 'Hooghly,' is written in those three characters which suggest at every turn to the most careless traveller the strange fate of India: the English, plain, business-like capital letters looking as if they were conscious of belonging to the conquering people; the graceful Persian curling from right to left, emblematic of the politeness, the facile dexterity, perhaps too of the intrigue and instability, of Central Asiatics, powerful enough to impress on a susceptible people a manner which makes every peasant of Hindostan more or less a gentleman, but unable to cope with the plain, honest force which is represented by the Roman capitals; and, lastly, the mystical Bengalee, the vernacular of the province, closely allied to every vernacular tongue all over India, which here, at the Hooghly station, is read by thousands; while of the two conquering languages one is read by hundreds, the other by units; the language of the conquered million, yet containing in it the roots of more than half the words spoken by conquering English, close akin to the ancient Sanskrit, that source beyond which the stream of human language has not yet been traced.

But the train moves on, and, so far as it is concerned, the conquering English has it all its own way. The ancient Sanskrit is still represented by every one of the dull objects which meet the traveller's eye. The ungraceful palm, so strangely associated in European minds with Oriental beauty; the green, melancholy plain; the occasional glimpses of the yellow, sluggish, corpse-bearing river,—these are the witnesses to the fact—so strange, yet so forgotten—that where the English steam-engine now travels, there, just one century ago, the Nawab of Bengal was marching down on Calcutta to perpetrate the Black Hole massacre—that tragedy from which the Anglo-Indian Empire took its birth. Here, centuries ago, the Hindoo walked and sat and smoked, worshipping his god Permanence, even as he walks and sits and smokes and worships the same god to-day.

It is past midnight when we reach Burdwan. This is more than fifty miles from Calcutta, and is the meeting-place for the trains from the north-west and the south-east. We are sorry that we cannot, without misleading the English reader, use the familiar terms 'up' and 'down.' The East Indian Railway Company have thought it necessary to reverse the existing English usage, and have preferred a phraseology in accordance with geographical fact and Old Indian association, to the settled technicalities of the rail. The train which leaves Calcutta is called the 'up,' because it proceeds up the Gangetic valley, or more probably because, in the language of Anglo-Indians, it goes 'up country;' whereas the traveller fresh from England is scandalized to find that, when approaching the metropolis of India, he is nevertheless in the down-train. The geographical argument does not merit consideration. The Great Western express runs up the valley of the Thames in going from Reading to London, but Mr. Brunel's hair would stand on end were it to be called a down-train. And even their favourite expression, 'up country,'

should not have induced the Anglo-Indian community to treat with such disrespect their metropolitan city, or to depart from that technical phraseology the sole convenience of which consists in its being universally adopted. At present the anomaly is of little practical consequence; but when the railway system of India is developed, it will be found impossible to let the up and down phraseology of every branch vary with the real or fancied geographical features of the country; and it will be found desirable, though after a long contrary practice perhaps not possible, to adopt the time-honoured English custom, and affix the general designation of 'up' to all those lines which lead to, and not from, the metropolis.

Burdwan is, as we have said, the Wolverton, the Swindon, the Peterborough, of the existing portion of the East Indian Railway. The line from Calcutta to Raneegunge consists of only a single rail: single rail traffic has to be managed, of course, with peculiar care. Considering, however, that the whole distance is but one hundred and twenty miles, and that there are two through-trains only either way in the twenty-four hours, we think that this necessary caution is a little more than amply represented by a halt at Burdwan of three hours' duration. It gives us time, however, to contemplate the first Indian effort at a railway refreshment-room. Well, we must not be hypercritical. If we think of Birmingham in its palmy days—before the Trent Valley was open; of that iron-roofed station lying so dark and deserted, nothing seen but the dim glimmer of the almost extinguished lamps, and the ghostly outlines of some spare carriages, which look as if they were glad to have a night's sleep in the shed; nothing heard but the footfall of a solitary policeman, when suddenly a long whistle proclaims the approach of the train from the Grand Junction: in a moment the station blazes with light brighter than that of day, and the deserted scene is forthwith thronged by a population of porters, cab-drivers, passengers, and hotel waiters;—if we recal the old refreshment-room, where four long tables groaned under such joints as the pastures of rich Warwickshire alone could produce, then see, in twenty minutes, the supper over, the train stealing off, the darkness descending as suddenly as it had been dispelled, the platform again silent and deserted:—if we think of all that magic, or of the more ordinary work-a-day neatness of an English refreshment counter, with English women standing behind it, we shall certainly be disappointed by the straggling, open-doored, white-washed, ill-lighted Burdwan refreshment-room; by the slovenly attendance of the sleepy Khidmatgars, half-admiring, half-cursing the unaccountable taste of the English Sahibs, which induces them to run about at night, when they might be in bed, or, if they must travel, might lie at length undisturbed in a soporific palanquin; nor is the culinary treatment of the Bengal beef such as to make him pity the Hindu for being bound to abstain from the flesh of oxen.

But if he is a reasonable man, and compares, not with the past of England, but that of India, he owns that he has fallen upon pleasanter lines than were the portion of his Indian forefathers. The Burdwan station and refreshment-room are, it is freely allowed, capable of much improvement; but it is better to come here and find at least some one expecting us, at least a few lamps burning, at least a bottle of beer in the locker, than to be driven in the middle of the night to the inhospitable shelter of a dâk bungalow, and having at last succeeded in waking its disgusted Khidmatgar, to be shown into a desolate, unfurnished room, and reconciled to finding himself foodless, candleless, bedless, only because it is precisely what he had made up his mind for, and therefore he is not disappointed.

So, again, should murmurs arise concerning the very sober pace of the mail train when in transit, and the very Oriental indifference with which mails and passengers are allowed to sleep away three hours of the night at Burdwan; should some energetic passenger from the Punjab, full of statistics and selections from Government Records, observe that the post is conveyed at a greater

average speed by mail-cart in the North-west than it is by railway in Bengal; although it may be impossible to contradict him, yet the more patient-minded man recollects that a few years ago he would have been going to Raneegunge in a palanquin; that, after a long night's journey, he would have been only forty miles from Calcutta, whereas now, at midnight, he has accomplished nearly sixty, and will be as far off again in the morning. Again, is it a rainy night—a rainy night in July—in Bengal? He steps with confidence into his first-class carriage and lets it rain. He can go to sleep without any philanthropic cares for the poor bearers, with no selfish anxiety lest the roof of his vehicle should leak, with no misgivings as to how soon he shall be deposited with a crash on the soaked and slippery ground.

The East Indian Railway is very slow, but it keeps time. We found ourselves at Raneegunge punctually at six in the morning: one hundred and twenty miles in ten hours—not very fast—twelve miles an hour; let us hope a good paying pace to the proprietors. There is nothing to describe at Raneegunge—there is nothing to see. The little white station-house, the sheds full of wheeled carriages, belonging to the companies which will convey us over the Grand Trunk Road, are the only signs to mark the present terminus of the East Indian Railway. Civilization, as regards locomotion, here abruptly terminates. The mail bags are taken out of their dignified van, and pitched into a very dingy, but very strong, mail-cart, to which a country-bred horse is harnessed, partly by rope, partly by bad leather. A native in indescribable costume mounts in front of the cart, takes a loose hold of the reins—which are never used by a native for the purpose of guiding the horse—sounds a few discordant notes on a cracked bugle, and after a few attempts to lie down on the part of the horse, a few turnings round, a few plunges, the Honourable Company's mail gallops off into the jungle at a tremendous rate, as if barbarism were determined to show civilization what it could do. And indeed the performances of barbarism in these mail-carts are so remarkable, that civilization will have a tough task to beat them. Meanwhile, in his onward journey the most discontented railway passenger soon learns to regret the railway. He asks eagerly when the next section will be opened. He is informed that the line from Burdwan to Raneegunge is not the real railway at all, but only a branch running to some important collieries, temporarily used by passengers till the main line is completed from Burdwan to Rajmahal. When this will be opened it is difficult to ascertain with any precision. The Sonthal insurrection of 1855 interfered greatly with the works in progress; but we believe it is hoped to see the railway finished to Benares in 1858. The part then to be completed will comprehend far the most difficult ground between Calcutta and the North-western Provinces. The easy line from Agra to Allahabad is already in progress. Good hopers will tell us that we shall take a ticket from Calcutta to Delhi in 1860.

We cannot tell how this may be, but of this we are as sure as we can be of any future event, that the existing generation of Anglo-Indians will travel by rail from Calcutta to Lahore. The oldest inhabitant of England cannot appreciate the blessing contained in this anticipation. The worst he can recollect is a post-chaise; in India they are travelling in doolies still. Seven miles an hour is the worst relic which he can recal of a barbarous age; four is the golden maximum of palanquin possibilities.

Discomfort is hydra-headed, and will live for ever; but our children's children, when they look at a decayed palanquin in a modern museum, may congratulate themselves that one of discomfort's most odious avatars expired when that detestable conveyance was superseded; he will bestow a thought of filial compassion on the sorrows of his ancestors as he glides in a first-class carriage from government to government, lazily looking out of window at the quickly succeeding stations which marked the weekly stages of their slow progress to his benighted forefathers.

W. D. A.

THE MUNIMENT CHAMBER AT LOSELY PLACE.

IN Archbishop Whately's *Lectures on Political Economy*, occurs the following passage:—

Geologists, when commissioning their friends to procure them from any foreign country such specimens as may convey an idea of its geological character, are accustomed to warn them against sending over collections of curiosities—*i.e.*, specimens of spars, stalactites, &c., which are accounted in that country curious from being *rarities*, and which consequently convey no correct notion of its general features. What they want is specimens of the *commonest* strata—the stones with which the roads are mended and the houses built, &c. And some fragments of these, which in that country are accounted mere rubbish, they sometimes, with much satisfaction, find *casually adhering* to the specimens sent them as curiosities, and constituting, for their object, the most important part of the collection. Histories are in general to the political economist, what such collections are to the geologist. The casual allusions to common, and what are considered insignificant matters, convey to him the most valuable information.

Now, what histories are to the political economists, records, *mémoires à servir*, and old family MSS. are to the historian. These are the sources whence come the 'casual allusions' which convey such valuable information. It is, however, but 'casual allusions' that the historian can afford to give. His business is to deal with general principles, and to trace in broad lines the transitionary states, the revolutions, and the progress of the human race; time and space are alike wanting him for the introduction of matter which may enable his readers fully to realize the condition of society at any one given period. In order to this, nothing is so effectual as a knowledge of the common things, the common business, common talk, and common amusements of the time. Such knowledge is best gained from contemporary documents; and it is on this account we have thought that a visit to an old muniment room may not be unacceptable to the readers of *Fraser*.

As the charm of locality is very strong in the case of most people, we propose first to give a slight sketch of the house wherein the MSS. to which we have alluded are deposited. Thus we shall be provided with a kind of background against which to hang our historical pictures, and which will serve also to show them off to greater advantage.

Not far from Guildford, in the most picturesque portion of the beautiful county of Surrey, there rises, backed by lofty forest trees, a venerable mansion of grey-stone. The centre of the building dates from 1568, and part of it is still surrounded by a moat, the remains of an earlier house situated on the same site. To a person of vivid imagination there is something poetical and impressive in the whole aspect of the mansion, in the quiet colour of the stone; in the combined simplicity and irregularity of the architecture; in the grandeur of the deep-set mullion windows, of unequal heights, and placed at unequal distances, no two of them being of the same dimensions; and above all, in the solitude of the place, and the silence which hovers over it, broken only by the cawing of the rooks which inhabit the adjacent trees. In front of the house stretches an extensive park, well filled with fine old timber, the soft undulations of the pleasaunce being bounded to the north by the range of hills called the Hog's Back. Behind the mansion, looking southwards, is the garden, with its trim-cut hedges, bright turf walks, and grassy slopes, where for generations children have played and basked in the warmth of the Midsummer sun. But full of poetry as Losely Place is by day, beheld by moonlight it shows like a dream, or as if its turrets were dimly seen by the light of memory alone.

The interior of the mansion does not belie the expectations to which the exterior gives rise. A noble hall occupies the central portion of the building; on each side of it are mullioned windows; one, the king of all, is set, as it were, in a corner—*i.e.*, at one end of the south side—in a deep recess of its own, and reaches to the top of the hall. Against the panelled walls

are hung old armour, weapons of various kinds, stags' horns, and portraits of ancestors of the family. Running across one end is an oak gallery, communicating with bed-chambers hung with old tapestry, on which, doubtless, Queen Elizabeth's and King James's eyes often gazed during their visits to the mansion. Amongst the apartments, with all of which some historical reminiscence or other is associated, the most interesting is the state drawing-room, with its fretted ceiling, adorned with Gothic tracery and pendant corbels. The chimney-piece, a curious and elaborate piece of architecture, is ornamented with grotesque heads of clowns, cut out of the chalk of the country; while here and there are introduced a cockatrice and a spray of the mulberry-tree. From floor to ceiling, foliage and monsters, coats of arms and various animals, blend curiously together; the commonest among the devices being *Moor* cocks and hens, with punning mottoes on the name of the family, Moore and Moor being considered identical. In this room are some valuable historical portraits: one of Anne Boleyn, presented to the family, if we remember rightly, by Queen Elizabeth; another of herself; and a third, of King Edward VI. There is also an elaborate piece of needlework, the performance of Queen Elizabeth during one of her visits, and representing a wreath of roses, faded now, and surrounding a crown, while the royal initials are seen beneath. We have already alluded to the 'king's' and 'queen's' bedchambers; there is also a library and morning room, which we should like to notice, were it not that we must hasten now to the muniment room, a little chamber lined with old oaken coffers, to which we promised to introduce our readers. These coffers are filled with MSS. inscribed by royal and noble hands; others by eminent divines, and characters well known in history; whilst many contain the correspondence of female ancestors of the family. After these MSS. had lain *perdu*, as it were, for nearly two centuries, a selection from them was made many years ago, and these were collected and bound in nine folio volumes; others which were still left in their ancient depositories, have been deciphered, transcribed, and edited, with the consent of the family. The book is now, however, out of print, and therefore we have no fear that, in speaking of the MSS., we shall be telling a familiar tale.

Amongst so much that is interesting, and that in so graphic a manner brings before us the life of our ancestors during the sixteenth century, it is not easy to decide to which of the MSS. we should first direct attention. It may, however, be best to follow a chronological order, so we begin with a series of documents relating to Sir Thomas Cawarden, of Bletchingly in Surrey.

We are informed by Mr. Kempe, the editor of the Losely MSS., that Sir Thomas was a gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Henry VIII., Master of the Revels, and Keeper of the King's Tents, Hales, and Toyles: the hales being temporary sheds of timber-work used as stables; and the toyles either enclosures into which game was driven, or used for barriers at tournaments. It will be remembered that at that time it was the custom of every great and wealthy person, from the king downwards, to have in his establishment, during the festival of Christmas, a Lord of Misrule, who was for the time being all-powerful in the household, and whose office it was to devise entertainments suitable to the season. There was great rivalry amongst the various Lords of Misrule, as we learn from Stow, who tells us that the mayor of London and the sheriffs had each their several masters of merry disports, who were ever contending, without quarrel, who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders.

In the reign of Edward VI. a gentleman of the name of George Ferrers, distinguished for military service under Henry VIII., a poet and a Member of Parliament, and who is spoken of by Leland as one of the most learned and illustrious men of the time, was appointed Lord of Misrule to the king. The Losely MSS. show us how this accomplished gentleman fulfilled his duties. A little before Christmas, 1552, he writes an account of his

intended proceedings to Sir Thomas Cawarden, who, as Master of the Revels, had to furnish him with whatever was required for the entertainment. It appears that in the previous year his device had been to come out of the moon, but that this year he 'imagines to come out of a place called *vaste vacuum*, the great waste, as much as to say a place void or empty without the world, where is neither fire, air, nor earth, and where he has been remaining since the last year.' He further informs Sir Thomas that, in order to carry out certain devices which he entertains touching the matter, he desires to have all his apparel blue, similar to a piece of blue velvet powdered with ermine, which he sends him. He has not, however, made up his mind about his entry into Court, whether it shall be under a canopy, or in a triumphal chair, or on some strange beast, but he will leave all that to be settled by Sir Thomas as he thinks best. On Christmas-day he purposes to send a solemn ambassador to the king; this person is to speak in a strange language, but is to be accompanied by an interpreter and a herald, for all of whom the requisite costume is to be provided. On St. Stephen's day he purports to be with the king before dinner, and he informs Sir Thomas that Mr. Windham, being appointed to be his admiral, is to receive him beneath the bridge, and that the poop of his vessel is to be covered with white and blue. On landing at Greenwich he is to be met 'by his pages of honour and a spare horse, six councillors, a divine, an astronomer, a poet, a physician, an apothecary, a master of requests, a civilian, a disard or clown, and two gentlemen ushers, besides jugglers, tumblers, fools, friars, and such other.'

The place which friars occupy in this category may perhaps show the estimation in which they were held at that period. Mr. Ferrers concludes his directions with an account of the entertainments devised for each of the holy days:—one is to be occupied with feats of arms, another in hunting and hawking, on another he desires to have a challenge performed with hobby horses, when he proposes to be present in person, and so on. In this correspondence there are continual complaints made by the Lord of Misrule as to the apparel provided, and respecting which he thus expresses himself:—*

It seemeth unto us that as touching the apparel of our councillors you have mistaken the persons that should wear them, as Sir Robert Stafford and Thomas Wyndesor, with other gentlemen that stand upon their reputation, and would not be seen in London so *torchlike* disguised, for as much as they are worthy or hope to be worthy.

If we now examine a little into Sir Thomas Cawarden's account of the expenses incurred by the Lord of Misrule, we shall find that the sums expended in these entertainments must have been enormous. On Christmas-day, 1552, Mr. Ferrers' own dress consisted of a robe of white baldekin, which was a stuff of the richest manufacture, composed of silk and gold threads, which dress cost £16 16*s*. 8*d*.; then he had a coat of cloth of silver, £27 16*s*.; a cap of maintenance of red feathers; a pair of hose made of a yard of cloth of gold embroidered, and lined with silver sarcenet; a pair of white buskins; slippers of Bruges satin, and a girdle of yellow sarcenet. Then came expensive costumes for the children of the Lord of Misrule, the legitimate progeny and the *base sons* (always a part of the royal pageant), his councillors, pages, and officers; trumpeters, orators, footmen, ushers, &c. In addition to these are dresses for other characters, amongst which we notice an Irishman and Irishwoman. The man is dressed in a 'large garment of blue and red satin lined with black buckram, a wig of black flax, and a head-piece of damask, a sword, and a pair of buskins of Bruges satin; the Irishwoman, in a mantle of red and blue satin lined with red buckram, a smock of yellow buckram, a flaxen wig, and a girdle of red sarcenet.' The total cost of these different costumes amounted to something like £500; besides which were various charges for 'garniture and work-

* The spelling has been modernized throughout.

manship, with stuff and other provisions bought and made of new this year, for the furniture of the Lord of Misrule.'

The tournaments and street pageants were also under the direction of Sir Thomas; but we must not allow ourselves to enter into any particulars concerning them. We can only afford space for a few items taken from the list of the 'properties' in the charge of the Master of the Revels, such as six cow bells, forty-eight antique heads set on the knees, shoulders, backs, and breasts of the men-at-arms; eight long heads for women, made of paste gilded with party gold and silver, costing £2 3*s*. 3*d*.; eight pair of legs made with rods, costing 10*s*.; eight breasts, 4*d*. a-piece; and eight monsters. There are also a collection of costumes proper for Turks, Allemaynes, Italians, Moors, and Egyptians; with garments for 'frows,' and dresses for friars. Rich towels also of moresco work, and pocket handkerchiefs wrought in the same sumptuous fashion; pieces of cloth of gold, costly laces, silks, and cambrics. Some of the more curious costumes are the dresses for hermits; thus we find John Hutchinson charging 12*s*. for nine felts for hermits; Green, coffer maker, providing eight lanthorns for them, at a cost of 6*s*. 8*d*.; and Anthony Truner (or Turner), furnishing for the same purpose nine great bead stones, nine little bowls, and eight palmers' staves. John Holte, a yeoman, also supplies a dozen candles, whipcord, and paste for the hermits' ears; pins and straw to stuff the wallets, tassels, and buttons for their hats. In another place, £6 8*s*. is paid to tailors for sewing upon garments *by day and night*. Then there are the accounts connected with the stables of the Lord of Misrule, which contained thirteen hobby horses, the one he rode having three heads; he also possessed a pillory and pair of stocks, a prison and a place of execution, a gibbet, heading block, and little case.

Lastly, there are sundry accounts for the making of masks; such as covering six counterfeit apes of paste cement with grey coney skins, which were made 'to serve for a maske of bagpipes to sit upon the top of them like minstrels as though they did play;' also charges for furring or covering six great tails of wicker, made for a mask of cats, all covered over with cats' tails, taking fifty dozen of cats' tails for the workmanship. And as a finis, there is a charge for candles and links, and rushes to strew the office in which the workmen sate. Here, then, are the prototypes of our present Christmas pantomimes; in both we see the same want of taste, the same absence of beauty, and the same love of the grotesque. If there be any difference between the masques and pageants in which our ancestors delighted, and those which are provided for our entertainment, it apparently consists in the sense of the ludicrous being more appealed to now than it was then; our ancestors were content to be half frightened and wholly astonished where we demand material for laughter also.

It appears that Sir Thomas Cawarden sometimes lent the properties in the royal wardrobe, judging from the following lugubrious letter, in which Mr. Copley begs the loan of one of the masks in his custody:

Right Worshipful,—After my duty remembered (as from one whom your courtesy and friendship hath emboldened at every need to presume on the same), this may be to require you (if conveniently you may), otherwise I will not require it, that it might please you secretly to lend me the use of one of your masks for one night against my marriage, which (in an ill hour for me) is like to be solemnized on Sunday next at Nonesuch. Where my hope is I shall see you, and so I do most heartily require you I may do. My hope is there shall come no harm of it. My Lady also I would be very glad to see there, if it may stand with her commodity; but if for respect it seem otherwise, then do I beseech you that I may see her here at Gatton the Wednesday after, at which day I think we shall come home, and her Ladyship shall find here none but her friends. I would myself have waited upon you this day, but that I am not able to ride, nor shall be, I fear, this three or four days, by reason of a strain which I have unhappily met with. I beseech you, sir, that my duty may be also humbly remembered to my good lady. So expecting your present answer (if you shall so think meet), I wish unto you *quietness*, with as fortunate success

in your affairs as I would to myself. In haste, from Gatton, this 18th July, 1558,

By your assured poor friend to command during life,

THOMAS COPLEY.

Besides being Master of the Revels, Sir Thomas held the office of 'the Keeper of the Standing Guarde-robe, at the Palace of Nonesuch;' and amongst the accounts which he kept of the household furniture belonging to the mansion, we notice a description of a bedstead of dark crimson velvet, 'embroidered with flowers of gold, and a woman in the midst, with a crown on her head, and a pair of wings.' This bed was no less than fourteen feet three inches in length, by twelve feet wide. It was furnished with a velvet counterpane, embroidered with two horses, and a man riding upon one of them.

Before concluding our account of the Cawarden MSS., it may be mentioned that Sir Thomas seems to have been strongly attached to the Reformed religion. At the suppression of monasteries, a grant was made to him of the church of the Black Friars, a noble building, of large dimensions. This church was demolished by Sir Thomas, who being afterwards forced, during the reign of Queen Mary, to provide a church for the parishioners, allowed them an upper chamber, and thus only imperfectly obeyed the queen's mandate. In the same reign, he was five times indicted for heresy; and being suspected of taking part in Wyatt's rebellion, Lord William Howard commanded the sheriff to seize all the artillery, weapons, and munitions of war in Sir Thomas's armoury at Bletchingly. His military stores were certainly formidable, and, to all appearance, more than was required for his personal protection or for the service of the queen. After the death of Mary, however, he petitioned Elizabeth for redress of the injuries he had sustained from her predecessor; we do not know with what result, but it is certain that Elizabeth regarded him with favour, and that she had employed him about her affairs during the reign of Henry VIII. On her accession, he was appointed to the charge of the Tower of London, jointly with the Earl of Bedford; and amongst his MSS. is a letter from Elizabeth, discharging him, with many thanks, from the performance of the office. He died in 1559, and was buried in the church of Bletchingly.

As proofs of the state of transition in religious matters during this period, we may point to the churchwardens' accounts for the parish church of Bletchingly, in which we meet with charges, first for setting up and then for taking down the Rood loft; for watching the Holy Sepulchre at Easter, and for 'plucking' down the altars; for painting the Paschal post, and for providing three long forms and a table for the communion to be ministered upon. In the accounts of the church of Bermondesey, with which Sir Thomas was also connected, being one of the Commissioners appointed to receive the church ornaments and vestments, in which it was remarkably rich, we find various entries testifying to the same tale, such as 'Item, there was solde to Fabian Wythers a censer and a pyx of silver, a crysmatory and a pax of silver;' then, 'Bought of Fabian Wythers two communion-cups of silver gilt;' also, 'Paid for painting the Scripture against the Rood loft and over the altar, and for books to serve the choir and the church, £1 14*s*. 4*d*.;' while we also find the churchwardens selling their 'Latin books of parchment'—doubtless the splendid illuminated missals—for the paltry sum of 10*s*.

We also see an evidence of the feeling with which the Romish religion was regarded, in the plot of a play dating somewhere in the reign of Edward VI., in which the Pope is personated by 'Pride,' a bishop by 'Wrath,' a friar by 'Envy,' a *sole* priest by 'Gluttony,' a monk by 'Lechery,' and a hermit by 'Sloth.' In the Losely MSS. we find an account, in a letter from the Lord Deputy of Ireland to Mr. More, of the first marked demonstration which Queen Elizabeth gave of her determination to carry out the reform begun by her father. On Christmas-day, her Majesty repaired to her great closet with her nobles and ladies, as was her custom on such high feasts. 'But she, perceiving a bishop preparing himself to mass all in the old form,

tarried there until the Gospel was done; and when all the people looked for her to have offered according to the old fashion, she, with her nobles, returned again from the closet and the mass on to her privy chamber,' which, adds Sir William Fitzwilliam, 'was strange unto divers (persons), &c., blessed be God for all his gifts!' Other MSS. show the policy of Elizabeth in maintaining the principles of the Reformation after it had been once established, and treating with severity both Romanists and Puritans. Thus, in 1570, eleven years after her accession, she signifies her pleasure that the Earl of Southampton, having given her cause for displeasure on religious grounds, should be committed to the care of the Sheriff of London. A month later, the Earl not being in good health, and the plague raging in London, she orders him to be transferred to the custody of Mr. More, of Losely. In the October following, Mr. More receives a letter from the Council, desiring to be informed, by a private letter, whether the Earl of Southampton 'do come to common prayer or not;' and in case he has not done so, Mr. More is required, as of himself, to 'move and persuade him thereunto;' in which attempt he is successful.

A month afterwards Viscount Montague informs Mr. More of his daughter's resolve to sue for her husband's liberation. Some two years elapse, and then Mr. More applies in an all-powerful quarter, interceding with the Earl of Leicester on his prisoner's behalf. That he is partly successful in his suit appears from the answer which the Council sent, empowering him to set the earl at more liberty, and desiring him to permit his wife and friends to have access to him, allowing him also to go abroad to take the air, so that it be in Mr. More's company. On the 13th of July, 1553, he is permitted to go to his father-in-law's house, there to remain under certain restrictions; and from thence he writes a letter to Mr. More, with which the correspondence closes, informing him of the comfort God had sent him after all his long troubles, his wife having been delivered that morning 'of a goodly boy—God bless him!' who afterwards became the patron of Shakspeare.

Eight years after the Earl of Southampton's incarceration, the Lords of the Council address Sir William More, as one of the Justices of Surrey, to the effect that the Queen's Majesty has been informed that in that county, as well as in other parts of England, 'certain lewd and evil-disposed persons' are remaining obscurely in secret places, or else very secretly going from place to place, disguised in apparel after the manner of servingmen or of artificers, 'whereas they are in reality Popish and massing priests, who, in a whispering manner, hold and maintain sundry of her Majesty's subjects in superstition and error;' 'a kind of people and a manner of practice over long used, and in no wise any more to be suffered.' Diligent search is therefore to be made for all such recreants, suspected houses are to be examined, and the offenders, together with those who harbour them, to be apprehended. Fines are also to be levied on all who do not attend their parish church; and one of the Losely MSS. is a document by which Thomas Fryer, M.D., dwelling within the city of London, is required to attend before the Clerk of the Peace at Dorking, touching his not coming to church.

Some light is thrown upon the condition of the Protestant clergy by a letter from John Cowper, Esq., of Capel, in Surrey, to Sir W. More, requesting his assent, as a Justice of the Peace, to the petition of the bearer, who is the minister of Mr. Cowper's parish, and desirous of marrying a maid of the same parish. 'The man,' Mr. Cowper states, 'is honest and of good conversation; and the woman is of good years, towards thirty, and a very sober maid and honest, and so reported of by the substantialest men of the parish where she hath dwelled almost seven years.' Further, the parson has 'the good will of her mother—her father being dead—and of her master with whom she last dwelled, and of her friends, and of the parish where he serves.' Mr. Cowper therefore hopes Sir William's consent will not be wanting to make the couple happy.

In another of these documents we find Archbishop Parker writing to Sir William respecting the Rev. W. Newman, Vicar of Chertsey, who had been put into the stocks 'openlie' for refusing to appear before Mr. Cowper, a lately-made Justice, and probably the person alluded to above. The Archbishop states that, not knowing the demerits of the plaintiff, he can say but little in the matter, but, having given a promise that he would write to Sir William about it, he begs that he will inquire into the case and see justice done.

We will now turn to such of the Losely MSS. as contain curious illustrations of the social manners and habits of our ancestors.

For example, there is a letter from Mistress Ursula Worseley (who afterwards married the famous Sir Francis Walsingham), to a friend of hers in Wales, in which she desires him to acquaint Mr. More and Mr. Cresswell, whom she had invited to visit her at Appuldercombe, with certain conditions which she would wish them to observe. First, it must be understood that while they are in her house she is to have her own chamber 'free to herself,' and also that they are to contribute to the expenses of the household, and of the whole family from the death of her late husband; she also expects them to pay part of the servants' wages due on Michaelmas-day; and lastly, she is to have a gelding for her own separate use. Like a discreet woman, she seems to have thought it best to name these things beforehand, that her guests might have plenty of time for consideration, and at their coming 'may be the less troubled and the better quieted and contented with what order soever they shall take in the premises.' That visitors were accustomed in those days to make this kind of pecuniary compensation to their hosts is evident from another letter, in which Mr. Astley, writing from Court, proposes to pay a visit to Mr. More. He begins his letter by telling him that having had plenty of time to consider the proposal he had made, he begs a speedy answer, since the season of the year in which provisions are cheapest is fast passing away (his letter is dated the 25th of August). He then acquaints Mr. More with the number of persons who will accompany him. First, there will be his wife, with her two children, the eldest five years of age, a man-servant and a maid-servant; then Mr. Astley must have for his own use three horses and two servants.

All this (he goes on to say) you must consider of like a friend, and so rate the price according to your good conscience, as there be no doubt that we shall very well agree, for with you I would spend and live more liberally than in many places; in any wise refer nothing to me, but conclude in your letter your price and determination.

The letter ends by Mr. Astley saying that he has heard that Mr. More

has room sufficient besides his new building, and that if his host will, he will furnish a chamber wholly for himself, and another for the nursemaid and children, with beds, hangings, &c.

The large country houses seemed, therefore, at this period to have served as hotels, where the various guests were accommodated at charges settled beforehand between them and their hosts. Such were the customs of nearly three centuries ago! Of such kind are the matters, insignificant, perhaps, in themselves, but of value as enabling us to realize the difference between our ancestors and ourselves. How much light, for instance, is thrown on the childish superstitions prevalent amongst learned men of the day by the following letter from an eminent physician, who writes in 1581 to Sir George More, respecting a professional visit he had been requested to make to Losely:—

Lewes.

Mr. George More,—I am heartily sorry for the suspected mischance happened at Losely, but I hope there is more fear than hurt; and yet in these causes good to mistrust the worst. As for my coming to you upon Wednesday next, verily my promise being passed to an old patient of mine, a very good gentlewoman, one Mrs. Clerk, which now lieth in great extremity, I cannot possibly be with you till Thursday. On Friday and Saturday the sign will be in the heart; on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday in the stomach; during which time it will be no good dealing with your ordinary physic until Wednesday

come se'ennight at the nearest; and from that time forwards for fifteen or sixteen days passing good. In which time, if it will please you to let me understand of your convenient opportunity and season, I will not fail to come presently with your messenger. Howbeit, if this then be not supplied by some other in the mean space, I had rather it should be two or three days after Michaelmas, because now I am utterly unfurnished of horses, and cannot hire any for money, but such jades as will not carry a man ten miles out of the town without tiring; and I mean now at Weyhill Fair, which shall be at Michaelmas, to store myself again, for my own saddle at the least. And so, praying you to take my just excuse in good part, and to remember my humble commendations to yourself and all the good company at Thorpe, I commit us to God.

Your worship's assured loving friend,
SIMON TRIPP.

Winton, September 18, 1561.
To the Worshipful my very good friend, Mr. George More, at Thorpe, these be delivered.

Returning to the subject of visits; it is a matter of history how ruinously expensive to her subjects were the visits with which Queen Elizabeth was accustomed from time to time to favour them. It is, therefore, no wonder they were desirous of finding excuses in order to rid themselves of so burdensome an honour. And we shall not be surprised to find Sir Anthony Wingfield, a sympathising friend of Mr. More, writing to inform him that, learning that the queen intended to visit Losely, he had made the Lord Chamberlain acquainted with the smallness of the house, and how unsuitable it was for her Majesty; that the queen on receiving this intimation had at first resolved to go to the Manor House instead, but had suddenly changed her mind again, and was determined to go to Losely. Sir Anthony therefore advises Mr. More, knowing well what 'great trouble and hindrance' such a visit would be, to come up to town and make the true state of the case known to the Earl of Leicester. We are not aware whether Mr. More succeeded on this occasion in keeping at a distance his threatened guest; but, from some other letters, it is evident that she must have visited Losely several times. In a subsequent letter, addressed by Sir Christopher Hatton to Sir W. More to advertise him of her Majesty coming, there is allusion made to a report of sweating sickness having appeared at Losely (perhaps a device on the part of the family to frighten the queen from the place), but, he adds, that finding the report was false, her Majesty was now all the more willing for her recreation to spend a few days there, and therefore Sir William is to see that his house is kept sweet and clean, his family sent away, and everything well ordered to receive her Highness whensoever she may be pleased to come. Sir William appears to have been a special favourite with her Majesty, judging from the manner in which she speaks of him to Mr. Wolley, her Latin secretary, and his son-in-law.

All our means here (writes Mr. Wolley to Sir William) are set aside, and not once thought upon, by reason of an earnest consultation, whereon the Council sitteth every day about the French marriage (with the Duke of Anjou), as presently they do now where I write these letters, about which matter, having had long speech yesterday with her ministers, she fell in speech of you with great good liking and commendation, wishing me to send you word that she did perceive that where the young sort of men wanting experience and trust did forget their duties, such old servants as you are would remember themselves, as she still had and presently did find proof by you, unto whose trust she durst commit her life. My Lord of Leicester likewise told me, before I spoke with her, of the very good opinion she had of you, which he did ever seek to increase! The rest I will tell you at our next meeting.

Yet, notwithstanding the favour in which Sir William was held by the queen, she does not seem at all times to have been ready to do him a service, for, in another letter, Mr. Wolley says he has

spoken with Mr. Secretary concerning Sir William's suit, and he, with many good words, has promised to do the best he can, although, as he sayeth, the queen be for this time out of taste, as he termeth it, for suits.

Mr. Wolley's wife was one of the Ladies of her Majesty's privy chamber, and there are several letters from her to her father, in which she

mentions various particulars connected with the queen. In her first letter she tells Sir William that her Majesty had informed Mr. Wolley the night before that she would this year come neither to his house nor Sir William's, but that the next she would see them both; adding that she had spoken many good words of Sir William and his son. In her next letter she writes her father word that her Majesty had inquired for him, and was sorry to find he had gone home to his own house, and that if she had known his intention to take so troublesome a journey that night, she would have had a lodging provided for him, being also sorry that she had no longer time to entertain him. Then she tells him that the previous evening her Majesty had gone abroad a-hawking, and Sir Robert Cecil's hawk had killed three partridges which he presented to the queen, 'who gave them to her with express directions that she should send them to Sir William the next day for his dinner, with a message that he was to eat them for her sake.' But the royal present was not destined to reach Sir William, Sir Robert Cecil having taken it into his head to beg the game from Mrs. Wolley, who cannot, she says, refuse his request. But she sends off a messenger express to her father begging him to write at once and certify the receipt of the partridges; and requesting him to say something about her Majesty's 'great care' of him, hinting that it would be as well the letter should be rather brief since it would be shown to her Majesty. Mrs. Wolley adds, that the queen has desired her to send for her son, who was then under his grandfather's care, 'notwithstanding which,' she says, 'if it shall please you to forget it, I mean to forget also to send for him.' In the meantime she begs that Sir William will see that the boy practise his French, for fear he should again be sent for by her Majesty, who has said that she will pose him in his learning. 'I pray you therefore,' urges the anxious mother, 'to cause Mr. Pyke to see him take pains between this and then.'

In a subsequent letter to Sir William, written apparently after he had been paying a visit to Court, Mrs. Wolley tells him that the day before she wrote, her Majesty had worn the gown he had given her, and had taken occasion thereby to speak of him, saying that ere long Mrs. Wolley should find a mother-in-law, which was herself, but she was afraid of the two widows that were with him, that they would be angry with her for it, adding that she would give ten thousand pounds that he were twenty years younger, for that she had few such servants as he, with many other gracious words both of himself and his brother.

Mrs. Wolley seems to have been also much liked by the queen, her husband stating that she had been very favourably welcomed on her appearance at Court after an illness, and Mrs. Wolley writing that her Majesty had spoken to her many gracious words, and had many times bade her welcome with all her heart. Very worldly wise, too, this said lady appears to have been; knowing when to speak a word in season and when to keep silence. Thus, when the Lord Admiral came and bade her welcome with all his heart, willing her to command him in any friendship that he could show to her, she thought good at that time to use no further speeches unto him. But on the same occasion when she went to my Lord of Buckingham to give him humble thanks for his kind usage of Sir William, and he told her he would be a most faithful friend to her, saying if he could be assured of her friendship, he would rather have it than that of any other Lady serving at Court, she did not hesitate to promise him all he asked.

Thus, through her prudent conduct, she was enabled to say that she had had a good beginning at Court, which she had no doubt would continue if friends were constant, but that if they failed, it should be through no desert of hers, for she was determined to live very warily among them. Neither does she neglect to propitiate her great friends; for on occasion of the Lord Treasurer Burleigh being laid up with the gout, so that he could neither stir hand nor foot, nor feed himself, and being advised to send him some partridges, she instantly

wrote to her father to send her some, there being none to be had in her immediate neighbourhood. She had managed, however, she told him, to procure one the night before, which she had sent him by the advice of the Lord Chamberlain for his supper, and which she had minced with her own hands. And so conclude the letters which have given us such an amusing insight into Court life.

The name of Dr. Donne is familiar to all who are acquainted—and who is not?—with Isaac Walton's *Lives*. But there is an episode in his life—*i.e.*, his clandestine marriage—to which Walton does little more than allude. Amongst the Losely MSS., however, are some letters which contain full particulars respecting it. Mr. Donne was appointed private secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, who had married Mrs. Wolley, the widow of Queen Elizabeth's Latin secretary, of whom we have already heard. Lady Egerton being a member of the More family, her niece Anne was often at her house; and it was during one of these visits that Donne became acquainted with her. An attachment soon sprung up between them; and Sir George More being warned of it, immediately sent for his daughter home. But it was too late; for soon afterwards the lovers managed to contract a clandestine marriage. The unwelcome news greatly incensed Sir George; and Mr. Donne was in consequence of this rash act not only dismissed from his post, but sent to prison, with the clergyman who had married the couple, and the gentleman who had given away the lady. The letters in this collection respecting the affair are those in which Mr. Donne entreats for pardon from his father-in-law and Lord Chancellor Egerton; and from them we find that the hard-hearted father for a long time remained implacable. A prisoner in the Fleet, and by dismissal from his secretaryship, which had been effected by Sir George's means, plunged in the depths of poverty, Mr. Donne at last had sickness added to his other trials, which did not, however, end here. Though Sir George so far relented as to cause him to be released from his incarceration, he found that he had been represented to his father-in-law as one who had 'deceived some gentlewomen before, and loved a corrupt religion.' He therefore entreated to be admitted to Sir George's presence, that he might clear himself from these imputations, saying that, as the devil, in the article of death takes the advantage of our weakness and fear to aggravate our sins to our consciences, so some uncharitable malice had presented his debts double at least. In a subsequent letter he supplicates Sir George to see him, telling him that having just reason to fear that those ill reports which malice had raised of him may have troubled him in his wife's favour, whose good is dearer to him than his life, he can leave no honest way untried to remedy such miseries. At last Mrs. Donne is restored to her husband, and her cousin, Sir Francis Wolley, gives the couple a home in his house, supplying all their wants until his death, which did not take place until he had reconciled Sir George More to his children. Fourteen years after Dr. Donne's marriage, we find from a letter to Sir Robert More, his brother-in-law, that he had not forgotten those miserable early days

We are condemned (he says) to this desert of London for all this summer, for it is company, not houses, which distinguishes between cities and deserts. When I began to apprehend that even to myself, who can relieve myself upon books, solitariness was a little burdenous, I believed it would be much more so to my wife if she were left alone. So much company therefore as I am, she shall not want; and *we had not one another at so cheap a rate, as that we should ever be weary of one another.*

Another distinguished name which we meet with in the Losely MSS. is that of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who during his youth had been made by King James I. a ward of Sir George More, to whom all the letters in the series are addressed. Two of these are so characteristic of the writer that we quote them *in extenso*:—

Lord Herbert to his Father in Wardship.

Worthy Father,—If I were persuaded that you did *amare ex judicio*, and not *judicare ex amore*, your good opinion of me would make me show more to de-

serve the continuance of it, than the greatest discouragement of my little habilities could prevent to the breaking of my weak beginning.

Lest you should think this country ruder than it is, I have sent you some of our bread, which I am sure will be dainty, howsoever it be not pleasing; it is a kind of cake which our country people use, and make in no place in England but in Shrewsbury; if you vouchsafe the taste of them you enworthy the country and sender. Measure not my love by the substance of it, which is brittle, but by the form of it, which is circular, and *circulus*, you know, is *capacissima figura*, to which that mind ought to be like that can most worthily love you. Yet I would not have you to understand form so as though it were hereby formal, but as *forma dat esse*, so my love and obedience to be essential; and so wishing it to be worthy your acceptance, I rest,

Your son that honoureth your worth,
HERBERT.

Scribled *raptim*, as you see, and hope will pardon.

Eyton, this 17th Aug., 1602.

To the right worthy and his honourable friend Sir George More, Knight, his beloved father, &c.

If absence (noble knight) could afford friends a better testimony of love than remembrance, or remembrance express itself in a better fashion than in letters, to you especially, to your nought needing self (if either invention or example would have yielded me a newer means), my engaged love would not have omitted the execution of it to your worthy self, unto whom the greatest service I can profess is too little to be performed; but where means scant the manifestation of more, let your acceptance make that good which my ability could make no better. I pray you think not that because my letter contains not any essential business, that therefore it is merely formal, but rather that my thankfulness would disclose itself in any shape sooner than forego the least occasion to show how many ways he is

Yours,
HERBERT.

Montgomery Castle,
this 12th Oct., 1603.
To my much honoured father, Sir George More, Losely, in Surrey.

Respecting James I. there are some interesting documents in the Losely muniment chests; none of them, however, conveying any favourable impression of his character. He has been censured by Harris for neglecting matters of State in order to enjoy his favourite diversion of hunting; and in reference to this we find the Earl of Nottingham writing to Mr. George More, as one of the verderers of Windsor Forest, to tell him that

The King's Majesty having been lately abroad on a hunting in Birchwood and other places in Surrey ballywick, is heavily displeased at the spoil that swine have made by rooting great holes in the woods and forest, so his Highness cannot ride without great danger; whereupon his Majesty's command is that the keeper should destroy and kill such hogs as they should keep there.

Another letter refers to a 'summer pole,' or Maypole, which had been set up in Guildford, and had been 'plucked down in contempt,' although it had the king's arms upon it. Sir George More is desired to inquire into this matter, and to learn why the mayor has refused to allow another to be raised. 'If it had the picture of any saint, I should mislike it as much as any,' says my Lord of Nottingham; 'but the arms of his Majesty, or any other arms of noblemen or gentlemen, I do not see but that it is honourable.'

The most interesting papers connected with James I.'s reign are those relating to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. It is well known that James was suspected of having had a share in it; at any rate, that he had lent a willing ear to Somerset, when he gave him a hint that Overbury would never again have the chance of disobeying the Royal commands. How far they acted openly in concert to plot his destruction, it is impossible to discover. But that the king was greatly alarmed on being told that Somerset, who was afterwards apprehended on suspicion of having had a hand in the murder, had exclaimed that the king dared not bring him to trial, is plainly to be seen from four letters to Sir George More, into whose custody the earl had been committed. They are all in James' own hand—a careless, schoolboy scrawl; and on the envelope containing them is written a memorandum that they were sent to Sir George More, lieutenant of the Tower,

Concerning my Lord of Somerset, who

being in the Tower, and hearing that he should come to his arraignment, began to speak big words touching on the king's reputation and honour. The king therefore desired as much as he could to make him confess the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, and so not to come to his arraignment, but to cast himself on his mercy. But being a courtier and beaten to these courses, he would not,—fully imagining that the king durst not or would not bring him to his trial. . . . But the king, although he was the wisest to work his own ends that ever was before him, could not work on Somerset. But that he ever stood on his innocency, and would never be brought to confess that he had any hand with his wife in the poisoning of Overbury, knew not of it, nor consented to it.

The state of trepidation in which this conduct of Somerset placed the king, and the various shifts to which he desired Sir George to have recourse, are amusingly set forth in the following letter:—

Good Sir George,—Although I fear that the last message I sent to your unfortunate prisoner shall not take the effect that I wish it would, yet I cannot leave off to use all means possible to do that which is both most honourable for me and his own best. Ye shall therefore give him assurance in my name, that if he will yet before his trial confess clearly unto the commissioners his guiltiness of this fact, I will not only perform what I promised by my last messenger both towards him and his wife, but I will enlarge it, according to the phrase of the civil law, *quod gratiæ sunt amplitudinæ*. I mean not that he shall confess if he be innocent, but ye know how evil likely that is, and of yourself you may dispute with him what should mean his confidence now to endure a trial, when, as he remembers, that this last winter he confessed to the Chief Justice that his cause was so evil likely as he knew no jury could quit him. Assure him that I protest upon my honour, my end in this is for his and his wife's good; ye will do well likewise, of yourself, to cast out unto him that ye fear his wife shall plead weakly for his innocency, and that ye find the commissioners have, ye know not how, some secret assurance that in the end she will confess of him; but this must only be as from yourself, and therefore you must not let him know that I have written unto you, but only that I sent you private word to deliver him this message. Let none living know of this, and if it take good effect, move him to send in haste for the commissioners to give them satisfaction; but if he remain obstinate, I desire not that you should trouble me with an answer, for it is to no end, and no news is better than evil news, and so farewell, and God bless your labours.

JAMES R.

A right royal letter, truly! Every line of it bearing the impress of paltry expediency, of double dealing, cowardly fear, of anything but a kingly resolve manfully to face threatened danger. Another of the wretched shifts on which he hits, is, that Somerset shall be considered mad; thus he tells Sir George how extremely sorry he is that his unfortunate prisoner turns all the great care the king has had of him, not only against himself but the king also —that is, as far as he can. He attributes it, however, to a trick of his idle brain in threatening the king to cast an aspersion on him of being in some degree accessory to the murder. Then in his last letter he says, that if Somerset shall still refuse to go to his trial, Sir George must do his office, unless his prisoner be either 'apparently sick or distracted in his wits,' in which case the Chancellor is to be made acquainted with it, that he may adjourn the day till the following Monday; between which time, if his sickness or madness be counterfeited, it will manifestly appear.' All James's efforts to bring Somerset to confession were, however, unavailing. The trial took place, and while it was pending the king was in the greatest irritation, sending to every boat he saw passing down the river for news, and cursing all who brought no tidings. At last the welcome news arrived of the condemnation of the earl, and the king's anxieties were set at rest. But although, when suspicion had first fallen upon Somerset, James had sent for the judges, and after giving them strict charge to examine into the facts relating to the murder, had knelt down before them, hypocrite as he was, and imprecated the curse of God on himself and all his posterity if he did not bring the perpetrators of so foul a crime to punishment, he afterwards admitted both Somerset and his countess to his mercy. One more instance

of his shameless dissembling, and we have done. We are told that when the Lord Chief-Justice Coke had issued his warrant for the apprehension of Somerset, the latter instantly betook himself to the king to seek redress. James, after hearing his complaint, exclaimed, 'Thou must go, then, man; for if Coke send for me, I must go too.' Then following him to the head of the stairs, he affectionately addressed him thus: 'For God's sake, when shall I see thee again? on my soul, I shall neither eat nor sleep till you come again.' Somerset made answer that he hoped he should be able to return to the Court by Monday, it being then Friday. On which the king, putting his arms round his quondam favourite's neck, and leaning on him as he descended the stairs, said, 'For God's sake, give thy lady this kiss for me,' and kissed him, giving him another kiss for himself when they had reached the foot of the stairs. The earl, however, had no sooner got into his coach, than the king, turning on his heel, cried out, 'Now, the Deil go with thee, I shall never see thy face mair.'

We now come to our last extracts from the Losely MSS. contained in the papers relating to Sir George Chaworth's embassy to the Infanta Isabella, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of Philip II. of Spain, to condole with her on the part of James I. on the death of her husband, the Archduke Albert.

On Sunday, the 12th August, 1621, the king summoned Sir George to his presence. We give the account of the interview in Sir George's own words:—

About five o'clock in the afternoon (he says) I was called into his Majesty's bedchamber, where his Majesty, taking me by the hand, said, 'Come, George Chaworth, you must know I have taken notice of your carriage, and because it hath been noble I have made choice of you for my ambassador to Bruxelles, if there be occasion; for if other princes send to condole (as I hear they do), then must I needs do the like, and therefore make yourself ready and draw in your friends, for I must deal plainly with you. You are not to look to make a fortune of this employment, for it is not one that I will bestow cost on to make a show. And I have been offered to have it executed for £800 or £900. Have I not?' sayeth he, turning to the Marquis of Buckingham. 'Yea, yea;' said he. 'But I make choice of you as a gentleman that hath alway carried yourself well, and will have a regard to carry this for my honour, and yet be a good manager of my purse, for by my troth! I am strangely beset for money on all sides, and must take other and stricter courses than I have.'

I replied, 'Sir, I most humbly thank your Majesty; and let me assure your Majesty whatsoever you please to employ me in, I will perform faithfully and frugally. I have been a good husband of my own estate, and your Majesty shall not find me unthrifty of yours.'

With that his Majesty clapped me on the cheek, and said, 'Go thy way. Thou art an honest man. So soon as I hear more of the matter (for yet I am not certain) you shall have directions; but make no words.'

How graphic is this description, and how characteristic the little touches showing James's love of money, one of his many besetting sins. What a large portion of the man's disposition is laid before us in these few paragraphs.

After waiting four days for further instructions, Sir George goes home with his wife, and spends a week in settling his affairs, after which he returns to London, and thence proceeds to Windsor, where he has the bill for his allowance signed by the king, and is desired to make all possible haste for his departure. Accordingly he at once begins his preparations, first choosing the gentlemen who are to constitute his retinue, and then settling what sort of costume they are to wear. After much consideration he decides that, as they are going to a Spanish Court, it will be most fitting they should appear 'in the stuff they mourn in in winter, which is rugg baize, but for the fashion to keep to their own.' He next provides himself with a cassock, breeches, and cloak of black cloth for his riding clothes, with the addition of *slyvers* of Welsh cotton to put over the breeches, and a riding coat with wide sleeves over the doublet when he journeyed. At which times the cloak and cassock are to be handsomely folded up and put into a black cotton bag, and carried by one of his pages. The cloak, he tells us in another memorandum, was never put on, as he found that nothing but

baize was worn at the Spanish Court, so that at his coming away, he wore his riding suit only, with his short cloak and boots, for which he was 'much commended.' All the items of his tailor's bill for clothes for himself and his son are put down with the utmost precision, and form a good standard of comparison between the cost and making-up of materials now and then.

Sir George having thus furnished his own and his son's 'outer man,' betook himself to settle the number of his servants, and to provide their apparel. After putting down the particulars of their clothes and their tailor's bill, he enters some other charges into his book; among them we notice several pairs of cuffs made of very fine cambric, also lace for his night clothes; a 'fair' rapier; 5*s.* to the cook for dressing a supper on trial of him, and meat for the said supper, £9 9*s.* He also lays in a stock of gloves, and of boots and shoes; a beaver and a felt hat, with black bands; a hat-case; a male; a night stuff bag; a cabinet, with pens and ink in it; and two night clothes of cambric, the one laced, the other only hemmed. Lastly, he pays 10*s.* to a dancing master for teaching Gilbert (his son) to make 'cursies.'

All things being now in readiness, Sir George takes leave of the great persons at Court, and chiefly of the Secretary Calvert, who by the king's directions had been with him every day urging him to start. This being done, his letters of credence and instructions are sent him, and nothing now remains but to set off the following morning, which, says Sir George, was unhappily 'a dismal day, in which, by God's favour, I will never more begin any journey; but till then I was never superstitious of it or any day else.' He arrived at Alost on the 11th of October, being Thursday, and also a 'dismal day;' and we find that, on account of mistaking the road and the badness of the weather, the baggage wagon did not come in till long after, in consequence of which, and also by neglect of his servants, a trunk of his, containing a good deal of gold, was not taken off the wagon all night; of which circumstance a villain took advantage, breaking open the lock, and stealing about £350. Sir George being much taken up with conversing with some gentlemen who had done him the honour to come to Alost to meet him, had no leisure to think upon his loss, or to make inquiry about it. If he had done so, he says he should easily have discovered the thief, who was no other than one Oliver Mayheut, whom, on account of his being able to speak both Spanish and French, he had attached to his own person. But on telling his son's tutor that he was sure Oliver was the robber, Sir George says his suspicions were instantly quelled by Monsieur du Boyse exclaiming, 'Jesus, Monsieur! honest Oliver; lui, non pas possible!' which words, adds Sir George, coming from him diverted me utterly, and made me lose discovering it.

The next day Mr. Turnbull, the king's agent at Brussels, 'discreetly' caused a coach to meet Sir George before her Highness' equipages arrived, so that he was not seen travelling in wagons. He no sooner reached his lodgings at Brussels, than the Count de Noailles paid him a visit by the Infanta's command, to see how he did, how he brooked his journey, and how he liked his lodging, with her welcome to the town. Knowing that his royal master wished him to use all despatch in his mission, Sir George instantly desired the Count to entreat her Altez to grant him an audience the next day; 'which,' he adds, 'though it was extraordinary either for me to demand or to be granted, yet I obtained it at five o'clock the next day, after dinner.' Being admitted to her presence, he delivered, after due reverences made to her Highness, his letters of credence, and then presented his speech of condolence, as a message sent to her from his Majesty. Her Altez, Sir George says, 'accepted the message most kindly, asked me many questions of his Majesty and the Prince, and after descended to my own journey.' He next presented to her the noblemen attending upon him, and then departed, 'making her Altez three reverences as he went from her; then turning to the right hand, and saluting with one

curtsey the nuncio of the Pope and the ambassador of Spain, who were both covered in her presence. Then as he passed, turning to the other side, and saluting the ladies with several curtsies who were of great quality. This done, he marched away, and instantly noted down every word and every passage betwixt her Highness and him.'

After having had audience of the Infanta Sir George proceeds to return the call which had been made upon him by the Spanish ambassador, also visiting 'other lords of note who had already visited him with the great ladies of the Court.' Then, returning to his lodging, he gives his humble thanks to Count Embden, who had presented him to the Infanta, and requests him to obtain another audience as soon as possible, it being necessary he should confer with her Highness on matters of State, regarding which Lord Digby, who was then on his way to her, would enter more at length. So the following Wednesday, Sir George was admitted to a private audience, as it is called, he says, when her train and the grandeur of the Court do not give attendance. On this occasion she had nobody with her but three old ladies, and two or three infants which she was bringing up: only [illegible]e Sir George's retinue were allowed to enter with him. Immediately after he wrote to the king an account of his 'errand,' and employed the following days in endeavouring to get his answers from the Infanta in writing, in order that he might be gone. He could not, however, obtain a farewell audience before the following Sunday; so he occupied himself in visiting all the great nobles who had shown him attention; also the ladies, who, he says, are of good quality and noble behaviour; and lastly, he went to the English monastery, a place which he considers, excepting some superstitions, 'is approvable, and worthy much honour.'

Sunday being come (he goes on to say), I went to my taking leave, which I had with all the grace her Altez could do me. I had very long discourse of all manner of subjects, and freely, with her; and, in conclusion, I begged of her her portrait, which she yielded at first, with a profession how well she accepted my demeanour there, and how ready she would be to do me any courtesy might lie in her power. And so I, kissing her garment, and getting that honour to all the gentlemen of my train, I departed. Then went I to take leave where before I had visited, which, though it was more than I needed to have done, but by my secretary by a message, yet it was decent and extraordinary well taken by them all.

The next thing Sir George does is to confer with Mr. Parker, his steward, as to the persons to whom he should give reward for attendance; and to desire him to clear all outstanding accounts. Amongst his memoranda we find one showing that he presented the Infanta with a fair white spaniel, and divers ladies and others with spaniels. It being the custom at that period for sovereigns to make presents of some rich jewel or other to foreign ambassadors on their departure, Sir George Chaworth, the night before he left, had sent to him from the Infanta a jewel of the largest size, but of small value. This jewel, it is amusing to learn, he sold on his return to London, to a Mr. S—— for £78, having in vain endeavoured to get even as much as that for it from any other goldsmiths, 'though they did confess,' remarks Sir George, 'that it cost at first making near £300.' Part of the sum so received was doubtless expended in giving a Spanish gold chain to 'him of the Jewel House' who had brought her Highness's present to Sir George. The chain, Sir George says, was a pretty one, and cost £24.

The journal which Sir George Chaworth kept of his journey to and fro is a very amusing document, as the following few extracts will show. The first entry is

CALAIS.—I could observe nothing here at Calais, but that it is a beggarly, extorting town, ill affected towards the English, monstrous dear and sluttish, very uncivil; the garrison there turning direct beggars of all ambassadors. The best is (in the course it is in), it will not be long a town, being so neglected at both ends (for the sea almost encompasseth it) that the sea (it is to be hoped) will revenge our quarrel, and regain it and swallow it, being already on the two ends, at high tides, inaccessible.

Gravelin.—It is a pretty little town . . . . . and hath in it a very pretty English monastery of nuns, but so strictly kept with such ceremonies, as they relate it, as it is strange to be believed, much worse to be endured, by any flesh. There were sixty-two professed when I was there, all handsome women, young and well-liking, living upon charity uncertain from England. They eat no flesh, fast all fasts; when you see them, they must wink and not speak to you; when they may speak to or answer you, a board and curtain are between you.

Brussels.—Of this town I could say much: it being as well-seated and well-watered a town as ever I saw; the civilest people in the world; very populous of all nations that are Catholic and civil; full of brave soldiers and of men active for command; full of very handsome women, and the best fashioned that can be; full of religious orders and houses, and of those, two houses of religious women of the order of St. Bennet, in one of which is forty-two professed nuns, besides novices; in the other are but seven, being yet but new erected. The Infanta hath here a very good house, and in it a very fine chapel, and above, in her private lodgings, a dainty oratory for her private prayers, full of relics, good and ancient pictures, and rare and rich jewels and medals. Her lodgings and gallery look into a pretty pleasant park, and into very fine gardens, wherein are the most variety of the best water-works in the world. The church of St. Trequse is the chief church in the town, and a very good one, were it uniform.

Antwerp.—Thence I went to Anvers or Antwerp, which is about three hundred English miles. The best way is by water, which is done with ease, changing boat at every four or five miles. This hath the name of being one of the best built towns of the world, but the situation I like not, being extraordinarily flat. The best church is that of Notre Dame, and it is a goodly one, and the richest furnished with pictures that can be. The Jesuits' church, which yet is not finished, is a rich one, all standing on white marble pillars, and lined with the like stone, and the galleries both above and below wholly roofed with brave pictures of Rubens' making, who at this time is held the master workman of the world. The streets are fair, uniform, and fair kept, and the houses well built. They have at this time little or no trading by reason of the war, but it is a town so placed, as it is pity we should not hold better correspondence and trade with her, for it would vent all our cloth, at any rate, and in the time that our trading went that way, was this town so built as now it is, and at that time did England more flourish than it ever did, viz., in the time of Edward III.

At Antwerp, Sir George spends £6 12*s*. in a little picture, which he gave the king, and which was painted by 'Breughel's own hand;' he also paid the same sum for the picture of the 'Story of Javan,' which he gave to the Marquis of Buckingham; £3 6*s*. was spent in an old picture which he kept for himself; and 35*s*. in others. Sending his servants, his son and his tutor, and the gentlemen of his train, from Antwerp, by way of Flushing, to London, he himself returned thither by way of Brabant and Artois, thinking it good, he says, to vary the way for satisfying his understanding. On his arriving at Calais, he observes that he has mentioned the town before, and that is enough, for he can write no good of it. He no sooner lands at Dover, than 'we all,' he says, 'fell on our knees and gave God part of his due thanks.' Thence hastening to London, after having given thanks to God, he sent to give the Secretary notice of his arrival, and to know at what time he would please that Sir George should wait on him to the king; when the following day was fixed upon. The account of the audience is thus given by Sir George:—

It was night before I had access, and then after I had delivered my letters to his Majesty, I kissed his hand, and he gave me great commendation for my carriage, which he pleased to call noble and brave, affirming it with an oath. Then did he question me of all particulars, both of my business I was sent about, and of my entertainment, and of my passing to and fro. In conclusion I said to him, 'Sir, though I cannot challenge any merit from your Majesty, other than good acceptance, yet your Majesty hath by this my employment, I hope, received that satisfaction that, if hereafter you have further occasion of such employments, you will please to use me therein as soon as another.' He heard me, with a smile, and replied to me, 'Will I not? Yes, by God, my sweet George, I shall use thee before all the world, for thou hast carried thyself for my honour most nobly. Therefore doubt it not, my dear George.' And all this while laid his hands on my face,

and kissed me. And so I left him, and went to the prince, with whom I had good and free discourse, and then, having saluted the lords there, I departed to my rest.

Words were cheap with King James, who was as ready to be a promise-maker as to be a promise-breaker, whenever he found it expedient. So when the Infanta made request to the king that he would confer a title upon Sir George in return for his services, he was quite prepared to give a gracious answer. 'His Majesty,' says Sir George 'had no sooner read the Infanta's letter (which had been delivered to him by the Spanish ambassador at a 'jovial' audience at Greenwich), than he laughed loudly and heartily, saying 'A viscount, a viscount!' and prayed the ambassador to assure her Altez that in this or anything else he should never fail in her desires of anything that was in his power; and prayed him also to certify her that she could not have placed her desires to honour any gentleman in the world of whom he had a better opinion, and so he would manifest.' Within four days after the ambassador thus spoke to the king, Sir George took occasion, his Majesty being alighted at his hunting in Putney Park, to let him know he was aware of the obligation he was under to her Highness, and especially to his Majesty for his gracious answer. The king replied, 'Yea, it is true George Chaworth, with all my heart, but it cannot be done in this place,' and so, Sir George concludes, 'I put him into his coach '

But time went on, and though the Infanta again wrote to remind the king of his promise, and the Spanish ambassador renewed his solicitations, Sir George Chaworth seemed as far off as ever from receiving the honour to which his services had entitled him. The Duke of Buckingham was next applied to, and he also was profuse in fine words; but it seems that Sir George had unwittingly offended him, and he was not the man,' he says, 'to forgive his own thoughts and his ill imaginations of any man.' Matters were made worse by an unfortunate speech which Sir George delivered in Parliament, and on his coming to wait on the king at Theobalds, and being in the bedchamber at the putting on of his boots, 'the duke,' he says, 'could not hold, but upbraided me for my speech in Parliament, saying it was against the king; and I opposing, and his lordship growing hotter in it. After that his Majesty had argued a while in my behalf, he broke out in impatience, turning to the duke, and saying, "By the wounds, ye are in the wrong, for he spake my soul, therefore speak no more of this matter, I charge you." But the duke's most vindictive nature,' concludes Sir George, 'hath infinitely revenged itself upon me, even for his conceived displeasure against me, for cause I never gave him any.' So between the king and Buckingham, Sir George fell to the ground, for the time. After James's death, however, he renewed his application for a peerage, and at last succeeded in obtaining an Irish one, for which he was obliged to pay the Duke of Buckingham £2500.

So end our researches into the MSS. contained in the old Muniment Chamber at Loseley Place. Our article has extended to so great a length, that we have no room left for comments. We can only say in conclusion, that we think the passages we have given as illustrating the life of England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, will fully bear out the assertion with which we set out—that if we would fully realise the state of society at any one given period, it can best be done by having recourse to such documents as relate to the common talk, common business, common amusements, and common pursuits of the times.

DEVONIA.



SOME TALK ABOUT SCOTCH PECULIARITIES.

BEING AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF 'FRASER'S MAGAZINE,' FROM HIS FRIEND, CHARLES OLIVER ARDERSIER-MACDONALD, ESQ., OF CRAIG-HOULAKIM, NEAR WHISTLE-BINKIE, N.B.

MY DEAR EDITOR,

When you paid us a visit last autumn, and renewed so pleasantly an old college acquaintance which 'change of place and change of folk' had interrupted for eight or ten years, you were wont, in your usual saturnine vein, to laugh at the completeness with which I had fallen into Scotch ways of thinking and acting. I have indeed become so familiar with the usages of my adopted country, that I see nothing very wonderful now in things which utterly astonished you, and which indeed had a similar effect upon myself when I was a freshly-imported Saxon. *Quantum mutatus ab illo*, I know you thought, who ten years since walked in your company the quadrangles of Oxford, bent upon those classical studies which (owing entirely to the bad arrangements of the University) failed to get me so distinguished a degree as my sisters and my grandmother thought I deserved,—not a little given to Puseyite notions in church matters, and in a state of total ignorance as to Scotch affairs. But time (as philosophers have on several occasions observed) works wonders. It is not yet ten years since the death of a distant and eccentric relative, whom I had never seen, made me the possessor of this property, in a district of Scotland which, I think, yields to none in beauty and interest. It is less than that time since I resolved to patch up this quaint old baronial dwelling, and make it my head-quarters for the greater part of the year. And I dare say you were surprised to find me so completely transformed into the Scotch country squire,—walking you after breakfast daily to the stables, and boring you with long stories about the hocks and pasterns of my horses; not a little vain of my turnips; quite proud of my shaggy little bullocks (finer animals than deer, I always maintain); and full of statistics about the yearly growth of my young plantations, and the girth of the noble old oaks and horse-chesnuts on the lawn. But I am sure you were much more surprised to find that I had settled down into a douce elder of the Kirk,—quite *au fait* in Scotch ecclesiastical polity, much interested in matters parochial, and loud in praise of Professor Robertson and the Endowment Scheme; and though still a warmly-attached member of the Church of England, yet a good Presbyterian when in Scotland, and quite persuaded that in all essential points the Church of England and the Kirk of Scotland are thoroughly at one. I have been fortunate in my parish clergyman, whom you met more than once while here, and whom you found, I dare say, quite different from the violent, Covenanting, true-blue Knoxite you probably expected. You found him, I am sure, quite of our way of thinking in regard to most things sacred and civil: quite anxious to have his church as ecclesiastical in appearance as even Mr. Beckett Denison would wish; quite friendly to the introduction of an organ; not hostile to the restoration of the Liturgy; and, indeed, not so much shocked as he ought to have been when you and I speculated as to the probable time that must elapse before the peaceable reception of episcopal government. Let me add to these points of æsthetic nature that, like most of his brethren, he goes through all his parochial duties with the greatest assiduity, and conducts the church-service of each Sunday with a propriety which would be excellent even on your side of the Tweed. When you went with me to the parish church, you were somewhat shocked at seeing the country people coming in with their hats on, and rushing out as though the place were on fire, the instant the last 'Amen' was spoken; and I did not expect that you would like the bare and bald ritual of the Kirk as much as your own beautiful service. Still, in the carefully-prepared prayers you heard, there was nothing of

that rambling rigmarole of extemporaneous extravagance which makes one long for a Liturgy to keep people to common sense. And as for the sermon you heard from Mr. McDarroch, I think that, save for its not being read, and for a shade more warmth of manner in the delivery of it, it was very much such as your excellent rector gives you every Sunday morning. And though I am not much delighted with some of Lord Palmerston's recent ecclesiastical appointments, and cannot understand why such men as Mr. Melvill and Mr. Chenevix Trench are not raised to the episcopal bench in the abundance of recent vacancies, still I have grown so much of a Presbyterian in feeling, that I am pleased to find a Scotchman, brought up in the Scotch Kirk, made your metropolitan bishop. Dr. Tait has, I believe, two brothers who are elders of the Kirk; one of them, Sheriff Tait, being a prominent speaker in the General Assembly.

The change has come upon me by degrees; and really, till you were here in September, I was hardly aware how far, by familiarity with Scotch modes of thinking and acting, I had grown into a development which must seem strange in an old friend's eyes. As you know, I go little to England: my wife and weans (the latter of whom often loudly express their hope that you will soon come back again) are a tie to home; and one great pleasure of a country life is, that every day of the year, winter as well as summer, brings with it something to interest one. Horses, cows, pigs, dogs, pheasants, wheat, potatoes, newly-planted trees and evergreens, are a constant source of occupation: there is always a host of little changes and improvements going on about a country place, which there is a pleasure in over-seeing. Yet one need not grow a mere clod, like some of my thick-headed neighbours whom you met, who had never heard of Mr. Thackeray or of *Fraser's Magazine*, and who thought that Mr. Ruskin was a slang name for the Emperor of Russia. My daily hours of work in my library make me enjoy all the more a scamper on horseback, a stroll to the home-farm, or a walk through the young plantations. And notwithstanding your pity for me, cut off, as you thought, from the world of intellect, I assure you, my dear Editor, when you told me of all your toils and cares, pleasant and elevating as they may be, I thought it would be well for you, mentally and physically, to spend six months at Craig-Houlakim, where your pulse would get to beat more leisurely, where the flame of life would burn away less fast, and, like wise old Walton, you might 'study to be quiet.' And I put it to you, as an intelligent being, if my own personal appearance did not, by its healthy animalism, say a great deal for this calm mode of life. I don't think I am any stupider than I used to be when we were companions long ago; but am I not twice as strong, twice as active—aye, and twice as rosy, though I never drink whisky-toddy?

There is no doubt of it, my dear fellow, that Scotland and England are very different countries, after all. I do not know what may be the particular train of reflection which is started in the mind of people in general by witnessing the departure of the Scotch mail train from Euston-square at nine p.m.; but for myself, the thought which always impresses me is, what opposite states of things that train forms a link between. The carriage which bears the little board on its side, with LONDON AND EDINBURGH, will in the next few hours run not merely out of one country into another, with another climate and scenery; but also into another race of men, another religion, another church, another law, another way of thinking upon all conceivable subjects. Scotland and England, in short, are quite different countries. Many things which are quite familiar in each, are unknown in the other. And though between the educated classes of the two countries there is now much similarity, still it will be long before electric wires and express trains shall assimilate Pall-Mall and Prince's-street, St. Giles's and the Goosedubs.

It has always been an interesting thing to me to witness the departure of the great trains for the North. My feeling is, that the dignity and

poetry of a railway train are in direct proportion to the distance it has to run. Who cares about the departure of a Greenwich train, that will reach its journey's end in ten minutes? It is quite different with one that, after quitting the brightly-lighted and bustling station, is to go on and on, hour after hour through the long dark night, score after score of miles through the wide blank country, and between the lights of fifty sleeping towns. By the side of the broad smooth platform is the long row of low dark carriages, so snug-looking internally with their warm lamp-light, their thick blue cushions, their heaps of wraps of all kinds. There is a crowd of passengers hurrying to and fro; a rapid whirl of barrows of luggage; a display of men and women in every variety of dress which has the association of warmth. At length we are all stowed in our places; rugs are folded over knees, travelling caps are endued, reviews and newspapers are cut up; and the train is off, gliding with a fluent motion through the dark. For an hour or two passengers read, and even talk a little; then gradually drop off into a sleep, which is disturbed at intervals through the night by the glare and thunder of some passing engine, fearfully snorting and panting, or by the chilly rush of raw air as the guard opens the door to ask a sight of the tickets at some large station on the road. Thus we sweep through the rich heart of England: along the valley of the Trent—through Staffordshire—through crowded Lancashire; and at length waken to full consciousness among the Cumberland hills, where the passing train sends the sheep scampering, and startles the hare from her resting-place. Then comes the comfortable though hurried breakfast in that most baronial refreshment room at Carlisle; a few miles further on we cross the little river Sark, enter Dumfries-shire, and are in Scotland. Wild hills yet, which give the new-comer a dreary impression, and a very unfair one, of the country he has entered; ninety or a hundred miles are rapidly skimmed over; and at the end of twelve or thirteen hours from Euston-square, we hear a howling of Embra' or Gleska, as the case may be, and we emerge from the carriage to which we had grown quite attached, and find ourselves in a new world. No educated Englishman needs to be told nowadays that Scotchmen do not wear tartan,—that the figures one sees at the doors of tobacco-shops in London have no prototypes in the North,—that a kilt is seen just as frequently in Regent-street as on the Calton-hill, and that those persons who describe themselves when in England as THE MAC TODDY or THE MACLOSKY, know rather better than to make fools of themselves by assuming such designations when at home. Still we have things among us here which you know nothing about; and I am going to give you some idea of one or two of our 'peculiar institutions.' I have before my eyes the recent fate of Mr. Macaulay, when he recorded certain unpalatable truths in regard to Scotland, his 'respected mither.' But what I say shall be said in all good nature; and I do not believe that the sensible portion of my adopted compatriots forms such a *genus irritabile* as you might fancy from reading about the doings of the Society for maintaining Scottish Rights.

Do you remember one morning when you were here, the post-bag yielding a Glasgow newspaper, which having glanced at, I pitched with indignation into the fire? The reason was, that it contained a long report of a proceeding which no acquaintance with it will ever make tolerable to me, or indeed make anything but revolting and disgusting: I mean what is called a *Congregational Soirée* in the City Hall at Glasgow. Such things are very common among the dissenters; and I am sorry to say they are not quite unknown in the church. There are some congregations consisting exclusively of the lower orders, whose ministers maintain a certain popularity by dint of roaring and ranting, and every kind of wretched clap-trap which appeals to the mob. And these men find it expedient to have a *soirée* (pronounced *surree*, with a strong accent on the latter syllable) annually. I need not tell you that the more dignified and respectable among the clergy utterly abhor such

things. I could no more fancy my excellent friend, Dr. Muir of Edinburgh, spouting nonsense on a platform to excite the laughter of maidservants, than I could picture the Archbishop of Canterbury preaching while standing on his head. But let me try to give you some idea of what the thing is.

I have had occasion once or twice to see the City Hall at Glasgow. Whenever the freedom of the city is given to any eminent man, the ceremony takes place there, the Lord Provost making a speech on the occasion. It is a large ugly building, in a street called the Candleriggs, which runs out of the Trongate, the main artery of Glasgow traffic. It is very large, holding some three or four thousand people. It is simply a huge square room, with a flat ceiling. Galleries surround it on three sides: on the fourth side is a large platform, backed by a fine organ. It has a cheerful appearance, being painted throughout in white and gold. This Hall is used for all kinds of purposes; the Corporation, very shabbily I think, making a profit by letting it out to any one who may want it. There the Wizard of the North was wont for many a day to perform his tricks: there did Mr. Barnum exhibit Tom Thumb: there have Jenny Lind and Grisi sung: there does Jullien yearly give a course of concerts: there has Kossuth spoken, and there Mr. Macaulay, Lord Elgin, the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Dickens, and a greater man than all, Sir Archibald Alison:* there has Mr. George Thompson howled: there has the Anti-State-Church Association made itself ridiculous: there next day have the friends of the Kirk rallied by thousands; and on the day after, the advocates of the Democratic and Social Republic: there have been held cattle-show dinners and Crimean banquets; and there *soirées* in honour of all sorts and conditions of men, from Mrs. Beecher Stowe down to Mr. Stiggins (who became a dissenting minister in Whistlebinkie after his historic kicking by the senior Mr. Weller): and after this pleasing variety of engagements during the week, the Hall is let for divine service on Sunday. There hath the Rev. Dr. Bahoo wept, and the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon bellowed: there hath a young scamp of ten years old preached to a congregation of thousands; and thence hath the Rev. Mr. McQuack retired with a collection of £3 15*s.* 2¾*d.* for the mission to send flannel waistcoats and moral pocket-handkerchiefs to the uninstructed Howowows.

The first announcement of the approaching festival is an advertisement in the Glasgow newspapers, that a Congregational Soirée of St. Gideon's Church will be held in the City Hall upon a certain evening: The Rev. Dr. Bahoo, M.A., D.D., LL.D.,† in the chair. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. Melchisedec Howler, the Rev. Jeremy Diddler (Missionary to Borrioboolagha), the Rev. Roaring Buckie (of Yellington-cum-Bellow), the Rev. Soapy Sneaky (domestic chaplain to the Hon. Scapegrace Blackleg), and the Rev. Mountybanko Buffune. By the kind permission of Colonel Blazes, the band of the gallant 969th will attend. Tickets, including a paper of sweeties, a cooky, two figs, and five cups of tea, price eightpence each. N.B.—A collection at the door, *to prevent confusion.*

The proceedings begin at six o'clock upon the appointed evening, by which hour the people are seated at long tables arranged in the Hall, displaying a large assortment of tea-cups of many varied patterns. Each person on entering has re-

* Author of 'that refreshing book, the *History of Europe*, in 20 vols.: a noble work, which proves that providence was on the side of the Tories.' Thus Mr. Disraeli.

† Such is the peculiar fashion in which some Scotch parsons love to display their degrees, for the most part obtained at a cheap rate from what is facetiously termed an American University. Perhaps you don't know that any couple of half-educated dominies who choose to open a school in some shanty in the backwoods, may assume to their cabin the title of the University of Squatterville or Slodgetown, and bestow degrees at thirty shillings a-piece upon such persons as want these academic distinctions, and are not likely to get them anywhere else. And such degrees are in Scotland plentiful as blackberries.

ceived a paper-bag, containing the promised cooky (you would call it a penny-bun), the figs, and the sweeties. The platform is covered with men, the leading individuals of the congregation, and the speakers of the evening. *That* is Mr. Soapy Sneaky, with the long lank hair, the blue spectacles, and the diabolical squint. That fat, round little man is Dr. Bahoo, already affected to tears by the contemplation of so many tea-cups, and by the reflection that they will all be broken within the next hundred years. That is Melchisedec Howler, with tremendously-developed jaws and a bull-neck, but hardly any perceptible forehead. And that is Mr. Buckie, with the apoplectic face, and corpulent figure. First, a Psalm is sung; then a long prayer is offered. The band of the 969th then plays a polka. Next greasy men go round, and pour tea of uninviting appearance out of large kettles into the numberless tea-cups. The men on the platform partake of the same cheering beverage. A great clatter of crockery is heard: many of the guests, ere they have finished their fifth cup (they are breakfast-cups) become visibly distended: most of the children find it expedient to stand up. Tea being over, the military band plays the 'March of the Cameron Men,' or 'Bonnie Dundee,' amid great shouting and stamping. The Rev. Dr. Bahoo, the minister of the congregation, then gets up and makes a speech in the nature of a sermon, with a few jokes thrown in. The reverend gentleman gets much excited. He frequently weeps during his speech, and in a little laughs again. He tells the people how hawppee he is to see them awl: how many additional seats have been let in St. Gideon's Church during the past year: how many scores of Sawba schule teachers and Sawba scholars are connected with the congregation. All this has been done by the blessing of Goad; and he ascribes glurry to the Loord. A Psalm is then sung by the people: a polka follows: then there is a pause to allow the figs to be eaten. Then the Rev. Melchisedec Howler addresses the meeting. He shouts and stamps: he bellows out his ungrammatical fustian with perfect confidence. Happy man, he is so great a fool that he has not the faintest suspicion that he is a fool at all. Streams of perspiration flow down his face. In leaving the Hall, you will hear the general remark among the enlightened audience, 'Wasna' yon gran'?' 'Oh, but he *swat extraordinar.*' The meeting goes on for three or four hours, with the same strange jumble of prayers and polkas, religion and buffoonery, tears of penitence and roars of laughter. At length, about ten or eleven at night, after three cheers for the chairman, the benediction is pronounced, and the festival is ended.

Well, my dear editor, is not that a peculiar institution, with a vengeance? I assure you I am not exaggerating or caricaturing, in my description of the hateful exhibition. Anything more irreverent and revolting than what I have myself witnessed (for I went out of curiosity to two or three such scenes) cannot be. I have seen clergymen say and do things at them which were just as degrading as if they had shaved their heads, painted their faces with ochre, put on a spangled dress, and tumbled head over heels. I have stated that the more staid and reputable clergy utterly eschew such meetings: most of the ministers who appear at them are men prepared to have recourse to the very lowest and most contemptible means in order to gain a wretched popularity with the least intelligent of the community. Don't you feel that Dr. Bahoo and Mr. Howler would preach standing on their heads, if *that* would draw a crowd to the scene of their buffooneries? Don't you feel that they would severally sing *Hot codlins* from the pulpit, rather than see the boxes deserted and the pit empty? They are simply tenth-rate melodramatic actors; and I will speak of them as such.

Now for another Scotch peculiarity.

I remember well your look of amazement when, one day as we drove past a whitewashed barn a few miles off, I said to you, 'That

is the parish church of Timmerstane-parva.' You thought at first that I wished to practise on your credulity, in return for certain wicked mystifications which you practised upon me in our college days. But I spoke in sober sadness. We have abundance of churches in Scotland which no mortal would ever guess were churches; buildings without one trace of Christian character; whitewashed barns externally, with a belfry at one end; and internally, just four walls and a flat roof, with a higgledy-piggledy of rickety pews, and a rude box at one end to serve for a pulpit. Now I have no doubt that you thought all this was the remaining leaven of the sour Puritan spirit: and that you supposed that the mass of the Scotch people really think that God is most likely to be worshipped in sincerity between walls green with damp and streaming with moisture, and under a flat ceiling whence large pieces of plaster are wont to detach themselves during divine service. You were quite mistaken if you took up any such impression. There are one or two bigoted sects which have inherited the spirit of the Covenanters, among which a good deal of stupid prejudice still lingers; and the people of these sects would very probably prefer Timmerstane Kirk to York Minster. But I am sure the well-filled pews you saw in our parish church testify that Scotch people will come very willingly to a decent church when they can find one; and if you knew what frantic efforts the dissenting congregations in large towns make to imitate our cathedrals in cheap lath-and-plaster Gothic, you would be convinced that it is no preference for shabbiness and dirt on the part of the people that keeps numbers of Scotch kirks the disreputable places they are. No, my dear Editor; I wish to reveal to you, and through you to your countless readers, including so great a portion of the intelligence and refinement of England, what is the real blight of Scotch church architecture. It is, in brief, the abominable, mean, dirty, and contemptible shabbiness and parsimony of a great many of the *heritors* of Scotland. But what are the *heritors*, you will say, and what have they to do with the churches? I will tell you all about it.

The heritors of a parish are the proprietors of land within it. They are bound by law to build and maintain the church and parsonage. They likewise pay the stipend of the clergyman. Now, of course, when they or their fathers bought their estates, they got them for so much less in consideration of these circumstances. The primary charge upon all the land of Scotland is the Church Establishment; and in rendering its due to the church, the heritors are simply fulfilling the condition on which they hold their property,—doing what it would be dishonest not to do; and they are, manifestly, no more entitled to take credit for maintaining the church and clergyman, than the farmer is entitled to flap his wings and cry aloud, 'I am a virtuous man; I am a hero in morality; I actually pay my landlord his rent!' Now many heritors forget all this: they fancy that the church is a burden upon them; and they endeavour by every shabby dodge to render that burden as light as possible. You see I don't spare the class to which I myself belong: as a general rule, in all church matters, we are about as mean a set as you can find in Europe. Very many of us are dipped in debt, and are struggling to maintain an appearance quite beyond our means. I have in my mind's eye at this moment at least a score of men who are the very ideal of Mr. Thackeray's *Country Snob*. We really have not a sixpence to spare; and we must save all we can off the Kirk. And the rascally barns which in so many places do duty as parish churches, testify to our shabbiness and that of our fathers. No doubt there are many noble exceptions to what I have been saying. Here and there one finds a really beautiful and ecclesiastical church, testifying to the liberality of Mr. Stirling of Keir, Mr. Tyndall Bruce of Falkland, or Colonel Cathcart of Craigengillan. And the Duke of Buccleugh, a nobleman in the best sense of the phrase, is a splendid instance of liberality in all church matters. A

writer in *The Times* told us lately that we country gentlemen of Scotland were such a race of snobs, that if the duke became a Mormon, we should all believe in Joe Smith too. I have no doubt a great many of us would. But you wont find us imitating that eminent personage when the act to be imitated consists in putting our hand in our pocket. No: we are independent men, who think for ourselves when it comes to *that!* And an especial evil is, that at a meeting of the heritors of a parish, each person has an equal voice. A man with ten thousand a-year has one vote only, and so has the proprietor of a pigsty. Neighbouring proprietors don't like to come to loggerheads, and divisions are avoided at such meetings. And so, as the weakest link in a chain is the limit of its strength, the shabbiest heritor at a meeting is generally the limit of its liberality.

I have been reading with great interest and pleasure Mr. Beckett Denison's *Lectures on Church-building.* If that accomplished gentleman would pay me a visit, I think I could astonish him. I could show him men, passably intelligent on other topics, who in the matter of church-building utterly gainsay and deny those elementary principles which appear to Mr. Denison and myself as indisputable as any axiom in morals. I will back a meeting of Scotch heritors against any collection of men anywhere in the world, for dense ignorance, dogged obstinacy, and comfortable self-conceit. I should imagine the feelings of a man driving a large flock of refractory pigs to market, must be much what mine were when I first set to work to persuade my brother heritors of this parish to build the handsome church you saw here. I don't believe that Lord Clarendon needed more diplomatic skill to manage matters at the Paris Congress, than was requisite to talk over some of the miserable little scrubs of small proprietors into common sense. The upshot was, that Sir —— ——— and I agreed to bear the entire expense, provided the matter were left to our own management. About two-thirds of the parish belong to us; the remainder being parcelled out among some five-and-forty heritors. We paid the share of these men in addition to our own; and though they were not involved in the work to the extent of a sixpence, they still cast every vexatious annoyance in our way.

Let me try to give you an idea of a meeting of heritors. It is held in the church. About ten minutes before the appointed hour, we see three or four blue-nosed pragmatical-looking old fellows approaching, arrayed in long brown great-coats of remote antiquity, each man wearing a shocking bad hat. These are some of the smaller heritors, each possessor of a few bare acres of moor-land in some wild part of the parish. They are certainly Dissenters, probably Cameronians; and quite ready at a word to smite the prophets of Baal, as they would call your amiable bishop or your good rector. They look around in a hostile and perverse manner, and snuff the air like wild asses' colts. A little after comes a man with a red pimply face, a hoarse voice, and a bullying manner. He is the *factor* of some proprietor who is ashamed to do dirty work himself, but does not object to having it done for him. Then comes a little withered anatomy of a man, a retired Manchester tradesman, who has bought a few fields, planted them with hoaks and hashes, and built there an Ouse from his own design, a great work of hart. Half-a-dozen more blue-nosed small heritors, two or three more factors, and one or two gentlemen, complete the meeting. Suppose they are examining the drawings of the new kirk. Oh, rare are their critical remarks.

'Aw doant see ony need for a speere,' says one low fellow. 'Whawt's that croass doin' aboove the gahble?' says another; 'we're no gangin' to hawve a rawg o' papistry in this pawrish.' 'If that's the way to build a church,' says a pig-headed blockhead who never saw a decent church in his life, 'I know nothing aboot church building.' Sober truth the creature utters; but he fancies he is talking sarcastically. Something is said of an open roof.

'Wha ever saw a roof like thawt?' says one of the blue-nosed men; 'thawt's jist like maw barrrn.' A Cameronian elder says, in a discordant whine, 'Goad is to be wurshupped in spurrit and in trewth: whawt house will ye big unto him? Habakkuk thirteenth and fifth.' 'Stained glass,' says a pert little shopkeeper from Whistlebinkie, 'is essentially Popish and Antichrist.' Finally a burst of coarse laughter follows the witticism, from an individual with a strong smell of whiskey,—'If Mr. Macdoanald wants the kirk sae fine, let him pye for it himself. Aw heer he was bred at Ooxfurd; maybe he wants us a' to turn prelatists. He had better gang awa' bawk to Inglan' wi' his papish notions.' At this juncture the honourable proprietor's utterance becomes indistinct, and in a little a loud snoring proclaims that he is asleep. While the discussion is going on, some of the heritors are spitting emulously at a pew door about a dozen feet off. They generally hit it, with a dexterity resulting from long practice.

What wonder if educated men and gentlemen avoid such meetings? And thus, unhappily, the management of matters falls into the hands of some blowsy village demagogue, whose impertinence has driven the squire or baronet of the parish away: or of two or three of the withered old Cameronians with the long brown great-coats.

The Scotch are not a demonstrative race. I do not believe that among our labouring class here in the country, there is any want of real heart and feeling; but there is a great awkwardness and stiffness in the expression of it. People here do not give utterance to their emotion like your volatile Frenchman: they have not words to say what they feel; and they would be ashamed (*blate*, in their own phrase) to use these words if they had them. I have had a touching instance of this within the last few days. Do you remember our taking a walk together one beautiful afternoon to the cottage of one of my people, a poor fellow who was dying of consumption? You sat upon a stile, I recollect, and read a proof, while I went in and sat with him for a few minutes. It seemed to cheer him a little to have a visit from the laird, and I often went to see him. After you left us he sank gradually, —it was just the old story of that hopeless malady,—till at last, after a few days in bed, he died. I hate all cant and false pretence; but there was earnest reality in the simple faith which made my humble friend's last hours so calm and hopeful. When he felt himself dying he sent for me, and I went and stayed beside him for several hours. The clergyman's house was some miles off; and apart from private regard, it was a part of my duty as an elder of the kirk to go and pray as well as I could with the poor fellow. He was only thirty-two, but he had been married eight or nine years, and he had four little children. After lying silent for a while, he said he would like to see them again; and his wife brought them to his bedside. I know well that no dying father ever felt a more hearty affection for the little things he was leaving behind, or a more sincere desire for their welfare after he had left them. He was not so weak but that he could speak quite distinctly; and I thought that he would try and say something to them in the way of a parting advice, were it only to bid them be good children, and be kind and obedient to their mother Yet all he did was just to shake each of the three elder children by the hand, and to say *Gude-day.* As for the youngest, a wee thing of two years old, he said to it, 'Will you gie me a bit kiss?' and the mother lifted up the wondering child to do so. 'Say Ta-ta to your feyther,' she said. 'Ta-ta,' said the poor little boy, in a loud, cheerful voice, and then ran out of the cottage to play with some companions.

The story, I feel, is nothing to tell; but the little scene affected me much. I believe I have told you the exact words that were said; and then the dying man turned away his face and closed his eyes, and I saw many tears running down his thin cheeks. I knew it was the very abundance of that poor man's heart that choked his utterance, and

brought down his last farewell to a commonplace greeting like that with which he might have parted from a neighbour for a few hours. *Gude-day* was his farewell for ever! He felt that he had so very much to say, that he did not know where to begin it; and so his weary heart shrank from the task, and he said almost nothing. I thought how your friend Mr. Tennyson could have interpreted that *Gude-day.* How much of unutterable affection—how much of good advice and fatherly warning—how much of prayer for them to the great Father of the orphans—was implied in poor David's *Gude-day!*

I read a paragraph in *The Times,* a few weeks since, in which it was stated that the late Bishop of London had informed a certain congregation, which had the choice of its clergyman, that he would not upon any account permit a succession of candidates for the living to preach in the parish church. I think the Bishop was right. There is something most degrading to the clerical character, and inconsistent with the nature of preaching, in the practice of persons 'holding forth' to a congregation to let the people see how well they can do it, the congregation meanwhile sitting in a critical and judicial capacity. And I lament to tell you that what is a very rare and exceptional thing in England, is a very common thing in Scotland—the practice of *hearing candidates,* as it is termed. You are aware that, at different periods, a great row has been made in this country about the existence of church patronage; the people always agitating to get the selection of their ministers put in their own hands. In one shape or another, this agitation has been the source of all the secessions from the Scotch Kirk. Ever since the great secession in 1843, most patrons have been anxious to make popular appointments, for fear of driving the people away from church to some of the multitudinous neighbouring conventicles; and instead of directly presenting a clergyman to a vacant benefice, they have in some way consulted the wishes of the parishioners. In the case of the parish in which I reside, and of which I possess the patronage, I did not take this course. I took every pains to find a clergyman who should be a good preacher, a scholar, and a gentleman; and then I presented him without consulting the people in any way. I knew thoroughly that, had I given them their choice, I should simply have been devolving my privilege of appointing a minister upon Smout the baker, Swipes the publican, and Muttonhead the butcher. *They* would, to a certainty, have directed the judgment of the humbler parishioners; and I conceived myself to be a more competent judge of clerical qualifications than these gentlemen. And though the people grumbled a little at first, their good sense and Mr. McDarroch's faithfulness triumphed in the long run, and he is now extremely popular with all classes. I did not choose to allow Smout, Swipes, and Muttonhead to give me for a parish clergyman some bellowing boor, whom I should have been ashamed to ask to meet my friends at my table.

When a patron is more desirous of immediate popularity than I was, he follows one of two courses: he appoints three or four individuals, each of whom he thinks suitable for the cure, and allows the people to select one of these; or he says to the parishioners, 'You may nominate three clergymen, and I shall take my choice of these.' The former course, which is called 'giving a leet,' is the more usual, I believe. In either case, a preaching-match follows, and the people select by comparative trial. In the case of some town churches, where the congregations have the entire matter in their own hands, with no patron to keep them within reasonable limits, forty or fifty candidates have sometimes been heard. Then, by a process of elimination, that number is reduced to two or three; these two or three are asked to preach a second time; and, finally, the election is completed, amid all the degrading circumstances which attend most contested elections. Don't crow over us, my dear Oliver, for I see that you have lately had in Lon-

don a similar discreditable course of procedure.

Each of the competing candidates of course does his best to make a favourable impression. With congregations of the lower orders the victory lies with him who possesses the strongest lungs and the emptiest head. It is a great stroke in preaching as a candidate to repeat the sermon entirely from memory; a successful claptrap is to shut the Bible with a bang immediately after giving out the text. It very generally happens that the upshot is the division of the parishioners into two violently opposed parties; the educated and respectable people declaring for some preacher of cultivated mind and gentleman-like manner, and the lower classes for some huge, raw-boned, yelling, and perspiring animal, with intense vulgarity in his every tone and gesture, whom they regard as one of themselves. After some weeks of excitement and diplomacy, something like unanimity is generally arrived at; the patron generally holding it *in terrorem* over the people, that if they do not agree within a given time, he will appoint a minister without consulting them. The *hearing-candidate* system has a most degrading effect upon those preachers who seek to get preferment by it. It tempts directly to every coarse expedient for pulpit effect, and every sneaky means to gain the private good will of the rabble. Still the system works in practice a shade better than might be anticipated *à priori;* and though sometimes permanent splits result, the minority going off to the Dissenting meeting house, yet this is far from being the general rule. I need not tell you that no clergyman of any standing would 'preach as a candidate' for any living. Candidate preachers are for the most part drawn from the class of newly-fledged licentiates; and from that species of much-perspiring, loud-howling, flabby-faced, and big-jawed preachers, who formed the dunces of the philosophy-classes at college, and who now constitute the parliamentary train of the Kirk.

I have been so little in England of late years, that I do not know whether the institution which I am about to describe is a Scotch peculiarity, or whether it exists on your side of the border: I mean what may be called the *testimonial nuisance.* There is hardly anybody left in this country who has not had a snuff-box, watch and chain, purse of sovereigns, tea-kettle, claret-jug, book-case, gig-whip, saddle and bridle, pony, horse, cow, pig, dog-cart, set of harness, time-piece, Matthew Henry's *Commentary on the Scriptures*, load of meal, cart of potatoes, pig's face, German-silver pencil-case, everlasting gold pen, pulpit-gown and cassock, case of mathematical instruments, tea-tray, set of tea-cups, dozen of tea-spoons, dozen of shirts, dozen of pocket handkerchiefs, or dozen of flannel waistcoats, presented to him by a circle of friends and admirers, and the presentation chronicled at great length in the local newspaper. Country gentlemen, clergymen, railway guards, drivers of stage coaches, gamekeepers, shepherds, local poetasters, farmers, newspaper reporters, keepers of public-houses, schoolmasters, turnpike-gatekeepers, railway signalmen, stokers of coasting steamers, are among the people most frequently honoured in this way. When a testimonial is presented to a man in the humbler walks of life, it is usually followed by a supper, concerning which the *Whistle-binkie Gazette* never fails to record that the arrangements reflected the utmost credit on mine host of the Blue Boar; the evening was spent most harmoniously, Mr. Ronald McCracken favouring the company with his favourite song, 'Jenny dang the weaver;' and at a late hour all parties went home, 'happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again.' Whenever a new minister comes to any parish, on the day of his induction he is presented with a superb pulpit gown (made by Messrs. Roderick, Doo, and Co., our enterprising fellow-townsmen), and a pulpit bible and psalm book (purchased at the establishment of Mr. McLamroch, bookseller, 91, High-street). On going away, he receives a timepiece or

silver salver (furnished, we understand, by Messrs. Waxy and Jollikin, Chronometer-makers, Saltergate); and if a poor man, perhaps a purse of sovereigns (the purse made by the fair fingers of Miss Jemima McCorkle, daughter of the much esteemed surgeon of that name). The handsome gift (we invariably learn) was presented in a few brief but pithy remarks by Mr. James McWilliam, farmer in Cleugh-Lochacher; and the rev. gentleman, who appeared much overcome by his feelings, made an affecting and suitable reply. Occasionally we find it recorded that the tenantry on the estate of Netherwoodie and Clanjamfry proceeded to the Mansion House, and presented Skipness Alexander Skipness, Esq., their esteemed landlord, with his portrait, drawn in the first style of art by Cosmo Saunders, Esq., R.S.A. They likewise presented an elegant cairngorm brooch to Mrs. Skipness; a whip to Master Sholto Skipness Skipness; and a humming top to Master Reginald Comyne Skipness, the latter gentleman aged one year and eight months. Mr. Skipness, much affected (recipients of testimonials in this country are always much affected), made a suitable reply. He felt his merits were greatly over-estimated. If indeed it were true that he had been the first to introduce into the county an improved breed of pigs, he had his reward in the whisperings of an approving conscience. Turnips had for years occupied much of his attention; nor had cheese passed without many serious thoughts. Onions and carrots, he might say, had rarely been absent from his mind. Still, much remained to be done. There was no limit to the fat which might be carried by the Clanjamfry breed of cattle; and whatever might be the feeling of others, he, for one, would always connect the gimmers and hogs of this district with the future prosperity of the country. The tenantry were then entertained at the hospitable board of Netherwoodie, and left at a late hour, having spent an evening which will long be cherished as a green spot in memory's waste.

Do you remember one morning glancing over the *Whistlebinkie Guardian*, and reckoning up thirty-eight testimonials which had been presented in the preceding week to different individuals in the county? I doubt not that, in your simplicity, you fancied that this district contained an immense number of deserving characters, surrounded by a most generous public. Quite a mistake. Most of the recipients deserved nothing particular: most of the subscribers were lugged into giving sorely against their will. Let me explain to you the philosophy of the matter. A, let us say, wants a testimonial for himself. It would not do, however, to endeavour directly to get one up. A therefore goes to B, and proposes to get up a testimonial to C. Now C never did anything remarkable in all his life; and B does not want to give him anything. But it would be a most invidious thing to refuse to subscribe: and so, for fear of giving offence, B, D, E, F, G, and H, severally put down their shilling or their pound, as the case may be: the present is given; the supper or dinner comes off; and the *Gazette* and *Guardian* report the proceedings. In a few months C, who has been made aware who it was that set his own testimonial on foot, feels himself called upon to get up one to A. Then B gets up one to D; D reciprocates; and so on all round. Thus, you see, the balance of property in the district is not disturbed; for each man gets as much as he gives. Neither are people's relative positions and estimations altered; for no man is distinguished above his neighbour. The secret vanity of each individual is gratified: a kindly spirit is maintained in the neighbourhood; and in the long run the truth is not prejudiced, for these testimonials come to be valued at pretty nearly what they are worth.

The mention of *testimonials* reminds me of another Scotch peculiarity, about which I may tell you something. All sorts of people in this country are fond of making what they call a collection of *testimonials* or *certificates*, setting forth their qualifications and merits. They

apply to any one who may be in a prominent position, whether he knows much of them or not; and receive a sheet of note-paper inscribed with the most outrageous and exaggerated compliments. Each person who is asked to give a certificate considers what good qualities the man ought to have in order to be fit for the place he is aiming at, or what good qualities the man would like to be thought to possess; and incontinently sets his signature to a declaration that the man does possess the very highest degree of all these good qualities. A really profligate disregard of truth prevails in Scotland as to this matter. One constantly finds men, even of established reputation, asserting in written testimonials what, if you ask them their real opinion in private, they will confess to you is absurd and untrue. We all understand that in newspaper reports all sermons are eloquent and impressive, all landlords are liberal, all county members are unwearied in their attention to their duties, all professors are learned, all divines are pious, all magistrates are worthy, all military men are gallant, all royal dukes are illustrious. We all understand what such statements are worth; nor does any man but the most verdant care a straw for the critical notices of the *Whistle-binkie Gazette*, which assure us that Mr. Snooks, the local poet, is a much greater man than Mr. Tennyson; and that Mr. Green, our talented young townsman, has already surpassed Turner as a landscape painter. I don't suppose that you are much elevated when the *Guardian* of our county town declares, at the beginning of a month, that '*Fraser* holds on its way with a ringing and jubilant wildness and manliness of fierceness and terror,'—whatever all that may mean, which I confess I don't know. But the Scotch system of exaggerated and (in short) false declarations, made by grave divines and high-spirited gentlemen, as to the qualifications of Smith, Jones, and Robinson, ought to be put down. It deceives and misleads: it is calculated and, I believe, *intended* to deceive and mislead. I feel strongly on the subject, for I take a warm interest in the schools of this parish; and when I first came here, I was most thoroughly taken in by the flaming characters which several teachers brought, who afterwards proved shamefully incompetent. A lad of very deficient intellect and education, and quite devoid of common sense, applying for a teacher's place, comes with a long array of testimonials from clergymen and professors, which, if true, would prove him a prodigy of talent, industry, amiability, and all other virtues under heaven. An extremely bad preacher and wretched scholar, applying for a living (I had no end of such applications when this parish was vacant), brings with him testimonials which tend to show that the human race cannot be expected to produce many such wonders in a single century. The result of all this is, that written testimonials now mostly go for nothing—at least, with people of any experience. They are sometimes even regarded with suspicion. If a teacher in a parish school becomes a candidate for another parish school, and brings with him a very high certificate from the heritors and clergyman of the parish where he is at present, the fear is that they have given him this strong recommendation in order to get rid of him.

A story is told *apropos* of this. A teacher came to the parish of X, bringing an immensely strong certificate from the parish of Y, in which he was at present settled. On the strength of this certificate, the heritors of X elected him to their vacant school. It should be mentioned that the parishes of X and Y are many miles apart. The teacher began his work at X, and speedily proved worth nothing—a lazy, stupid, useless incubus on the parish. One of the heritors of X met a heritor of Y, and inquired, with some indignation, what on earth the heritors of Y meant by giving such a flaming certificate to an utterly incapable teacher? 'Why,' said Mr. Y, with great coolness, 'we gave that certificate to get you to take him off our hands; and, let me tell you, you people of X will have to give him a far higher cha-

racter before you will get rid of him!'

I do not vouch for the story's truth: and I believe that good nature, and unwillingness to give pain by a refusal, are the origin of most of these undeserved panegyrics. When a poor fellow asks you to give a certificate of fitness for some place for which you know he is not fit, but which he has yet set his heart on, it is hard to say no. The temptation is strong to stretch a point in order to say a good word for him; or at any rate to write a few sentences which, without meaning anything, sound as though they meant something in his praise.

And now, my dear fellow, I daresay you are wearied of all this gossip about our Scotch Peculiarities. I have a vast deal more to say, but I think I had better stop for the present. I hope soon to see you here again. It is curious how arbitrarily the memory singles out little incidents and keeps them vividly alive, when worthier things have perished. When I look back upon your late visit to us, I am ashamed to say that the thing which comes out in strongest relief is, not any of your wise and witty sayings, not any of your philosophical reflections, not any of the grand or beautiful scenes on which we looked together. None of these: but I see you yet, with a doubtful expression on your usually serene face, eating a plate of oatmeal porridge, and assuring my wife that you liked it. Well I knew that in your secret soul you would rather have read the very dullest article in the Balaam-box.

Believe me,

Ever your sincere friend,

C. O. A. M.

Craig-Houlakim,
November 24th, 1856.

SONG OF THE BUCHANIERS,

AFTER THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE day is past, the votes are cast,
  The great result is known;
No more of fear, but joy and cheer:
  THE LAND IS NOW OUR OWN.
Whatever powers to combat ours
  And check our course were wont,
Both great and small, we put down all,
  And first of all FREMONT.
We hate his fame, we scorn his name,
  (As all that sounds like free;)
We therefore have put Fremont down,
  And hey, then! up go we!

We'll put the Northern presses down,
  Their awkward voice we'll stifle;
We're not the men for tongue and pen,
  We go for knife and rifle;
For bludgeon and rope shall be full scope,
  From Kansas to the sea;
We'll therefore put the Free Press down,
  And hey, then! up go we!

We'll put free speech in Congress down,
  In Bully Brooks' way;
The law of the cane shall make quite plain
  What members must not say.
No man shall dare our plots declare,
  Or show how black they be;
We'll put free speech entirely down,
  And hey, then! up go we!

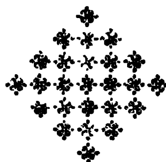
And next we'll put religion down,
(Except what does for slaves,
That they should obey for ever and aye,
Which sometimes bloodhounds saves,)
For the parsons preach free-toil and free-speech,—
A vile iniquity!
We'll therefore put religion down,
And hey, then! up go we!

We'll afterwards put marriage down,
For the neighbouring Mormon powers
Have their own 'peculiar institution,'
And sympathize with ours;
The patriarchs old who had slaves, we're told,
Had also polygamy.
Can one be well and the other of hell?
So hey, then! up go we!

We'll put down all the Britishers
At Greytown or elsewhere,
For Britain's sons are a troublesome race,
To speak their mind they dare.
There breathes no slave where her flag may wave,
Her speech and her press are free:
We therefore must put John Bull down,
And hey, then! up go we!

We'll also put all learning down,
For scholars are our foes,
The men of thought set those at nought
Who can only reason by blows:
And learning gives us ill report,
It likes not slavery;
We'll therefore put all learning down,
And hey, then! up go we!

We'll put all decent envoys down,
And pack them straight away.
Mike Walsh has claims to go to St. James,
To the Tuileries, *Soulé;*
And Atchison shall to Russia go,
(For the Czar fit company;)
Thus will we put good manners down,
And hey, then! up go we!



WHAT EVERY CHRISTIAN MUST KNOW.*

THE very small tract to which I am about to refer is printed in our own language, published in our own country, bears the *imprimatur* of 'Paulus Cullen, Archiepiscopus Dublinensis,'—our farcical Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Act to the contrary notwithstanding. It was quoted, I am told, in a Maynooth debate. This, however, for the great majority of the reading and thinking public, is exactly equivalent to the performance of the rites of sepulture, and I am convinced that many of my fellow-creatures of the Anglo-Saxon race will be thankful to me for disinterring the tract in question, and will be as much amazed at it as I was.

Of its author, or compiler, the Rev. J. Furniss, I know absolutely nothing. I notice that in the hortatory passages there is often some apparent fervour and unction. I should be glad to think that these are his own, the ethics and logic of his work another's; in short, that he has the blessedness of not understanding what he professes to teach. I shall treat the tract, therefore, without any kind of personal reference to him, simply as a sample of Romish contemporary teaching amongst us. When it is recollected that Romish teaching is almost invariably clerical teaching, the many worthy and honourable laymen of the Roman-Catholic Church will perhaps take less offence at my words than they otherwise might do. Let them judge for themselves; and I am much surprised if their disgust at their spiritual instructors' ethics does not equal my own.†

Let me say at once that I am not about to enter into any dogmatic controversy. There is, even in the specialties of Romish theology, much which I should always wish to see treated respectfully, gently, tenderly. There is much also which utterly repels me. But I am not going to discuss the suppression of the Second Commandment, and the dismemberment of the Tenth to hide that suppression: nor the number of sacraments; nor transubstantiation; nor Mariolatry; nor saint-worship. I leave Romanist divines to reconcile as best they may the enactment of the last new dogma with the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* canon of Vincent of Lérins. I shall assume all that can be assumed of common ground between Romanists and other Christians: Holy Scriptures—the Creed—the Lord's Prayer. I shall endeavour mainly to confine myself to what should be broad results of true religion—common honesty, common charity, common sense.

Now the two principal portions of this tract appear to be, first, the Short Catechism, which being chiefly dogmatic I shall not dwell upon; and the Examination of Conscience, which is recommended to be read by some appointed person to 'poor children,' who 'when ignorant and unable to learn more,' are to be made to learn by heart 'the Seven Short Answers on Faith and the Sacraments.' We have therefore the right to expect that we shall find here Christ's Gospel in its purest, simplest form, in that shape in which it can best take hold of, enlighten, and hallow the rudest minds. I should indeed add, that the 'Moral Doctrines of the Examination' profess to be those of St. Alphonsus Liguori. Those who have read Mr. Meyrick's exposure of that canonized gentleman (an advantage which I have not yet had), will probably find it superfluous to read these pages further.

* *What every Christian must Know:—Confession; Laws of God and of the Church; Rule of Life; Good Works; Sins; Conscience.* By the Rev. J. Furniss, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

† In order to prevent all misunderstanding as to my views, let me here state that I believe there is very much the same proportion of good men amongst Romanists as amongst Protestants—more shame for us. But I believe that Romanists are good, because they do not understand what Romanism is; Protestants likely to be better, if they do understand what is Protestantism. At the same time, those who are familiar with the habits of Irish Romanists will recognise, in the casuistry of which the tract before us is a sample, the roots of some of their worst and commonest sins.

Inasmuch as want of space will compel me hereafter to give as short extracts as possible, I wish to avoid, as far as may be, the charge of selecting them unfairly, by giving in the first instance, without comment, a whole head from this 'Examination,' merely placing opposite to it, without present comparison, an entirely parallel extract from another work.

I. *Lies* are always sins; but it is not a lie for a servant to say that her master is not at home, meaning that he cannot be seen, because every one understands this. Lies which do great harm are mortal sins.

II. *Calumny.*—To injure much or take away any one's character by a lie is a mortal sin, and you must recal the lie. You might say you were mistaken, or the like.

III. *Detraction.*—1. To injure much or take away any one's character by making known to others something very bad about him, which is true, but which was not known before you made it known. It is a mortal sin, unless you have some good reason for it, such as to ask advice, or tell his Superiors that he may amend. 2. It is sinful to encourage others who detract; for example, by asking them questions. It is wrong to be pleased with hearing the detraction through curiosity, but worse if you are pleased at the injury done to a person's character. 3. Superiors must not let their inferiors detract; parents must hinder children from detracting, and masters their servants. 4. If you commit the sin of detraction, you must repair it as well as you can.

IV. *Rash judgment* is a sin; and it would be very bad if, for little or no reason, you firmly believe or say something very bad about a person.

V. *Unjust suspicions* are wrong, but they are seldom great sins, except they are quite wilful, and about some very bad thing indeed, such as murder. If there is some foundation for a suspicion, it is not a sin.

VI. *Telling a secret* is wrong, and is very bad if it is a great secret, and telling it does great harm, or gives great sorrow. It would not be wrong to tell it to some one for a good reason, such as to ask advice.

VII. *To read letters or private papers* is wrong, and would be very bad if you think perhaps there is something in them the owner would be very sorry for you to know.

VIII. *To dishonour or insult* any one by striking him or calling him bad names or the like, or to scoff and laugh at people because they are pious and good, is sinful.

IX. *Tale-bearing and whispering* is bad, especially if you do some great harm by it, such as making friends into enemies.—(*What every Christian must Know*, pp. 22—24.)

'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Our Lord and his Apostles teach us also

I. That we are to put away all lying, and to speak the truth. (Eph. iv. 25.)

1. That all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. (Rev. xxi. 8.)

2. That we are not to judge our brother. (Rom. xiv. 10.)

3. That we are not to seek for the mote in our brother's eye. (Matt. vii. 3.)

4. That we are to put away all bitterness and evil speaking, with all malice. (Eph. iv. 31.)

5. That we are not to bring railing accusations. (2 Pet. ii. 11.)

6. That we are to refrain our tongues from evil, and our lips from guile; to seek peace, and ensue it. (1 Pet. iii. 10, 11.)*

The duties *enjoined* are—1, religiously to speak the truth in private, and as witnesses in public courts of justice; 2, to abstain from harsh judgments of our neighbour; 3, to put the best construction on our neighbour's actions; 4, to be charitable in what we hear and say and think of him, and to abstain from aggravating his faults when we cannot defend him.

They *sin* against these precepts—

Who falsely accuse any one; who give or suborn false testimony; who are guilty of calumny [n. 1, by *calumny* is meant a reproach falsely reported against a person when we are the spreaders of an untruth, or have just reason to believe what we say of our neighbour may be untrue] or of evil speaking [n. 2, by *evil speaking* we are to understand the relating of what is known or believed to be true when we do it *not* to the person concerned, or to his friend, in order to his being admonished of it, but to indifferent acquaintance; and that, even if it be done without a design to defame him, only for want of better matter to entertain our company withal]; who are guilty of talebearing, rash speaking, and censuring; who are ready to believe evil of others; who encourage evil speaking.—(*Hele's Select Offices of Private Devotion*, ed. 1845, pp. 236–8.)

Common honesty shall be our first test, with common sense. Let us take, as a sample of the teaching of the Romish Church to ignorant children on the former point, the following paragraph as to 'oaths,' forming part of the examination on the Second Commandment (*i.e.*, our Third):—

Oaths.—To call God or something sacred to witness that what you say is the truth; for example, to swear on the book, or by the Name of God, or the Holy Name—By Heaven—On my soul—So help me God. *But if you do not know that what you say is an oath, or do not mean to take an oath*, then *these words are not oaths.** It is not an oath to say—Faith—Troth—On my life—On my conscience—True as I stand here—True as Gospel. It is not an oath to say—I swear—God's truth—God knows—I declare to God—unless you mean these words for an oath; but it is commonly a venial sin to say such words. Take notice—1. It is a mortal sin to take an oath in a lie, and worse in a court of justice. . . . . .'

Let us first assume the perfect morality of the passage. Let us assume that it is, essentially and point by point, 'What every Christian must know.' I ask any man who has had anything to say to children or ignorant people, whether he ever knew anything so certain to puzzle, confuse, and altogether darken whatever glimmering of understanding they may have in them? Whether he ever knew anything which it would be so utterly impossible to explain into those broad lines of positive truth and reason which alone their wavering glance can follow?

It is an oath to swear 'On the Book;' it is not an oath to say 'True as Gospel.' It is an oath to swear 'On my soul:' it is not an oath to say 'On my life,' or 'On my conscience.' 'By the name of God' is an oath; 'God's truth' is not,—unless you mean it. 'So help me God' is an oath; 'God knows,' 'I declare to God,' are not,—unless you mean it. Nay, even those two plain English words, 'I swear,' are not an oath,—unless you mean it. Will any one tell me how he could better succeed in making the nature of an oath unintelligible, than by means of such distinctions?

And then, to crown all, the slight semblance of positive meaning in the statement of what are oaths, is taken away by the carefully italicized provision, that the very oaths themselves are not oaths, when they are not meant to be so.

But now, friend reader, do you see what underlies all these distinctions? It is the old Jesuit doctrine of probabilities, covering the very gulf of scepticism. In words, as such, there is no truth; no natural connexion at all between them and fact. It is more probable,—the chances are,—that certain forms of words do involve on a man's part an appeal to God or 'something sacred;' but even then, if he does not mean it, there is no such appeal. On the other hand, it is more probable,—the chances are,—that certain other forms of words do not, on a man's part, involve such an appeal; but even then, if he means it, they do involve it. Who has weighed those probabilities? whose hand held that delicate balance in which 'On my soul' weighed down the scale which 'On my life,' or 'On my conscience,' failed to sink?

Miserable triflers, for whom 'the soul' is 'something sacred,' but 'the conscience' and 'the life' are not! Yes, ye kill the conscience, ye kill the life, for the 'sacred' soul's sake, as ye think; and when ye have made it a dead soul without conscience, what remains of its sacredness?

Truly, the man who can bring himself to believe that there is any worth at all in this doctrine of an abiding discrepancy between the word and the fact, between what the man is and what he says, in this doctrine of the weighing of the probabilities of meaning and the possibilities of no meaning in this or that form of words, has need of an infallible church. There is no medium. Those who choose to believe in a *Deus quidam deceptor*, rather than in a God of truth, may trust that church as infallible who teaches us that when man, made in God's image, says 'I swear,' he takes no oath.

And now mark: the same system which leads to and claims infallibility for the Church in defining the

* The *italics* are not mine, but, most conveniently, the tract's own.

precise moral nature, the strict value to a hair's-breadth of man's acts and words, leads also, by a fatal reflex action, to the most unbounded licence of judgment for each individual. I say boldly, that no right of private judgment ever asserted by a Reformer, ever imputed to him in the most exaggerated, false, and monstrous form by a Romanist, can surpass that which the infallible Church of Rome attributes, by the mouth of her canonized son, St. Alphonso Liguori, to each one of her members on the point which we are examining. For the Protestant's right of private judgment is at the worst exercised over the meaning of the words of Scripture,—in other words, over a limited field, laid down and staked out by other hands than his own. But the Romanist's right of private judgment, by his Church's own admission, extends (in this case, at least) over the whole varying, illimitable field of a man's own acts and words. Through a direct inversion of the words of Scripture, 'By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned,' Rome allows the man to justify or condemn his own words at pleasure, according as he chooses to mean them or not. It rests with him to mean this form of words into an oath, to mean that form out of being one. Give him but sufficient hardihood and self-deception to add lying to perjury, and the Church, with all her thunders, cannot convict him of the latter. 'I did not mean my words for an oath,' disarms her in a breath.*

Is the case mended by our 'taking notice' that 'it is a mortal sin to take an oath in a lie, and worse in a court of justice?'† How can it be? If 'So help me God' is no oath when the man does not mean it, the man who uses those words, not meaning them, in a court of justice, and then lies, has not taken an oath in a lie, and commits no mortal sin.

And now let us remember what was said by One to Whom Rome looks as well as ourselves as the Author and Finisher of her faith:—

Woe unto you, ye blind guides, which say, 'Whosoever shall swear by the temple, it is nothing; but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor.'—Ye fools and blind: for whether is greater, the gold, or the temple that sanctifieth the gold?

And who are these blind guides which say: 'Whosoever shall swear by God's truth, it is nothing; but whosoever shall swear by his soul, he is a debtor?'—Ye fools and blind; for whether is greater, the soul, or God's truth which sanctifieth the soul?

And 'Whosoever sweareth by the altar, it is nothing; but whosoever sweareth by the gift that is upon it, he is guilty?'—Ye fools and blind; for whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth the gift?

And say not these blind guides also: 'Whosoever shall swear by the gospel, it is nothing; but whosoever sweareth by the book, he is guilty?'—Ye fools and blind; for whether is greater, the book, or the gospel which sanctifieth the book?

But we are far from having exhausted all the instruction that is to be derived from our tract as to honesty in words.

We shall not find fault with it for treating of 'Lies' (as we have seen) under the head of the Eighth (Ninth) Commandment, rather than of the Second (Third). Many Christians belonging to all ages in the Church have done the same, as the parallel extract shows. Others indeed (and the view is one which I wholly share), maintain that the full depth and power of the sin of falsehood can never be felt until one recognises it as a breach of the command, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.' God, they say, is essentially revealed to us in Christ, in His Word, as being 'The Truth;' that is His very Name: and we take it in vain every time we sin against the truth. It was the Third Commandment that Christ was referring to, and not the

* Observe, that to swear on one's conscience, meaning no oath, does not appear to be always even a venial sin, but only 'commonly' so.

† 'Worse?' query, than mortal. What category of sin is this? Observe, that in this tract, intended for children and ignorant persons, the terms 'venial' and 'mortal sin' are used until now without the slightest hint of their meaning (which is only stated five-and-thirty pages further on).

Ninth, when He said, 'Swear not at all . . . but let your communication be Yea, yea, and nay, nay;'—thus showing that the mere simple truth was the essential core of all more solemn adjurations of God's name. If, on the other hand, a prohibition of falsehood in general is sought to be connected with the command, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour,' then we shift into the second table of commands, addressing itself to the relations of man with man, one which evidently by its nature belongs to those between man and God; since deadly falsehood may exist (witness Ananias and Sapphira), where man remains wholly uninjured. At any rate, I think it will be admitted, that to connect falsehood with false witness against man tends to obscure the spiritual nature of the sin, and to mask its enormity, when injury to man is out of sight. Let us see whether Romish practice does not confirm this view.

Of lies we are told:

> Lies are always sins; but it is not a lie for a servant to say that her master is not at home, meaning that he cannot be seen, because every one understands this. Lies which do great harm are mortal sins.

That falsehood which 'any one understands,' is no falsehood. The inability of the writer to distinguish between falsehood itself and deception, or in other words, his inability to grasp the naked idea of truth, is palpable. By such doctrine as this, all lying formulas, when once worn threadbare enough to deceive no one, would be perpetuated. 'Lies which do great harm are mortal sins.' What great harm had the lie of Ananias and Sapphira done, when the young men carried husband and wife out in turn dead corpses from before St. Peter?

But mark the contradiction. In speaking of oaths, the man's own meaning was made the test of the value of his words. Here the test is placed, not in the meaning, but in the consequences. Reconcile the two methods, if you can; but observe the strange ingenuity with which the test is sought everywhere but in the words themselves. 'By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.' 'Nay,' says that *Janus bivox* of the Romish Church, by one of her voices, 'by thy words, if thou mean them;'—'Nay,' replies the other, 'by the results of thy words.'

But we have not yet done with the subject of honesty in words. It would seem as though the Church of Rome could not steadily face the aspect of the whole field of truth at once, and felt compelled to split it up into patches before measuring it. *Forgery*, for instance, as well as *promises*, come, as parts of a division of 'bargains and contracts,' under the head of the Seventh (Eighth) Commandment, Thou shalt not steal. It is a sin, we are told,

> to forge or imitate a person's writing, if you do any harm with it.

'If you do any harm with it.' Friend reader, do you observe that subtle little clause, whitewashing all pious frauds in handwriting—all feigned letters and despatches, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*—all imitations of parents' hands in forged consents to the profession of a novice—all sham letters from lovers, breaking their dear ones' hearts into submission to the irrevocable vows—all mockeries of a minister's signet, for the purpose of defeating an enemy to the Church or securing a friend? I defy the imagination of the wildest romancer to enumerate all the multiplicity of incident which becomes possible, as soon as it is well understood, that 'to forge or imitate a person's writing' is a sin, '*if* you do any harm with it.' But to proceed.

> It is commonly a mortal sin to break a promise of marriage without just reason.

'Commonly!' ye dames and damsels, hear this. There are cases, then, when it is only a venial sin! when, *without just reason*, a man may break the most solemn of all promises he can make to a woman, and commit the same sort of offence, for instance, as in saying the words 'good God' without respect!—Of course, the drift of the qualification is clear,—to facilitate the breaking off of mixed marriages, or of engagements which might hinder a religious profession. A forged paper has persuaded a girl that her lover

is indifferent to her; still, she feels herself bound by her promise. Father Confessor is at hand, vowing that the breach of it will only be a venial sin in this case.

> To break a simple promise to give something to another, is commonly not more than a venial sin, and *many promises are no more than the expression of one's intentions.* A promise to give does not oblige at all, if it is about anything hurtful, unlawful, or useless, *or when things change so much afterwards that, if you had foreseen it, you would not have made the promise.*

'Many promises are no more than the expression of one's intention.' Is not this charming? Yet less so than what follows, that the promise 'does not oblige at all . . . . when things change so much afterwards that, if you had foreseen it, you would not have made the promise!' *Janus bifrox* again. Do you note once more the double escape from simple truth,—the one by the side-door of intention, the other by the back-door of circumstances? 'You promised me a sovereign to-day.' 'Well, I really only meant to do so if I could; and besides, if I had foreseen that I should not have one, I would not have promised it. In either case our Church holds me free.' I wonder how far Roman-Catholic creditors would like the State to adopt the laws of the Church, and to admit the pleas of 'no intention' and 'altered circumstances' in discharge of a well-witnessed, or even admitted, promise to pay?

To pass from honesty in words to honesty in acts, let us look a little higher up, under the same head:—

> When materials are given for some work—for example, cloth to tailors—it is a sin to keep pieces which remain, except people are quite sure that it is not against the will of the employer, or there is a common custom of doing it, or *it is necessary in order to gain a reasonable profit.* It is a sin to mix something with what you sell—for example, water with any liquor—except there is a common custom of doing it, *or it is necessary in order to gain a reasonable profit.*

Charming, again, is it not? Not to speak of the unqualified sanction of 'common custom,' which our English law requires at least to be 'reasonable' before it allows it,—again you see, in the name of an infallible Church, a most convenient latitude of private judgment—in fact, the autocracy, the fullest 'individuality of the individual,' as Mr. McCall would term it. Who is to judge of the reasonableness of profit, but the profit-maker himself? And thus he may sanction for himself any embezzling of materials, any amount of adulteration. For though water is innocently instanced in relation to mixture, there is no kind of restriction laid down as to the materials used. For aught the infallible Church seems to teach, the fellest poisons may be 'mixed with what you sell,' where 'there is a common custom of doing it, or it is necessary in order to gain a reasonable profit.' Pity it is that the late Committee on Adulterations do not seem to have been aware of the neat way in which the Church of Rome has solved the puzzle which they were appointed to solve, and could not; though, indeed, Mr. M——tt appears to have instinctively applied the ethical precepts of the canonized Liguori in the matter.

Charming, lastly, are the ingenious distinctions of Infallibility as to simple theft.

> It is a venial sin to steal a little. It is a mortal sin to steal much.

If the Church of Rome is at issue with the English common law as to promises, it certainly is not as to theft. Here we have the old common-law distinction between 'grand' and 'petty larceny,' though indeed without the plain line of demarcation marking off larceny as 'grand' when the thing stolen was 'above the value of twelvepence.' But the Church of Rome runs off at once into refinements which would have puzzled the astutest special-pleader.

> If you steal from different persons, it needs half as much again for a mortal sin; and the same if you steal at different times. If you steal from different persons *as well* as at different times, it needs double the sum. If you steal often a little, when the little sums come to make altogether a large sum, then it becomes a mortal sin. It is also a mortal sin to steal a little, if at the same time you have the will and intention to steal much if you could.

Fourier thought he had made a great discovery when he enumerated *La Papillonne*, or the love of change, among the passions of the soul. But the Church of Rome had long, in fact, preceded him. What a thorough development is given to both the passion of thieving itself, and to *La Papillonne* in connexion with it, by these ethics, which diminish the sin in proportion to the number of persons against which, and the number of times at which, it is committed! Thus, if we suppose £100 to be the limit of 'mortal' sin, a vulgar morality would, I suppose, imagine that a clerk who, under the influence of a sudden temptation, took £100 out of the till, was less guilty than one who should carry on his depredations for years by a few shillings at a time. Not at all—the Church of Rome instructs him that by so doing, he may steal all but half as much again—say £149—before he becomes guilty to the same amount. Nay, if, instead of robbing one person, he robs many—we presume robbing passengers by overcharges in the same gradual way would afford a sufficient instance,—he may steal all but twice as much — say £199 — before he reaches 'mortal' point in the thermometer of sin; since 'if you steal from different persons, *as well* as at different times, it needs double the sum.' Note well the strict graduation of the moral thermometer. In the case above put, the petty thefts would remain venial until accumulated to the precise 'mortal' point: 'If you steal often a little, when the little sums come to make altogether a large sum, then it becomes a mortal sin.' True, that it is a mortal sin to steal a little, if at the same time you have the will and intention to steal much if you could. But where is the sensible thief, having his vulgar appetites under control, and entertaining a due sense of the 'sacredness' of his soul, as against his conscience (see precepts as to oaths, *suprà*), who would so much as admit a 'will and intention to steal much,' under pain of mortal sin, when he knew that he could 'steal often a little,' and commit a venial sin only, as in the case of many of the aforesaid clerks? No, no; little and often, that is his true rule of action, as pointed out by Holy Church.

Does not the heart turn sick, as that of the Reformers did of old, over all these distinctions between sins venial and mortal, this graduation of infamy and corruption, as if they were things merely exterior, to the man, to be measured upon him like a coat? Where is that groaning of David before a God Who requireth 'truth in the inward parts'? Where is that sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin which made Paul cry for release from the very 'body of this death'? Are there not depths here which the wretched measuring-tapes of a Liguori wholly fail to fathom—depths which his Church has carefully abstained from fathoming since the days when her eyes were opened to the value of detailed individual confession and absolution, as the mainstays of her spiritual power?

'Little and little,' as it is evidently the rule of enlightened Romish thieving, so it will be practically of prudent Romish restitution:—

If you have stolen anything, you must give it back; if you have injured any one in his person, character, honour, or goods, you must make amends. . . . . You may delay restitution, *if you cannot do it at present without very great difficulty;* for example, if a workman would have to sell his tools, *or if a person would lose his character:* but you must have the will and intention to do it as soon as possible—at least, by little and little. . . . .

Gentle, accommodating morality of the holy Liguori! It is the criminal's own circumstances, and not those of his victim—still less the stern demands of justice—which are to regulate his efforts towards repairing the consequences of his own misdeeds. He has inflicted severe personal injury on another, blasted his character, robbed him of his property. He knows the wrong that he has committed, and that he is bound, as much as possible, to make amends. When? — how? Conscience answers:—At once — with the first free motion of his limbs—the first free breath of his lips. Nay, says the softer voice of the

Romish Church—when he can do it without 'very great difficulty.' A spendthrift workman has robbed his mate with violence of his all, laid him for weeks on a sick bed from the effects of his injuries, and has then spent the whole fruits of the crime in drink. He has nothing but his tools which he can sell towards making up wrongs so grievous. *The Church assures him he need not sell them.* It is enough if he has 'the will and intention' to make amends—'as soon as possible'—'by little and little.' . . . . A man has blasted a woman's character; he knows it; he would fain undo his wrong; but it would expose him for ever if he told the truth. Do it at once, nevertheless, says that non-sacred thing, his conscience, at never mind what loss to yourself here below. 'Nay,' says the Romish Church, 'you may delay—you are not bound to lose *your* character to restore that which you have taken away. Let the innocent remain awhile under the whole weight of calumny; let the bulk of it slowly sink in, whilst you recal it "by little and little." The difficulty for yourself is *too great.*'

Nay, the Church is more considerate still. She points out a specific mode of undoing calumny—*by falsehood.* We must revert for this to the Eighth (Ninth) Commandment, under which head we find

Calumny.—To injure much, or take away any one's character by a lie, is a mortal sin, and you must recal the lie. *You might say you were mistaken, or the like.*

Did I not say that these men are incapable of even conceiving truth as truth? The man who, labouring under no mistake, of full deliberate purpose has told a lie against another, whereby he has 'much injured' that other, or 'taken away his character,' is advised by his Church (for mere suggestion, in such a case, is advice) to plaster a second lie upon the first, instead of manfully standing up to 'tell the truth and shame the Devil,' as our noble old Saxon saw has it (more godly than the whole Romish system put together)—to sneak out of his calumny under the plea of mistake! Why you are only rotting the man to the core with such expedients. Frank confession of wrong in the open day is like lancing a purulent abscess—the only chance of ridding the soul of that which, if you bandage it up and drive it in, will either burst inwardly and choke life at once, or else taint the whole frame till it becomes one mass of putrefying sores. I speak not here of the difference to the victim, when the calumny under which he suffered is shown to be absolutely without foundation, by its author avowing it for such, and where he remains, as it were, under the shadow of a moral verdict of 'not proven.' 'You might say you were mistaken, *or the like.*' What like? The like lie, no doubt. Ay, *verb. sap.* The ingenuity of the liar once encouraged to recal lies by lies, may be safely trusted for inventiveness.

Of course, when thieves and calumniators are so gently dealt with, pettier acts of dishonesty will be still more so. Thus we are told that

Telling a secret is wrong, and is very bad if it is a great secret, and telling it does great harm, or gives great sorrow. *It would not be wrong to tell it to some one for a good reason, such as to ask advice.*

In other words, it is always right to tell every secret you can to a priest.

To read letters or private papers is wrong, and would be very bad if you think perhaps there is something in them the owner would be very sorry for you to know.

Where is the simpleton who, with this precept in view, would take the trouble to think before satisfying his curiosity?

Does the reader, however, observe the change in phraseology from 'mortal' and 'venial' sin, to 'wrong' and 'very bad?' What degrees of culpability in the moral thermometer do these terms represent? Do they stand above sin-point, or below? Surely the burdened conscience has a right to know, if the act in question is sin, whether it be sin forgiveable or unforgiveable. Or may it be that these terms 'wrong,' 'very bad,' represent, as it were, the degrees below zero in the sin-scale? that breaches of confidence between

man and man, however mean and dastardly in themselves, however painful or harmful in their consequences, are reckoned by the Romish Church as trifles deserving only of a passing reproof, mere weightless dust in the balance of God's justice? I trust it is not so; but surely an 'examination of conscience,' to be read over to the young and ignorant, ought not to raise such questions, and leave them unanswered.

The extracts I have given sufficiently show, I think, the sort of honesty to be acquired by a diligent study of the 'examination of conscience' sanctioned by Archbishop Cullen. One or two others, however, from the observations upon other Commandments, have some indirect bearing upon the question.

Let us remember that the Church which holds forgery no sin unless harm be done, nor breach of promise under altered circumstances, deems it a mortal sin 'not to tell a great sin in confession, through fear of shame;' 'wilfully to receive the blessed sacrament not fasting;' 'wilfully to come so late to mass as to expose yourself to the danger of losing the offertory which follows the Gospel or Creed;' 'to play or talk, &c., during a great part of the mass;' 'to work for about two hours, or two hours and a half' on 'Sundays and holidays.' It holds it also 'a mortal sin to buy or sell anything sacred, for example, the relic of a saint.' But here steps in a most convenient qualification: '*But it is not a sin to sell the case containing the relic for its just value, or to sell blessed beads for what they are worth without the blessing.*' Of course the whole trade in reliquaries, which so raised the stomach, not only of the sixteenth century, but of every man of sense and honesty during the five or six preceding ones, is hereby sanctioned; and whether there is the same demand for empty relic-cases and full, or in other words, whether the same price is paid for either article, as should follow from the pure morality of our tract, is a matter which I leave to the investigation of my readers, according to their respective opportunities. But I make bold to go a step further, and to ask whether, in addition to the trade in reliquaries with real relics, the trade in sham relics is not also sanctioned by the passage?

Please to remember, dear readers, that it is not a sin to mix something with what you sell, where 'it is necessary in order to gain a reasonable profit.' Let us, then, suppose a vendor, firmly determined not to commit simony himself, nor to encourage it in others. His customers, however, bent upon their own destruction, are abundantly willing to buy full relic-cases at one shilling a-piece, whilst they turn up their noses at the empty ones at a penny. Now a shilling would give a reasonable profit, a penny would not. If he sold the relic-box with a veritable joint of the little finger of St. Duodecimilla in it at a shilling, it would be a mortal sin in himself and his buyer, the said joint being a 'sacred' thing. But suppose, instead of such little finger-joint, he were to insert a whole *ulna* of a deceased Jones or Smith, it would be nothing sacred at all. And inasmuch as the relic-case may be lawfully sold, and it is necessary for him, in order to gain a reasonable profit, to 'mix' something with what he sells, what if he 'mixes' a Jones or Smith finger-joint with his relic-case, under the name of St. Duodecimilla, and sells this at a shilling? It is clear that no mortal sin is committed: and whether even any venial, seems at least doubtful. What is the difference between selling wine and water for wine, and selling a relic-case and Jones's finger-joint, for a relic-case with a St. Duodecimilla's ditto ditto gratis into the bargain? Do you say that 'lies are always sins,' and 'lies which do great harm are mortal sins?' But what harm is done by this one? nay rather, what good is not done by it, saving both parties from mortal sin at the cost of venial? Carry, indeed, your hypothesis a little further: suppose a rival dealer next door, who, not having, like our friend, the fear of God before his eyes—utterly insensible to the guilt of simony,—sells real saint's finger-joints in their cases for two shillings a-piece, thereby plunging his own soul and those of his buyers into mortal sin. Can you conceive of a more charitable act than to cut

him out of his soul-destroying trade by selling sham saints' finger-joints at a shilling? When forgery is only a sin if harm be done with it, how can it be a sin to do the great good of saving so many souls from perdition, at the expense of—a little necessary falsehood?

Now I do not care in the least whether my casuistry, in this instance or any other, be refuted or not by any Romish advocate. It is quite enough for my purpose if such casuistry be simply admitted to be specious, seeing how necessarily it follows from the very nature of the instruction given by this tract. Is it possible for any relic-seller—relic-case seller, I mean—having his wits sharpened by necessity, and this precious little penny book—*What every Christian must Know*—before him, not to be tempted into such a line of argument, and very often of dealing? and how often will confession be able to check it? and how often *has* it done so during the centuries long antecedent to the Reformation, in which the trade in sham relics has formed a standing subject of reproach or ridicule to the Romish Church?

One last extract, and we have done with this part of our subject. It bears, indeed, upon a very different part of it, and relates to breaches of the Fourth (Fifth) Commandment:—

> It is a grievous sin to strike your parents, or *in their presence* to put out your tongue at them, or mock them, or the like, through spite or contempt; or *in their hearing* to call them very bad names, such as fools, beasts, drunkards.

Will the reader believe that the italics in the above passage are not mine, but the tract-writer's own? 'In their presence!' 'In their hearing!' Is there or is there not, one is tempted to ask of the man who thus wrote, a God 'Who knoweth the very secrets of the heart?' Mark, that it is not stated to be sin at all to do any of these acts out of a parent's presence or hearing; and the necessary inference is, for any into whose hands the tract may fall, that it is *no* sin to do so. Is it not awful to find a morality so utterly superficial, as respects so vital a relation as that between parent and child, in a Church that has chosen for the characteristic title of her earthly head that of Pope, '*Papa*,' father?

One is tempted to ask, indeed, whether this morality is applicable to so-called spiritual, as to so-called natural, paternity? and whether, in the absence of any Reverend or Right Reverend Father, or even of the Father of Christendom, to 'mock' him,—call him 'fool,' 'beast,' 'drunkard,' be no sin? Is this the true explanation of a good deal of evil-speaking concerning dignitaries in his own Church—not of the speaker's exact way of thinking—which one is apt to hear in Roman-Catholic circles?

We now leave to the reader's appreciation the 'common honesty' of Romish contemporary teaching under the sanction of Archbishop Cullen. We will only add a sample of its 'common charity.'

One is not much surprised to find our friends laying down, in reference to the First Commandment, that

> You must not go to prayers or sermons in Protestant places of worship, and it would be a great sin to go where it is strictly forbidden, as in many parts of Ireland, or where you give scandal by it, or your faith is likely to be weakened, or if you join with them in worship. You must not read Protestant books or tracts.

This, however, is stronger:—

> Children must not go to Protestant or soupers' schools, or schools forbidden by bishops or parish priests.*

'Soupers' schools!' Imagine a term like this finding its way into '*What every Christian must Know!*' an insult to one's fellow-creatures into the catechetical teaching of children, as sanctioned by an Archbishop!

I am as little disposed as any one to think well of bribed conversions. But men who live in glass houses should not throw stones; and those who have had any occasion to watch the proceedings of Roman-Catholic sisters, whether in this country or abroad, know well how strong an element

* Varied, as follows, in 'another examination of conscience,' p. 40 of the tract: 'It is a great sin to send children to schools forbidden by bishops or parish priests, such as soupers' schools and Protestant schools.'

in their missionary efforts is the supplying of creature-comforts to the poor. The Roman-Catholic sister goes forth, a basket on her arm, with tea and sugar in it, and such like articles of quasi-luxury, leaving to the parish society the coarser appliances of bread or coal-tickets; and it is hard if by such means she does not win from the mother at least a reluctant refusal to hand over to her the care of her child. Yet I doubt if any Protestant clergyman or minister has ever disgraced his catechizing by warning children not to go to 'tea-givers' schools.'

And now turn back to the parallel extracts which I have given above, p. 717. On which side is the arguing 'like the Scribes?' on which the 'speaking with authority?' Compare, 'If there be some foundation for a suspicion, it is not a sin,' with the duty enjoined 'to put the *best* construction on our neighbour's actions:' on which side is true charity?

And yet 'Hele's Offices' are one of those 'Protestant books' which, according to Archbishop Cullen, 'must not' be read! But who could wonder at the prohibition? What soul thirsting for righteousness that ever saw the page which I have extracted from the Protestant book, could turn back without loathing to the Romish?* Prohibition, you see, is in this case mere self-defence.

One more extract, and I have done. It is taken from the last heading of the tract, 'Conscience':—

A perplexed conscience is when a person is so placed that he thinks he will commit sin whichever way he acts. For example—a person thinks that if he makes known a companion's crime to the parents, he will commit the sin of detraction, and he thinks that if he does not make it known, he will sin against the law of fraternal correction.

Mark this—'A perplexed conscience is when a person is so placed that *he thinks he will commit sin, whichever way he acts.*'

When a person has thus a perplexed conscience, he must ask advice. If he is not able to ask advice, he must do what seems the least evil. If he cannot tell which is the least evil, *he may do either one thing or the other, and then he commits no sin.*

Hurrah for a perplexed conscience! would any shrewd sinner say, who was desirous of taking the most of worldly enjoyment in this life, and, nevertheless, saving his 'sacred' soul in the next! Let him once entangle himself so irretrievably in venial sins, that he has no issue from them but into one or other of two mortal sins, so great as to puzzle him and others as to which is the greater, and he will commit *no* sin by committing either! Was there ever anything so ludicrously atrocious as this absolution of the perplexed conscience? I said I would deal with this Romish tract on the grounds of common honesty, common charity, common sense,—is anything else than common sense needed to discern this last hocus pocus?

And now let us look back.

This penny tract, publicly sold until now by one of the recognised Roman-Catholic booksellers, represents the teachings of Romanism at this day, in our own English language, to millions of our fellow-countrymen, of the most ignorant and the most wretched; and these teachings are pervaded, through and through, by spiritual dishonesty. So far as they can be understood by the classes to which they are addressed, they tend to encourage almost every species of hypocrisy.

Now, so far as mere publication goes, God forbid that the slightest hindrance should be interposed to the circulation of tracts like the one before us! They may safely be left to that common sense and common honesty of the English people, to which I have hitherto appealed. No person with any amount of either quality left in him, is likely to be perverted by them to Romanism. Many, we should trust, might be recalled from the very verge of that gulf, by the glimpse into it which they afford. 'Let truth and falsehood grapple,'—on English soil, what Englishman need fear for the result?

* Would not the publication, in the shape of a penny tract, of the *Self-Examination* in Hele, appended to the Church Catechism, supply an excellent practical antidote to *What every Christian must Know?*

But it appears to me quite another question, how far the education of the young is to be carried on upon principles which tend to make them hypocrites, with the sanction, or were it only under the eye, of the State, which is interested in seeing them grow up truthful and honest. Whatever may be thought of the State's right to inquire into dogmas as an abstract question, the time is long past when such a right could form part of our national policy. The great Whig measures of Lord John Russell's well-worn catalogue—the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and Roman-Catholic Emancipation—have (with such exceptions as tend to confirm the rule) fairly established as a maxim in our public law, the equal rights of existence of all systems of professedly Christian theology. Roman Catholics, like other religious bodies, have a right to education, free of dogmatic control from the State, and to State aid in procuring it for themselves. But because the law leaves dogmas to take care of themselves, it does not follow that it is to remain uncognisant of ethics, which are the application of those dogmas to practical life. On the contrary, just as the idea of an enforceable morality underlies all law whatsoever—just as the law of any given country expresses at least the negative side of its national morality,—so, as it seems to me, is the State strictly bound to see that the moral training of its youth, at the hands of whatever body of religionists, shall not be repugnant to the national morality, as expressed by law. Now, a religious body which teaches that forms of words are oaths or are not oaths according to the intention of the speaker, saps the very foundation of English judicial procedure, which (rightly or wrongly is not here the question) is based on the sanctity of certain forms of words *in themselves*. Therefore, I take it, the State is bound, in self-defence, and for the defence of all whose morality is in accordance with the law, not only not to aid with money, not only not tacitly to sanction, but as far as may be, to forbid and prevent such teaching.

If that religious body has heads of sufficient authority to enforce their will throughout it, and of sufficient morality to be trusted to do so, let arrangements be made with those heads for stopping immoral teaching on the part of any of its members. If no such arrangement can, or can safely, be come to, let the State require that every teacher from that body, whose instruction may trench upon moral ground, shall have the State's licence or sanction, and shall be considered, so far as ethical instruction is concerned, as within its direct control. If these precautions be not deemed sufficient, let the State claim the right, and secure the efficient exercise of it by all reasonable means, of appointing ethical teachers of its own in all universities, colleges, seminaries, and other educational institutions of that body, cloistered or not cloistered. And let it, under any circumstances, secure to itself the freest, fullest, and most trustworthy means of inspection over the whole educational machinery of that body, whose tendencies it has a right to suspect.

Above all, let no more *bruta fulmina* be issued, no nonsensical prohibitions, clogged with all the complex millwork of the criminal law. And let no cuckoo-cry of 'Freedom of education,' or 'Religious liberty,' be suffered to lead us off from the plain truth at issue. The State has simply to say this:—Make your children Romanists, Buddhists, Mahommedans, as you please;* only make them honest men. Schools of perjury you shall not set up within this realm, or I will put them down by the same right, and in the fulfilment of the same duty, as any school for thieving in Saffron-hill or St. Giles's.

The time is indeed come, I believe, when the whole relation of the Roman-Catholic Church to the State in this empire has to be re-examined, in the light cast upon it by the experience of the last thirty years.

* Let it be remembered that the heathen and Mahommedan subjects of her Majesty already outnumber the Christian. *The Times* informed us the other day that 'England was the first Mahommedan power.'

Two views of it have alternately pervaded our legislation. One which, looking simply upon the Pope as a foreign sovereign, and upon his authority in England as a foreign jurisdiction, has—I might say from the first time when England became a nation, instead of a Norman army encamped in the midst of a hostile crowd of Saxons,—endeavoured to set bounds to that jurisdiction,* until, in the sixteenth century, it tried to extirpate it altogether. The other, whose triumph was achieved in the Emancipation Act of 1828, looks upon Romanism mainly as one theological system out of many entitled to equal toleration, and, within certain limits, equal protection. Now the difficulty of the question lies in this,—that both these views are true. Forget the claims of Rome, as the exponent of a Christian theology, the full power of which has been realized by no other Christian Church, and you fall into that system of perfectly impotent persecution which our legislation sought to carry out during three centuries, only to fix one-third of the British Isles in a foreign religious allegiance, only to be at last buffeted in the face with the insult of a Clare election. Forget the organization of the Romish clergy as a disciplined army obeying the orders of a foreign prince, acting in concert with similar armies in all quarters of the globe, and you bring on that inevitable struggle for moral and intellectual mastery which has taken place and is taking place in every country where the Church of Rome has been treated as having free and equal rights of citizenship,—Belgium, Baden, France, Prussia,—that struggle of which we see the fruits in the tract before us —in the professed attempt to teach ignorant children 'What every Christian must know,' instructing them how to slip out of the most solemn oaths by not meaning to take them.

Cool heads, firm hearts, strong faith, are needed for this struggle. Brawling anti-Maynoothians, Guy Faux-day rioters, paid chalkers of 'No Wafer-Gods' on walls already illustrated with 'Warren's Blacking,' will have to be swept out of the way as nuisances. Where is the idiot who can believe that a theology which in our days has won over to itself a Newman and a Manning, is to be put down by doll-burnings, clamour, and street-puffs? or yet by the withdrawal of a few wretched yearly thousands of public money? To listen to the gabble-gabble of the anti-popery men, is almost enough to make one sick of the noble name of Protestant itself.

But we will not be sick of that name, my fellow-countrymen, so long as there is a violated Catholic faith, the groundwork of all truth and light and righteousness, to protest for, against its Romish or other counterfeits.

J. M. L.

* See, for instance, A.D. 1350, the Act 25 Edw. III., stat. 5, c. 22, declaring 'the king's enemies' all who should purchase English abbeys and priories at Rome.



GLEANINGS FROM UHLAND.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

I.

A Dream.

IN dream, methought I lay on a hill-side,
Anear the sea; beneath me, far and wide,
Stretched the green lowlands and the level tide.

A bark rocked on the brine, in gallant show—
The pilot, on the strand, paced to and fro;
Weary, with hope deferred, he seemed to grow.

Adown the hills a festal throng came streaming,
Halos of brightness round about them beaming,
Flowers and rich gems on brow and bosom gleaming.

In front, were children, frolicsome and wild;
Behind, fair shapes, with censers, sang and smiled;
While others in mad dance the march beguiled.

They hailed the pilot—'Wilt thou let us flee
Away, away? The Loves and Joys are we:
Fain would we quit Earth's prison and be free!'

He bade them welcome to his bark:—'Has none
Been overlooked?' he asked. Ah! no, not one
Was left to scatter gladness, like the sun.

'Make sail!' they cried; 'we are all here, all here!
Haste, haste!' and in the distance dark and drear,
I saw Earth's Consolations disappear.

II.

To a Lady.

THE rose you sent, love's tale to tell,
Scarce lived till eventide;
A blight upon its beauty fell,
It pined for thee and died.
To that poor flower, my fancy saith,
These faltering lines belong;
Its fragrant soul, released by death,
Returns to thee in song.

III.

The Rose-Garden.

I will sing you a song, and it shall be
Of the sweet Rose-Garden, so fair to see;
Where the ladies roamed in the noontide sun,
And the heroes fought ere the day was done.

'My lord is king of the land, but I
Hold rule in the garden's greenery;
He wears a crown of red gold, but mine
Is a crown of roses, dainty and fine.

'Now lithe and listen, my wardens three—
Let my garden gate wide open be
To all fair maids, this midsummer day,
But the knights, at your peril, keep far away,

'Lest they gather my roses, red and white,
And grieve my heart with their cruel spite!'—
So spake the Queen of the sweet Rose-Garden,
As she bade farewell to each gallant warden.

Before the gate, and solemn and slow,
Paced the wardens to and fro;
And the roses bloom'd, and their odours rare
Floated afar on the sunny air.

Three young maidens came up that way,
Modest and lovely, and 'Oh!' said they,
'Dear wardens, open the gate; we long
To wander the sweet rose-bowers among.'

As they plucked the roses, crimson and pied,
'Now what can it be,' each damsel cried,
'Brings the blood to my palm? Can it be a thorn
Of the roses, think you, my hand hath torn?'

Before the gate, and solemn and slow,
Paced the wardens to and fro;
And the roses bloomed, and their odours rare
Floated afar on the sunny air.

Then three proud knights rode up in state—
'Ho! ye wardens, throw wide the gate!
Open, ye knaves, we would enter in!'
'Not so,' said the wardens, 'ye must win

'Our sharp swords first,—and beware, beware,
For our arms are strong and our blades are bare—
Beware! ye shall find each faithful warden
Defend to the death the dear Rose-Garden!'

Then the knights and wardens fought—ah me!
'Twas the knights that won the victory;
The roses were trampled to earth, and they
Who strove to defend them lifeless lay.

At the dewfall came the queen, and wept—
'Woe, woe! what ruin hath overswept
My roses, trampled to earth, and my train
Of gallant wardens, stricken and slain!

'Oh! softly, softly, where each reposes,
Will I scatter the leaves of the dying roses;
And this sad Rose-Garden, which now ye see,
A garden of lilies henceforth shall be.'

And who, fair queen, will you make the warden?
Who shall keep watch o'er your lily-garden?
'By day, it shall be the sun so bright,
And the moon and the holy stars by night.'

IV.

To a Critic, who had taken to Writing Sonnets.

Thou who, but lately from thy critic's chair,
Didst roughly handle us poor sonnetteers,
O'erwhelming us with cruel jests and jeers,
And maledictions, chartered with despair—
Thou spotless ermine of the classic school,
What whim was thine, to soil thy snowy coat,
And in a Sonnet, weak as fledgling's note,
Puff out thy sighs, like any love-sick fool?
Hast thou forgotten thine own solemn warning,
And all good Master Voss, that quaint old preacher,
Spake, half in jest, and half in bitter scorning?
Oh! critic, thou dost mind me of the teacher
Who flogged his pupil once for orchard-stripping,
And ate the apples while he gave the whipping.



THE DENISON CASE.

SIR,—Will you allow a clergyman to express his opinions in your Magazine on a subject which concerns laymen as well as clergymen?

I am aware that you do not usually entertain the readers of *Fraser* with such topics; but the so-called religious journals are not open to me, as you will easily understand from this paper.

I wish to say a word on the Trial and Deprivation of Archdeacon Denison. The consequences of these events are likely, it seems to me, to be very serious. I do not allude only or chiefly to the schism which they may possibly occasion in the Church. I should indeed count the loss of many of those High Churchmen with whom I have not the happiness to agree, a lamentable one, as I should have counted the loss of those of their opponents who might have deserted us if the decision on Mr. Gorham's case had been different, also a lamentable one. Each, I believe, supplies an important and precious element to the Church. Each party would be less faithful to its own convictions, would be more likely to twist the formularies of the Church to the narrow opinions which sometimes take the place of those convictions, if the other were crushed. We should in either case, I conceive, be deprived of a body of earnest, conscientious, faithful men, whose worst qualities appear when they are denouncing their brethren; whose best are shown forth when they are struggling manfully for that which they have themselves believed and realized.

But yet, I say, this is not the effect which I dread most from the decision of the Court at Bath. It is well known that Archdeacon Denison besought that Court to test his opinions by Scripture. The demand was at once refused. I do not see how the Judges could have acted otherwise. Every one would have felt the absurdity of a scriptural argument carried on under such circumstances. It could have led to no result, only to much profane trifling. Morever, the lawyers said, very naturally, 'We suppose you have settled the meaning of Scripture in your Articles. Those are the documents which are before us. All you have to do, is to prove whether you are in agreement or disagreement with them.'

It is quite right and fair that lawyers should speak thus. They have no business to save us from an inconsistency. But what an inconsistency we have put ourselves into! What pains we have taken to make the framers of our Articles inconsistent with themselves! They say, 'Whatsoever is not read in Holy Scripture, or may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be received as an article of faith.' We say, 'When once we have signed the Articles, we practically confess that they ride over Scripture. We have received their interpretation of Scripture; and, in spite of their own apparent declaration to the contrary, that is conclusive.'

Now, I am perfectly aware that some of the persons who will feel this difficulty the least, are those who are most inclined to agree with Archdeacon Denison. They have been used to declaim against private judgment, and to identify appeals to Scripture with appeals to private judgment. They have dwelt much upon the difficulties and contradictions of Scripture, and the impossibility of understanding it without an ecclesiastical interpretation. They are therefore estopped from pressing this objection. They may even be glad that their opponents have, for their own purposes, set it aside so peremptorily. As Mr. Pitt exclaimed triumphantly, when Mr. Fox brought forward his celebrated argument on the Regency Bill, 'Now I will un-Whig the gentleman,' they may say, 'Now we have un-Protestantised these gentlemen! They have given up their own great argument; henceforth we may dispute what human traditions we are to follow; some tradition, by their own showing, we must follow.'

But just in proportion as this party may feel itself disinclined or unable to dwell upon this contradiction, just in proportion as their opponents are obliged to hide it from themselves as well as they can, is it the duty of those who do not

reckon themselves among either, to look it in the face. Evidently it is a practical difficulty. It affects all our relations with our flocks. They must say to us, 'Are you sincere when you profess to refer the Articles to the Scriptures as their ultimate standard? Do you mean what you say? Or are the words mere words to be explained away in every particular instance? Is the Sixth Article a mere sham?' Romanists will press the question on one side; Protestant Dissenters will press it on the other. Have we any honest answer to give to it, or must we always shuffle and evade it?

For my own part I answer,—1st, That I accept the appeal in the Sixth Article to the authority of Scripture, as a simple, straightforward appeal to an authority which the Reformers looked upon as superior to their own. 2nd, That I think the Scriptures explain the Articles better than the Articles explain the Scriptures. 3rd, That I have a profound reverence for our Prayers and Articles as bearing witness for a common truth, and for the willingness of God to guide us to it, in spite of all our differences of temper, opinion, circumstances, education—the Prayers pointing out the direct road to communion with Him who is righteousness and truth; the Articles warning us of certain by-paths into which we may wander out of that road—neither intelligible without the other—both unintelligible if we had not the Scriptures to expound them. 4th, That I find both the Prayers and Articles of the greatest value in removing obstructions to the free and fruitful study of the Scriptures; the former especially, by teaching us that there is a living God whom we are to exalt above the Book which explains His gradual revelations of Himself to us; the other, by pointing out certain scholastical hindrances to the apprehension of a message which is addressed to men, and not to scholars, and which scholars can only illustrate by bringing out its essentially human character that all may recognise it together.

These may seem very general principles to be connected with such a special case as that of Archdeacon Denison. But every special case must involve the most universal principles, and it seems to me that the circumstances of this trial force the whole question of our subscription to Articles, and of the allegiance to the Scriptures which these Articles demand, upon our understandings and consciences. I do not, however, at all shrink from the application of what I am saying to the special points which have been raised in that trial. Archdeacon Denison has affirmed two propositions which contradict, his Judges declare, two express Articles. He thinks that the wicked partake of the body and blood of Christ in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, though to their own detriment. The 29th Article affirms that 'The wicked, and such as are devoid of a lively faith, though they do carnally and visibly press with their teeth the Sacrament, yet are in nowise partakers of Christ.' He thinks that worship is due to the presence of Christ in the Sacrament. But the 28th Article says, 'The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped.' Possibly the mere terms of these Articles would not alone have determined the minds of the Judges. But there is a long historical commentary upon them. It is clear that some of the great points of opposition between the Reformers and the Romanists turned upon the question, whether faith is not the organ of man's spirit, and whether anything can be received spiritually except through that organ. Still more clear is it that the adoration of the elements was one of the idolatries against which they protested most, and which they believed to be most fatal to the worship which must be in spirit and in truth.

These are strong arguments, no doubt: they may be amply sufficient to justify the lawyers in coming to their decision. But a divine and a reader of Church history is bound to remember that every extravagant and false opinion has had a contradictory which was no less extravagant and false. Every page in controversial history illustrates this position,—none so much as the history of the Sacramental controversy.

It may be very dangerous to affirm—I conceive it is—that the wicked are partakers of Christ. We may be thankful to the Article for warning us of that danger. But is there no danger in saying that God does not bestow the gifts that are necessary to man's well-being, and that man is not responsible for the abuse of them? It may be very dangerous to affirm that man can apprehend any spiritual truth except by a spiritual organ. But is there no danger of our glorifying our faith till it actually takes the place of God? It is most dangerous to approach even the borders of worship of the elements. But if we positively prohibit the worship of Christ at His own table, do we not encourage men to ask the question, 'Where, then, would you worship Him? If not there, *à fortiori*, you must not when you walk in the streets or sit in your houses.' Dare we face that consequence?

It seems to me that we shall not encounter that or any other dangerous consequences, if we take practically the warnings which are given to us in our Communion Service, and use them for our own guidance, accepting the Article as a reason for not shaping them into a theory as Archdeacon Denison has done; if we take the assurance of the same Service that Christ will meet us at His table, accepting the other Article as a reason for not constructing any theory of worship in the Sacrament which may most grievously interfere with real worship. If then we bring both the Prayers and the Article to the Scriptures as their interpreter, and learn from the *sacramental* language of that Book (I know no other word which expresses so exactly the divine and human, inward and outward, spiritual and popular character of its teaching), why we must err if we attempt to circumscribe the idea of the communion between God and man in logical terms and propositions which, when they are most accurate, can but express one half of the meaning.

On the other hand, I believe we are liable to all kinds of half truths and serious falsehoods, if we merely aim at getting an authoritative contradiction of any rash formula which this or that man has put forth, or taking vengeance on the utterer. In the name of the Church, of the Scriptures, and of God, I would protest against such experiments—not when they touch upon some favourite dogma, or some friend of mine, but especially when they strike those with whom I have no sympathy, and from whom, if they were in the ascendant, I should expect no quarter. I hope, if I had been a candidate for Ordination in the diocese of Bath and Wells, I should have done anything rather than accept Archdeacon Denison's propositions, when they were imposed as a test. But I think we should all strive that he may not be hindered from expressing them as opinions. In that form I cannot fear them. I don't believe that they are likely to be popular, unless it be through sympathy with a persecuted man. I am sure they will be met with denials as strong—perhaps as wise—as they are. Those who hold the glorious doctrine respecting the Eucharist which is proclaimed in Hooker's Fifth Book, will rejoice to meet the holders of those opposite views of the Sacrament—to meet Zuinglians, Consubstantiationists, Transubstantiationists, at the table of the same Lord, —because they believe that the food which is provided there has no reference to any theories, and is above them all,—and that those who hunger for it, and will cast themselves and their theories before the Cross, may have fellowship with Christ, and with each other, in spite of them all.

So far I have addressed myself especially to the clergy. But no men are so much interested as the laity, in maintaining Hooker's idea of the Communion, and in checking our frantic desire to limit the operation of it according to our party conceits. The lawyers of the Privy Council were hailed by a large portion of the laity as representing their interest, when they reversed Sir Jenner Fust's decision in the Gorham case. The middle classes were right, I think, in their demand —that the Church should be bound as little by the theory of the Bishop of Exeter, as by the theory of Mr. Gorham, respecting a Sacrament

which transcends them both. So far as the decision in that case had this object—so far as it declared that Mr. Gorham should not be deprived of his living for refusing the formula of the Bishop of Exeter, I think it did the Church generally, clergy as well as laity, an immense service. I dislike most cordially many of the *obiter dicta* in that judgment, because they seemed to take it for granted that we (the clergy) use divine words with a latitude and want of truth which an English lawyer and gentleman would not allow himself in using ordinary words—calling men brothers whom we do not believe to be brothers, &c.; which imputation I, for myself and the body of my brethren, do solemnly repudiate. But the substance of the decision, which is not affected by these unfortunate passages, I thankfully receive as a protection of the Church, granted it, through whatever hands, lay or clerical, by its Living and Present Head. It is idle to calculate on the consistency of any body of men; and we are bound to seek help from One who does not change. Nevertheless, I hope that the Privy Council will act in this instance on the principle which they followed in the other, omitting the unnecessary prelections on Divinity which made what on legal grounds was so wise, more wounding to the consciences of Churchmen than it might have been. The Evangelical clergy need not be told that they must not receive the 28th and 29th Articles in any loose or unnatural sense. But they may be told that it is not a safe or righteous course to make a brother an offender for a word; that the Articles are too strong to need the help of persecutions and deprivations; that these may cause exultation to journalists, but that they injure the practical and moral life of the whole Church; that it is not possible to adjudicate on the whole question, according to the sense of the Articles, without that appeal to the Scriptures which the Court at Bath, with sound judgment, refused to entertain. If they speak thus, I believe the Lords of the Privy Council will be real benefactors to their country; that they will be doing justice according to their oaths; that they will be asserting the principle of spiritual freedom, not for Conformists only, but Nonconformists; and that none will have ultimately more cause to thank them than the very school which they will deprive of a momentary victory by refusing to set at nought its dearest and most sacred maxim. A few factious men on one side may be angry that an adversary has escaped; many men of another Church may be still more angry that they have not won the prizes which they looked for. But the body of thoughtful, earnest, devout men of all sections and schools will rejoice that they may regard the sacrament of Christ's redemption as only a pledge of eternal truth, love, and charity; that their country is not permitted to offer one more instance how the evil passions of men turn it into a badge of divisions, an occasion of strife and hatred.

Your obedient servant,

F. D. Maurice.

5, Russell-square,
Nov. 20.

P.S.—Since this letter was written I have met with an able paper on the subject in *The Saturday Review.* The writer of it arrives at the same conclusion with me, though by an entirely different process of reasoning.



POLITICS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

THE political season may be said to commence with Lord Mayor's-day, about which time the Cabinet Ministers usually re-assemble after the prorogation of Parliament. We therefore resume those comments on public affairs which we have been accustomed to present to our readers during the period when such topics are of interest and importance.

We need hardly say that we write in the interest of no party, nor in the support of any political dogma. Men of sense and candour are now so nearly agreed upon the main guiding principles on which the domestic government and the foreign relations of this country should be conducted, that it is a matter of secondary importance to all but those immediately concerned, whether the administration of affairs be in the hands of gentlemen taken from this or that side of the House. It does not follow, however, that we are quite indifferent whether Lord Palmerston or Lord Derby be at the head of affairs. We think if the gentlemen who sit on the front Opposition bench were transferred to the other side of the table to-morrow, they would find little difficulty in assimilating their views to those of the present Government; but unfortunately, Mr. Beresford and Mr. Spooner have a larger following than Mr. Disraeli and Sir John Pakington; and these statesmen, with their friends, could not retain office without lending themselves, to a certain extent at least, to a policy at once obsolete and ridiculous. The only objection, indeed, to the heads of the Conservative party is, that they are dragged back by their tails.

Regarding, then, the battle-field of politics with indifference, we have criticised the movements of the various leaders, not with reference to the banners under which they were ranged, but according to our judgment with regard to the public interest in which they were for the time engaged, and to the conduct of their operations. Accordingly, we gave our humble support to Lord Aberdeen's Government until it attempted to bring to a premature and inglorious termination a war in which the honour and interests of the country were deeply involved. We thought it a great misfortune that the services of Lord Aberdeen's most distinguished colleagues should be lost to the Administration; but when we saw the unhappy aberration from the true and high line of England's policy into which those eminent persons had been led, we should have considered it a far greater calamity had they remained in office. In like manner we presumed to censure the negligence and levity of a great statesman who occupied a post not exactly suited to his talents and experience; but that has not prevented us from offering our respectful meed of admiration to the courage, the constancy, and the assiduity of Lord Palmerston since he has been placed at the head of affairs. Much, indeed, as the conduct of the Premier has been applauded by the generous spirit of his countrymen, we doubt whether the difficulties of his position have yet been fully appreciated. Suddenly, and without notice, deserted by the most influential of his colleagues, upon whose cordial co-operation he had a right to calculate up to the very moment of their secession, he was left almost alone to maintain a war disparaged by the retiring Ministers, at a crisis when success had not crowned our arms, when disaster had almost annihilated our army, in the face of an exulting and almost derisive foe, closely watched by great military Powers, resting on their arms, and only waiting a decided turn of fortune to exchange professed neutrality for avowed hostility. In these most trying circumstances, to which may be added the open attempts of the party foe to carry his position, Lord Palmerston never for a moment lost his fortitude and resolution. For some time it was doubtful whether he would be able to make head against the adverse tide of events; but his pluck and versatility of talent at length prevailed, and the country hailed with applause the justification of their choice.

The Opposition, or rather that portion of it which are eager for

place and power, have tried hard to persuade the people that, when the war terminated, Lord Palmerston's mission was at an end. They appeal to the parliamentary inaction of last session as a proof that the present Ministry is unfit to carry on the Government in ordinary times. The quarterly organ of the old Tory party, in one of those heavy, pointless invectives against Liberal policy which it has been accustomed to launch periodically ever since the Reform Bill, now attempts to depreciate the very institution of Parliament itself. Because it was not found practicable in a broken session, amid the excitement of the closing scene of war, to mature a variety of important measures, which ought perhaps to have been reserved for the ensuing year, not only is the Administration to be condemned for incapacity, but the House of Commons also must be sent back to its constituents! The nation, however, we apprehend, is of a different way of thinking. If we are not mistaken, the English people will hardly be guilty of the folly and ingratitude of dismissing a Minister as soon as he has served their turn, and of withdrawing all confidence from the most experienced statesman of the time, because, in his zeal for the public service, he has failed in a first, and perhaps hasty, attempt to legislate on some questions of great intricacy in themselves, and still farther complicated by selfish interests and prejudices. The most unpopular Minister has in this country always had fair play and a sufficient trial; and it is not very likely that the most popular Minister since Lord Chatham will be denied the opportunity of submitting to the candid criticism of Parliament and the country the measures which he has now had time to mature. If we are rightly informed, Lord Palmerston required the departmental Ministers to be prepared with their respective Bills for the consideration of the Cabinet at its first meeting after the recess; and we may conclude therefore that the various legislative measures in which the country is interested, will be fully discussed in the confidential councils of the Crown before they are presented to Parliament. It would be difficult to point out any better mode of securing good and effectual legislation. If the result is a farther failure, there may then, indeed, be some ground for questioning the capability of the Administration. At present, we think the charge of incapacity so loudly brought against it, and echoed in quarters which ought to be better informed, is premature and unjust.

There are some measures, indeed, which will test the public confidence in Lord Palmerston's energy and promptitude in the ensuing session. During the whole of the present Parliament, for example, there has been pending one great question, pre-eminent among many other important topics of Law Reform. We refer, of course, to the state of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and especially to their testamentary jurisdiction. For a series of years—nay, for centuries—the administration of this branch of the law, in which the great bulk of the people are immediately interested, has been a scandal to a country which boasts of free and enlightened institutions. For the last three or four sessions the absurdity and iniquity of these courts—Christian, as they are called—have been, through Parliament and the press, paraded before the country, by both lawyers and laymen. Nobody has openly ventured to come forward and defend a system by which the representative of a deceased person is obliged to prove his title in a dozen or more petty courts, if it so happens that his testator shall have left property to the amount of five pounds within their jurisdictions respectively; by which the title to real property and the title to personal property (there being often only a technical distinction between the two), though arising from the same document, must be tried before different tribunals, because the Ecclesiastical Courts have exclusive jurisdiction over wills, as far as they relate to personalty, and the Courts of Common Law pronounce upon their validity, inasmuch as they involve the title to what is called the realty. The result of this biform litigation has frequently been, that one court has set up the will, and the other

has set it aside; that the devisee has lost the estate in fee, or the life estate; while the legatee is confirmed in the enjoyment of his stocks, and shares, and leaseholds for a thousand years. The delay, the expense, the uncertainty of this state of things are grievous almost beyond the power of exaggeration.

How does it happen, then, that a system which no man of sense defends, and which no man of honour whose sense of justice and right was not blinded by self-interest can pretend to excuse, should, in this land of free discussion and representative government, have survived the exposure which it has recently undergone? We have no difficulty in answering this question. The failure of a legislative remedy hitherto for this crying grievance and glaring scandal, has been owing to a want of concert between the great dignitaries of the law who are immediately responsible for legal reform, and without whose concurrence no capital change in the administration of the law can be effected. It is notorious that the Lord Chancellor and the law officers of the Crown do not confer upon these important questions in that spirit of frankness and candour which ought to govern their consultations for the public good. It is said, indeed, that Lord Cranworth hardly observes the form of consulting his eminent professional colleagues who have a right to be consulted, and from whose great ability and experience the most valuable advice could be obtained. It is said, and we speak plainly on this matter, that the Chancellor's adviser is not Sir Alexander Cockburn or Sir Richard Bethell, but Mr. Bellenden Ker, a learned and respectable gentleman, no doubt, but one not much known in the profession, and quite unknown to the public at large. It is ridiculous to suppose that the renowned lawyers whom we have named, could allow their suggestions to be overruled and their policy to be dictated by a superannuated conveyancer. The late Attorney-General, indeed, a few months ago, entered upon the Minutes of the Statute Law Commission an elaborate protest against the schemes propounded by the Chancellor's agent; and if we mistake not, the present Attorney-General, who is no respecter of persons, does not disguise his contempt for the counsels of the Great Seal. Last session, under parliamentary pressure, a testamentary bill was brought forward by the Government, but, from the cause to which we have adverted, it lingered in the House of Commons until all hope of passing it was at an end; nor indeed is this to be regretted, for it was so encumbered by compensation clauses, that the primary object of the measure seemed to be to take care of the herd of officials who have too long plundered the public, and who, in consequence of the divided counsels of the heads of the law, have been enabled to thwart every attempt to place this department of judicial administration upon a just and rational basis.

We are certainly not disposed to join in a heedless clamour against the Government for not at once carrying to a successful issue every important measure which they bring forward; but we must say they will be without excuse if they suffer another session to pass without settling this question. A significant change has lately taken place in the Administration. The brilliant advocate whose rare oratorical power was often diverted from its legitimate channel to the general defence of the Government, has now been removed to the bench of justice; and his successor, the chief law officer of the Crown, a man of equal ability, of still greater professional eminence, entertains the most enlarged and liberal views on questions of law reform, and has always regarded them as matters of primary importance. We expect Sir Richard Bethell to accomplish this great work. If he is content with the professional fame and fortune which he has acquired, and is unwilling to encounter the influence which he knows is opposed to him, he had better retire, and leave the glory of removing a great blot from the administration of justice to a more vigorous will. But *with the decided support of the head of the Government*, the difficulty which has so long existed will soon vanish. This support Lord Palmerston is

bound to give. It is just the case in which the authority of the First Minister is required. The public interest must not be sacrificed to the variance between the Chancellor and the Attorney-General. Such a variance it is the duty of the head of the Government to accommodate, either by dictating what shall be done, or removing the cause of obstruction, whatever or whoever it may be.

There are other measures ripe for legislation, and for the further postponement of which the reason which was fairly urged last session happily no longer exists. We have no doubt that, in pursuance of Lord Palmerston's directions, intimated to his colleagues and subordinates at the close of the last session, the Government legislation for the ensuing year is already, in a tangible shape, under the consideration of the Cabinet. The Home Department is no doubt prepared with a bill for the reform of the Corporation of London, the abuses of which were tried and condemned by a Royal Commission three years ago. The local taxes on shipping must be removed, and the law of partnership settled by the Board of Trade. We hope Mr. Lowe will not allow the dullards to triumph in the failure of a man of parts to deal successfully with questions of trade and commerce. But it is needless to go through the list of important matters upon which the public expectation has been excited by the Government. Some questions have perhaps been lightly or prematurely stirred; but this is an error in the right direction, inasmuch as it shows that the Government are willing to go beyond the beaten path of precedent and routine.

We must not omit to notice the subject which has been most prominently before the public, and has chiefly engaged, no doubt, the attention of the principal members of the Government during the recess. We allude, of course, to the discussions relative to the due observance by Russia of the Treaty of Paris, and to the proceedings which have been taken by the Western Alliance for the purpose of coercing the Neapolitan Government. As to the first, no man who approved of the late war can consistently withhold his hearty approbation of the prompt and energetic measures which Lord Palmerston has taken to secure to the nation the fruit of its hard-earned victory, and to baffle the crafty foe in his palpable attempt to elude the obligation of the treaty to which he had so readily subscribed. The Allies would have stultified themselves in the face of Europe if they had suffered Russia to put such a construction upon one of the most significant articles of that treaty as would have entirely falsified its meaning and frustrated its effect. The answer which England has made to Muscovite diplomacy was characteristic, and will be conclusive. The British flag in the Black Sea is the proper reply to cavils and evasions, and will be more argumentative than a volume of protocols and notes. Our Imperial Ally was startled for the moment by the blunt energy of British negotiation; but we are much mistaken if the stern decision of the English Government is not better calculated to secure the respect and the *continued* friendship—which we so justly value—of our illustrious neighbour, than the more courtly and deferential policy which the political opponents of the Government would have urged. At all events, we have no doubt which was the most worthy of, and most acceptable to, the country.

We are not quite so confident as to the expediency and propriety of the course which has been taken in the affairs of Italy. The doctrine of non-intervention—which we understood to be the guiding principle of foreign policy which we had adopted of late years—must be reduced to very narrow limits if the interference in the affairs of Naples and some of the other smaller states which we have practised of late years, can be altogether justified. We have ventured on former occasions to express our dissent from that tendency to intervention in the domestic government of independent states which characterized the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston. We thought then, and are still of opinion, that a tone of dictatorial remonstrance with the petty mis-

rulers of the Continent, can have no effect in ameliorating the condition of their subjects, and is calculated to alarm the jealousy of the greater Powers, by whose example the small principalities are guided, and under whose protection they flourish. A haughty and contemptuous admonition for the better government of their dominions addressed to a King of Naples or a Grand Duke of Tuscany, glanced off from these miserable sovereignties to those Imperial Courts, their real masters and patrons, for which probably it was intended. We believe, however, if it was thought fit that this country should assume the position of guardian and patron of the liberties of Europe, that it would have been more dignified, as well as more effectual, that we should have preferred choosing a fitting opportunity to address a grave remonstrance directly to those great Powers, our equals and allies, whose interposition alone could redress the grievances with which we expressed our sympathy. If it was merely a question between Great Britain and such States as we have named, a couple of war-steamers would very soon settle it; and before we condescended to expostulate with such potentates as a King Bomba or a Grand Duke, we should take care that our interference was not treated with contempt. Of course the doctrine of non-intervention is subject to qualification and exception, like every other general rule. The government and welfare of this country, dependent as they are on free institutions, might be seriously compromised by the extension and ascendency of arbitrary maxims through the Continent of Europe. But it is one thing to resist the principles of the Holy Alliance openly and manfully at their source, and another to attack them indirectly through the sides of their creatures and tools. No British statesman—and Lord Palmerston less than any statesman—would for a moment countenance a pitiful attempt at discriminating between the cases of Naples and Milan, Sicily or Poland. It follows, therefore, that a menace—for as such a remonstrance by a great Power to a petty prince must be considered—addressed to Tuscany or Naples must re-act upon Petersburg and Vienna. We say, then, that unless a case of such a grave and urgent character should arise as would warrant the vindication of the great principles of liberty by force of arms, that it is of doubtful expediency, to say the least, to provoke the animosity of Powers with which we are ostensibly on amicable terms; and keeping up a constant irritation is not, in our judgment, calculated to improve the condition of those oppressed nationalities in whose behalf our well-meaning offices are engaged. We have already, indeed, seen the result of such a policy. France and England thought fit jointly to use a high tone of expostulation to one of the ignorant and bigoted despots of the Continent. The might of either of these great mediators was sufficient in a moment to crush without resistance a dozen such kingdoms as that of Naples. But this shabby sovereign, confident, no doubt, in the protection of his superior, treats our admonitions with contempt and defiance. Our ambassadors are withdrawn, and our war-ships are advanced, until their guns are *almost* within range of the fairest capital in Europe—and there they stop. *Solvuntur risu tabulæ.* King Bomba magnanimously extends his protection to the French and English tourists in his dominions, and as soon as diplomatic correspondence has ceased, or the menace of violence is withdrawn, he extends a measured clemency to the victims whose cruel and unmerited sufferings had excited the generous sympathy and indignation of the English people. Perhaps this alleviation to the misery of the Neapolitan State dungeons may be in part attributable to the despised intervention of the Western Powers; but still we think the warning voice of England should never be raised unless she has taken care that her admonitions shall not be treated with contempt. To raise hopes and expectations which she is not prepared to fulfil, is unworthy of a great and generous nation.

There is one topic closely connected with the discussions on foreign policy which have lately occupied the

Cabinets of the leading Powers, in which we must of necessity take a particular interest—we mean the attempts on the liberty of the press which have been openly made by the despotic Governments, including, we regret to say, that of the Emperor Napoleon, our ally. We can readily understand the jealousy towards our order of the French Emperor, who maintains his position in the face of two pretenders to his throne, and in the presence of a still more dangerous, because insane, faction, which would break up the whole framework of society, and make the whole human race the sport of their absurd theories. But though it may not be safe for Louis Napoleon to tolerate the free ventilation of opinion throughout his dominions, we should have expected from a sovereign who has passed so many years of his life in this country, a more just knowledge of its laws, customs, and character, than to suppose it possible that the Government, even if it were so disposed, could either restrain or guide the freedom of its press. We have read many things in the most honest and respectable of the English newspapers about the French alliance, the treaty, the Italian question, and other matters, with which we could not entirely agree; but hasty expressions of opinion are necessarily incident to daily comments upon events of immediate and pressing interest. Much of the strong language, written under the excitement of the moment, which it seems has given so much offence to our friends and neighbours, would be abated on mature reflection by the able and candid writers themselves. Certainly, if what has been written in our journals is to be interpreted as indicative of hostility to, and distrust of, the French alliance, or disrespect to the ruler of France, such are not the deliberate sentiments of the English people. Every English statesman who has lately addressed meetings of his countrymen, has expressed the most unqualified confidence in the good faith of our ally, and the highest sense of the value of the friendly feelings which now subsist between the two greatest nations of Europe. On every occasion such sentiments have met with a hearty response; and in the most authentic and recent instance which we can quote—the speeches of our Premier at Manchester, at Liverpool, and in the City of London—the friendly allusions to the French alliance were received with marked approbation.

But while we deprecate all irritating and unworthy suspicion of our ally, whose conduct has hitherto been marked by a loyal adherence to his engagements, we are bound in justice to admit that the recent policy of the French Emperor has been, if not absolutely ambiguous, at least wanting in that decision of character which had hitherto distinguished it. The flattery offered by Russia to the French nation at the expense of England, seems not to have been repelled with the contempt which such a shallow and vulgar artifice deserved. It cannot be denied that the Government of the Tuileries stood by inactive, while England, by an act of prompt and unequivocal vigour, checked the first attempt of our late enemy to evade the Treaty of Paris. Count Walewski, the friend of Russia, remains at the head of the French Foreign Office. The representative of the Czar is received with somewhat more than courtly smoothness on his arrival at Paris. It is idle to suppose that our free press would refrain from commenting on these things. We hope and believe that they mean nothing, and admit of satisfactory explanation; but still they have an awkward appearance. If the displeasure of the Emperor of the French at the recent tone of English journalism arises from a keen sense of injury and wrong, we would respectfully remind him that the course of events will very soon afford him the opportunity of practically refuting the grave charge of alienation from the policy and principles of the alliance. Public men in this country perfectly well understand their relations with the press. If they are unfairly attacked, time always does them ample justice; knowing this, they never treat the criticisms on their public conduct in a hasty and captious spirit. The press is no respecter of persons. The policy and character of foreign potentates are

as freely discussed as those of our own rulers; and the laws of this country afford the same protection to Louis Napoleon that they do to Lord Palmerston; and they give no more.

The parliamentary recess has been less enlivened than usual by the agitation of new or popular questions. This interval is generally occupied by political speculators and crotchet-mongers, who avail themselves of the suspension of the Legislature to work up the raw material of public opinion, or at least to attract attention to their theories. A social question, very interesting indeed, but as old as society itself, has obtained the most prominent place. We allude to the associations which have been formed, and the various meetings which have taken place throughout the country, having for their objects the repression of crime and the regeneration of felons. Every man now assents to those relaxations of the criminal code which the statesmen and judges of the last and the early part of the present century persuaded our fathers could not be effected with a due regard to the protection of life and property. But though the penalty of death proved to be no adequate protection for five shillings' worth of property in our dwelling-houses, none but a Dogberry would be disposed to infer from that fact that the substitution for capital punishment of a month at the treadwheel, would be likely to afford a more effectual safeguard against pilferers. We find, indeed, that, whatever may be the general state of our criminal law—whether characterized by severity or mildness, the average of crime is pretty much the same. Education at one end, and police at the other, are really the only agents which can diminish the number of offenders against the law. Children may indeed, one would fain hope, be curable in the first stage of crime; and so far, therefore, as the efforts of our philanthropists are directed towards the reformation of juvenile offenders, they should receive every encouragement. But the conversion of hardened felons is, in our opinion, an utterly hopeless attempt. In an old and crowded country, where there is a competition for employment, a man who has been convicted of an offence against the laws, has not only not a fair chance, but hardly any chance at all, in the labour market. It is a question of the plainest and most practical character. Who would employ a thief fresh from jail, as long as he could get an honest man? An enthusiast, indeed, might give a preference to the felon who has experienced the discipline of Colonel Jebb, but the great bulk of mankind would have no hesitation upon such a point. Indeed, if it were not determined by immediate practical considerations, it is more than doubtful whether it would be either just or politic to employ a repentant thief while an honest man wanted bread. The only market for our discharged felons is the one which formerly existed, where there was an urgent demand for labour, and no competition between rogues and honest men. We must return to transportation, if we can; and if that is impracticable, we must discard all sentimental scruples, and vindicate those laws which must ever be indispensable for the maintenance of a civilized community, with firmness and decision. Mitigate your penal code as much as you will; but whatever amount of punishment you assign to a specific offence, let the judge appropriate the penalty, and let the convict *suffer the full amount.* We lay stress on the latter condition, because, in the sympathy which has sprung up of late for the criminal population, we see a tendency to depart from the principle of *certainty* in punishment, which has been always held as essential to the effectual administration of the criminal law.

There are some other topics on which we had intended to make a few remarks, but want of space compels us to defer them for the present.



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